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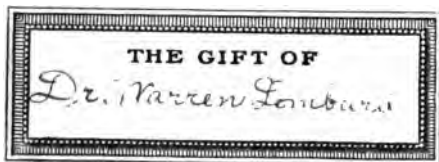
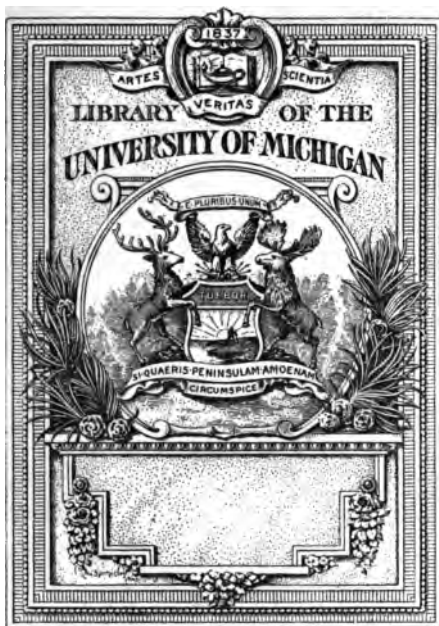
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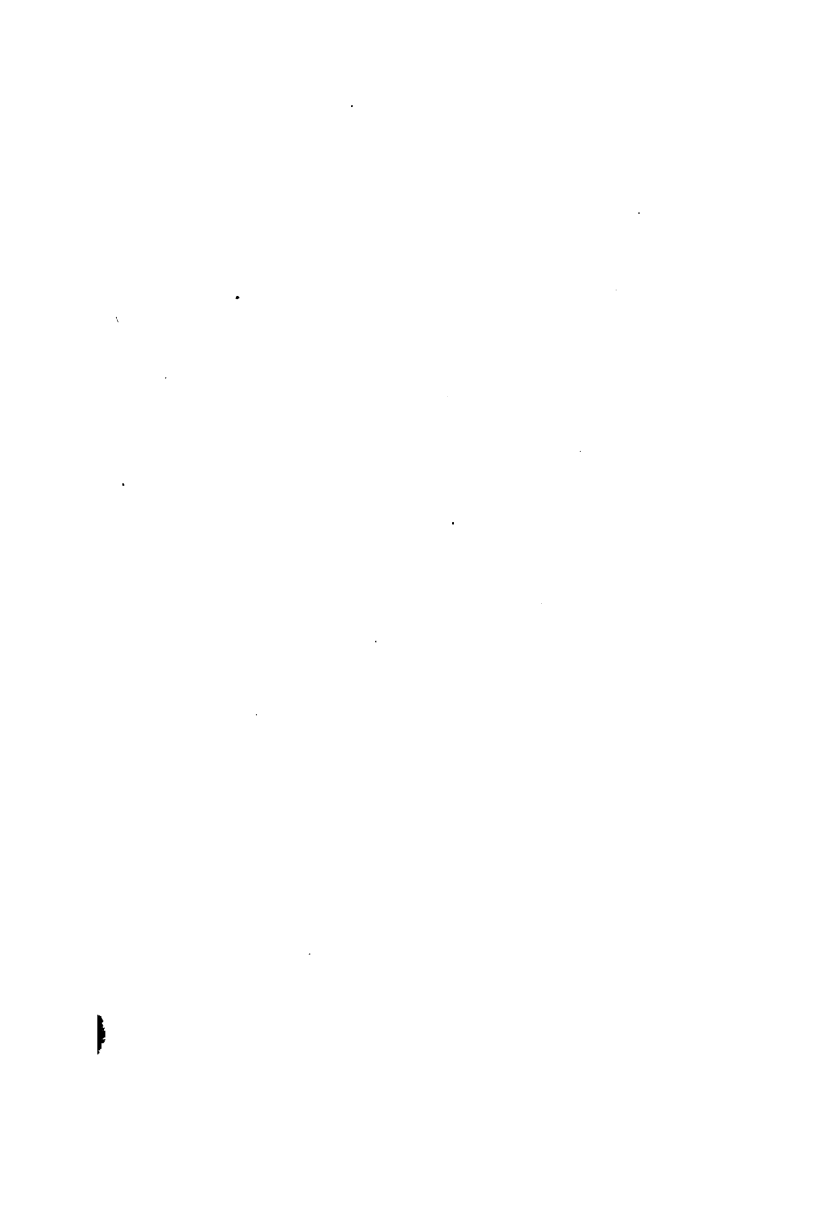
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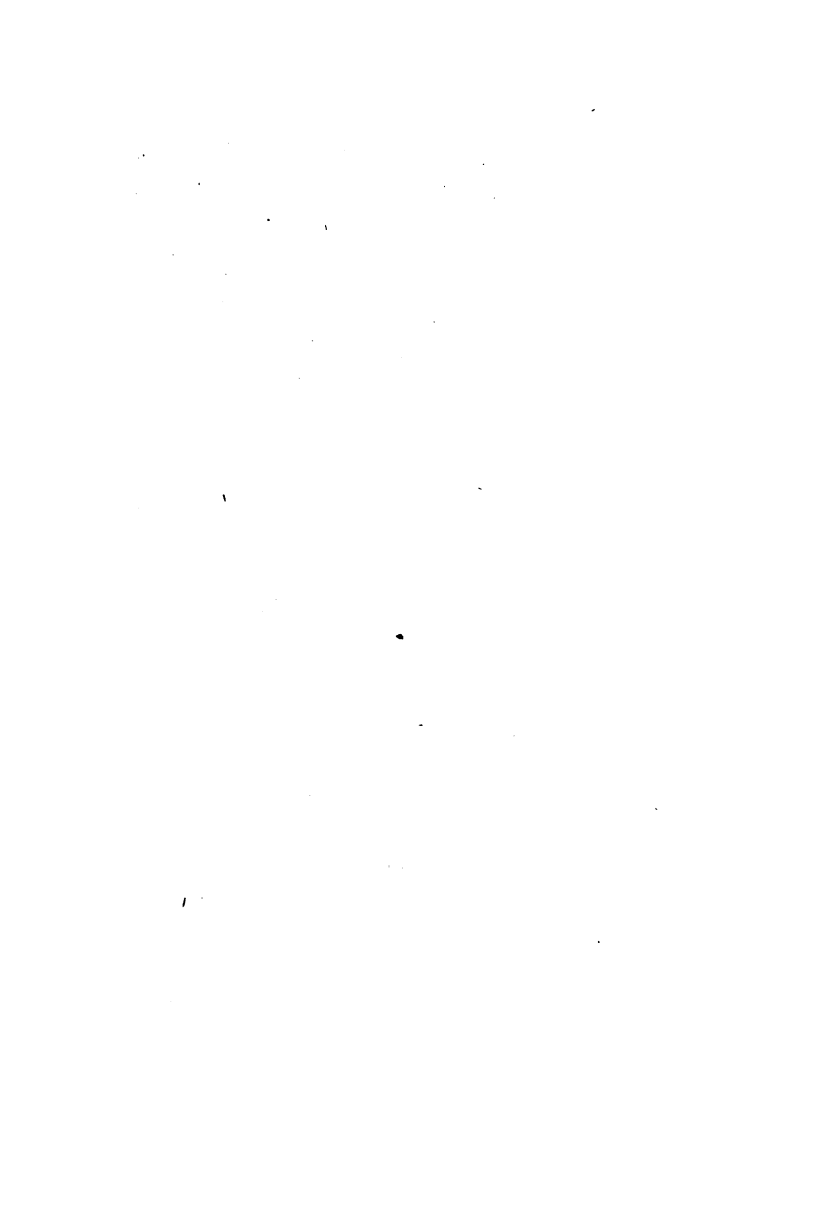












**CHAMBERS'S**

**POCKET MISCELLANY.**



**PHILADELPHIA;**  
**LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.**  
**1854.**



CHAMBERS'S



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ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE.

A PICTURE has been for the last few years so fruitful a subject of discussion in the Scottish courts of law, and has passed through so many judicial adventures, as they might be termed, that our readers may probably be gratified by receiving in a brief shape a history of the whole affair.

On the 30th October 1845, a sale by auction took place in Radley Hall, near Oxford, the house of Mr Benjamin Kent. Among several paintings sold on that occasion, was a half-length portrait of Charles I., supposed to have been by Vandyck, which was purchased by Mr Snare, a bookseller of Reading. On examining his purchase, Mr Snare had reason to believe that the picture was not by Vandyck, but by the great Spanish painter Velasquez, whose pictures are more rare in this part of Europe. It was not the first time on which it had been doubted whether portraits were by Velasquez or by Vandyck. Both had taken much from Rubens—the latter being his regular pupil; while the Spaniard, a devoted admirer, had received from him much instruction and advice.

The circumstance that the painting was by Velasquez, greatly enhanced its interest, by connecting it with a curious and romantic historical incident—the visit of Charles I. to the court of Spain, to make acquaintance with the Infanta, who, according to the negotiations between the English and Spanish courts, was destined to be his wife. It was with supreme astonishment that King James one day heard that ‘Baby Charles,’ as the Prince was called, intended to make this perilous journey. The idea had been started by Buckingham in one of their frolics, and the two young men were wilfully determined to carry it out—the favourite, indeed, could accomplish any object which he thought fit to set his heart on. The project was one of considerable peril, for in those days, getting hold of a king, or the heir of a kingdom, was nearly as effectual as the conquest of the country; and in the case of treachery or hostility on the part of any country the young men had to pass through, it might fare ill with them. Even before they left the British shore, they had to encounter difficulties and risks. Arthur Wilson, in his life of King James, says: ‘The Prince and Buckingham had false beards for disguise to cover their smooth faces, and the names of Jack Smith and Thom Smith which they passed with, leaving behind them impressions in every place with their bounty and presence that they were not the persons they presented.’ The adventurers passed through Paris, and had a hidden peep of the court. It was there, indeed, that the king unwittingly performed the function of his mission in seeing her who was destined to be the partner of his ill-fated career—the French Princess Henrietta Maria. The same writer says: ‘There the Prince spent one day to view the city and court, shadowing himself the most he could under a bushy peruke, which none in former times but bald people used, but now generally intruded into a fashion, and the Prince’s was so big, that it was hair enough for his whole face. The marquis’s fair face was shadowed by the same pencil, and they both together saw the Queen-mother at dinner, the king in the gallery

after dinner; and towards the evening, they had a full view of the Queen, Infanta, and the Princess Henrietta Maria, with most of the beauties of the court, at the practice of a masking-dance.'

Digby, Earl of Bristol, the English ambassador at Madrid, was one day told that two men desired to see him. One of them, plainly dressed like a humble citizen or courier, was walking into the residence with a knapsack in his hand. In him, to his transcendent wonder, the ambassador gradually recognised the well-known features of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham. What on earth could have brought him so far and in such a fashion? Nor was his astonishment a whit lessened when he heard that the young man waiting at the door was the heir of the British Empire. The Prince remained nominally *incognito*, but it does not appear that in Spain he found it necessary to keep up his disguise. Had he done so, we might very well question the authenticity of any painting of him by a Spaniard. The rumour of the marvellous visit of a young prince from a distant land spread throughout Spain, and created an intense degree of mysterious interest. It happened that at the same time another young man, whose obscurity was genuine, but who was destined to make a name to himself greater than that of many a monarch, visited Madrid. This was the young, ambitious artist Velasquez—the son of a humble citizen of Sevilla—then in his twenty-sixth year. The illustrious and mysterious stranger, with his solemn, handsome face, so accordant to the taste and notions of any artist, could hardly fail to be a study for the rising painter. He does not appear to have then painted the great portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, which made the crisis of his celebrity; but he had executed some of those likenesses of powerful courtiers which led the way to royal patronage. He would have abundant opportunities of seeing the interesting stranger; for in the accounts which we have of the romantic visit, we hear ever of shows and great hunting-matches, to which the nobility of Spain crowded to see the Prince. Finally, some

industrious person discovered that Charles had given L.100 to the painter Velasquez. Thus, nothing could be more probable, than that a portrait of Charles I. by Velasquez should exist; and if that painter's manner—characterised by quiet dignity and severe power—should be apparent in such a portrait, it might, with almost certainty, be attributed to the great Spaniard.

Mr Snare, exulting, probably, in his good-fortune as the possessor of so interesting a work of art, took all pains to prove its genuineness; and having exhibited it in London with great success, conveyed it to the provinces. Probably, he was not less surprised than Lord Bristol was at seeing Buckingham with the portmanteau, when one day his exhibition-room was entered by officers of the law, charged with a warrant to remove the picture as a piece of stolen goods. It was said to have been one of several valuable pictures which had belonged to the Earl of Fife, and the persons who now claimed it were that nobleman's trustees. The result of the affair was a striking warning to people not to form rash conclusions or make hasty attempts to vindicate what they may deem their rights. A person may obtain the seizure of almost any article on the statement that it has been stolen from him, or the apprehension of any man, on the allegation that he is a thief; but the person who demands the aid of the law in so peremptory a manner, must make out a very strong case to vindicate him. When Lord Fife's trustees heard that an unknown adventurer had visited Edinburgh with a picture that appeared to have been once in the noble lord's possession, they concluded instantly that it had been stolen, and stating their assurance to the sheriff, he immediately granted his warrant to seize the picture. Though this was done on the mere one-sided statement of the trustees, of course before the picture could be permanently taken from him, it was necessary to hear what Mr Snare had to say. The trustees stated, that according to a catalogue of pictures in Fife House, Whitehall, in the year 1807, there was one entered 'Charles I. when Prince of Wales, three quarters, painted

at Madrid, 1625, when his marriage with the *Infanta* was proposed—*Velasquez*. This picture belonged to the Duke of Buckingham.' That this was the identical picture exhibited by Mr Snare was admitted by that gentleman himself—he advertised his picture as having belonged to the Fife collection. After the death of the earl, about the year 1809, Fife House was dismantled, and the pictures were sent to Scotland. It was on that occasion that the picture was supposed to have disappeared; but the trustees could only give an extremely vague account of the matter. They said they 'cannot at present specify with certainty the date of the theft or the manner in which it was effected; they having remained under the impression that the picture was among those in Duff House, occupied by the present Earl of Fife until about a year ago, when it was advertised in the newspapers to be exhibited in London and elsewhere by Mr Snare; and it was lately being exhibited by him in Edinburgh, when their attention was drawn to the fact, and the loss of the picture discovered.'

Mr Snare, on the other hand, maintained that he had bought the picture in the most open and regular manner, and had made no concealment about it. He shewed that, before the year 1812, it had been purchased by a regular picture-dealer—Mr Spackmin; and that it had been for nearly forty years in the picture-market. However it might have left the possession of Lord Fife's representatives, there was nothing to shew that it had been stolen from them. The sheriff, in deciding on the question before him, made the following remarks:—'The petitioners admit that the respondent (Snare) publicly exhibited the picture about a year ago in London, or at Reading. But no step towards recovery was taken until the respondent came to Scotland. It is not for the sheriff to explain this delay, which is certainly not in the petitioners' (the trustees) favour, when they come suddenly here, in such a harsh way, with a party who is confessedly a *bona-fide* purchaser of the picture. No communication whatever is made to the respondent while in



England that the petitioners have, as they suppose, a claim to the picture. Nothing is done until the foreign purchaser crosses the Tweed. In Scotland, the petitioners, without any premonition whatever, attempt to deprive the respondent of his property, on the bare averment that it is stolen property; and when stolen? It is said to have been 'stolen or surreptitiously abstracted,' subsequently to the month of February 1809. The date of the theft is unknown; the *locus* (place) of the theft is not stated; the manner of the theft is not stated; the thief is not even hinted at. At some time subsequent to the month of February 1809, *the picture disappears*—that is all. Is it possible, as against a *bona-fide* purchaser, to assume or presume theft as the cause of the disappearance of the picture?

Mr Snare's picture was restored; but other proceedings followed, the result of which is instructive. There was a time, unfortunately, when in the Scottish courts of law, a Reading bookseller would have had no chance in a question with Scotsmen, especially with an aristocratic body such as the Earl of Fife's trustees. Times, however, had now changed so favourably, that Mr Snare was advised to bring an action of damages, in the Scottish courts of law, for the injury inflicted on him. In sending the question to a jury, the trustees fought very hard to be permitted to prove that they had not acted maliciously. The issues or questions to be put to the jury were: Whether the picture had been seized or removed from the custody of Snare, in virtue of, or under colour of the warrant, to his loss, injury, and damage? The trustees desired, instead of this, an inquiry: 'Whether the said defenders, in applying for and obtaining the warrant, and taking the other judicial proceedings above detailed, acted without malice and probable cause?' But they were not permitted to vindicate their conduct by proving that it was not malicious. It was sufficient that, without full inquiry, they had done Mr Snare an injury. After a tough battle, the jury, on the 28th of July 1851, returned a verdict in favour of Mr Snare, with damages L.1000. It

is probable that trustees and individuals will henceforth be more cautious in Scotland in pronouncing upon pictures, on the bare suspicion that they have been stolen.

We sincerely sympathise with Mr Snare in the triumph he has achieved, after the vast trouble and expense, and delays of one kind and another, which he has experienced in vindicating what appears to be fair and honourable claims. Never before was a picture so much the subject of litigation; and all will acknowledge, that if this famous production is not 'a Velasquez,' it deserves to be one.

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#### ANECDOTES OF SHARKS.

SHARKS, of which there are several species, are the most formidable creatures met with in the wide ocean. The white shark, as it is called, is the most celebrated of the tribe; being, from its size and voracity, the terror of mariners in the seas it inhabits. It frequents warm latitudes, but has occasionally visited the British shores. This terrible creature has been known to attain thirty feet in length, and to weigh from three thousand to four thousand pounds in weight. The opening of the jaws in the larger individuals is sufficient with ease to admit the body of a man. The mouth is placed on the under surface of the head, from which circumstance the fish cannot bite while in the act of swimming forwards, so that a dexterous person, by diving, may evade his attack. So acute and strong are the teeth, that they are used by many savage nations as the armature of their weapons. The shark possesses the sense of smell in a remarkable degree; for it seems conscious by this faculty that there are sick persons on board of vessels, and that their bodies at death will be consigned to the deep. For the chance of picking up what may be thrown overboard, and

particularly when disease is in the ship, they will follow vessels hundreds of miles.

The appearance of the shark playing about a vessel in anticipation of his prey, suggests feelings of horror. With rows of teeth erect, open jaws, goggling eyes, large and bristly fins agitated like the mane of a lion, his whole aspect is an emphatical picture of the fiercest, deepest, and most savage malignity.

‘Increasing still the terrors of the storms,  
His jaws horrific armed with threefold fate,  
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent  
Of streaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,  
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
And, from the partners of that cruel trade  
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,  
Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.  
The stormy fates descend, one death involves  
Tyrants and slaves; when straight, their mangled limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.’

A few passages from Bingley’s *Animal Biography* may be given as illustrative of the character of this ferocious denizen of the deep. ‘The master of a Guinea-ship informed Mr Pennant, that a rage for suicide prevailed among his slaves, from an opinion entertained by the unfortunate wretches that, after death, they should be restored to their families, friends, and country. To convince them that their bodies could never be re-animated, he ordered the corpse of one that was just dead to be tied by the heels to a rope, and lowered into the sea. It was drawn up again as quickly as the united force of the crew could do it; yet, in that very short time, the sharks had devoured every part but the feet, which were secured by the end of the cord.

‘In the pearl-fisheries of South America, every negro, to defend himself against these animals, carries with him into the water a sharp knife, which, if the fish offers to assault him, he endeavours to strike into its belly; on which it generally swims off. The officers who are in the vessels keep a watchful eye on these voracious creatures;

1. RESEARCH - The process of gathering information about a particular topic or problem.

2. ANALYSIS - The process of examining information in detail to understand its meaning and implications.

3. INTERVIEW - A conversation with a person or group of people to gather information.

4. QUESTIONNAIRE - A written form used to collect data from a large number of people.

5. FOCUS GROUP - A group of people who are brought together to discuss a particular topic.

6. DETAILED - Providing a lot of information and detail.

7. COMPREHENSIVE - Covering a wide range of topics or areas.

8. IN-DEPTH - Going very far into a subject or topic.

9. EXHAUSTIVE - Including everything that is relevant to a topic.

10. THOROUGH - Doing something very carefully and completely.

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same grave. This story, however incredible it may appear, is related in the history of Barbadoes, on the most satisfactory authority.

‘The West-Indian negroes often venture to contend with the shark in close combat. They know his power to be limited by the position of his mouth underneath ; and, as soon as they discover him, they dive beneath, and, in rising, stab him before he has an opportunity of putting himself into a state of defence. Thus do boldness and address unite in triumph over strength and ferocity.

‘The South-Sea islanders are not in the least afraid of the sharks, but will swim among them without exhibiting the least signs of fear. “I have seen,” says Captain Portlock, “five or six large sharks swimming about the ship, when there have been upwards of a hundred Indians in the water, both men and women : they seemed quite indifferent about them, and the sharks never offered to make an attack on any of them, and yet at the same time would seize our bait greedily ; whence it is manifest that they derive their confidence of safety from their experience, that they are able to repel the attacks of those devouring monsters.”

‘An Indian, on the coast of California, on plunging into the sea was seized by a shark ; but by a most extraordinary feat of activity, cleared himself, and, though considerably wounded, threw blood and water at the animal, to shew his bravery and contempt. But the voracious monster seized him with horrid violence a second time, and in a moment dragged him to the bottom. His companions, though not far from him, and much affected by the loss, were not able to render him any assistance whatever.’

The vitality of the shark is very remarkable. After being mangled and apparently killed, it seems to possess the power of doing injury. While lying as if dead on the deck of a vessel, its jaws will make a sudden snap at anything near it. Acquainted with these unlooked for and deadly proceedings, the sailors jocularly call the shark a ‘sea-lawyer.’

In some parts of the world, sharks are hunted as a kind of sport, and though we cannot believe it to be commendable to take pleasure in the death of any animal, there seems a reasonable ground for taking every available means to rid the sea of this ferocious creature. Shark-hunting is carried on as a sporting exercise on the coasts of Sumatra, and is described in Egan's *Book of Sports*, from the account of a traveller. 'I was walking,' observes this writer, 'on the bank of the river at the time when some up-country boats were delivering their cargoes. A considerable number of coolies was employed on shore in the work, all of whom I observed running away in apparent trepidation from the edge of the water—returning again, as if eager, yet afraid, to approach some object, and again returning as before. I found, on inquiry, that the cause of all this perturbation was the appearance of a large and strange-looking fish, swimming close to the bank, and almost in the midst of the boats. I hastened to the spot to ascertain the matter, when I perceived a huge monster of a shark sailing along—now near the surface of the water, and now sinking down, apparently in pursuit of his prey. At this moment, a native on the choppah roofs of one of the boats, with a rope in his hand, which he was slowly coiling up, surveyed the shark's motions with a look that evidently indicated he had a serious intention of encountering him in his own element. Holding the rope, on which he had made a sort of running knot, in one hand, and stretching out the other arm, as if already in the act of swimming, he stood in an attitude truly picturesque, waiting the reappearance of the shark. At about six or eight yards from the boat, the animal rose near the surface, when the native instantly plunged into the water, a short distance from the very jaws of the monster. The shark immediately turned round, and swam slowly towards the man, who in his turn, nothing daunted, struck out the arm that was at liberty, and approached his foe. When within a foot or two of the shark, the native dived beneath him, the animal going down almost at the same instant. The bold assailant in

this most frightful contest soon reappeared on the opposite side of the shark, swimming fearlessly with the hand he had at liberty, and holding the rope behind his back with the other. The shark, which had also by this time made his appearance, again immediately swam towards him; and while the animal was apparently in the act of lifting himself over the lower part of the native's body, that he might seize upon his prey, the man, making a strong effort, threw himself up perpendicularly, and went down with his feet foremost, the shark following him so simultaneously, that I was fully impressed with the idea that they had gone down grappling together. As far as I could judge, they remained nearly twenty seconds out of sight, while I stood in breathless anxiety, and, I may add, horror, waiting the result of this fearful encounter. Suddenly, the native made his appearance, holding up both his hands over his head, and calling out with a voice that proclaimed the victory he had won while underneath the wave, "*Tan, tan!*" The people in the boat were all prepared; the rope was instantly drawn tight; and the struggling victim, lashing the water in his wrath, was dragged to the shore and despatched. When measured, his length was found to be six feet nine inches, his girth, at the greatest, three feet seven inches. The native who achieved this intrepid and dexterous exploit bore no other marks of his finny enemy than a cut on his left arm, evidently received from coming in contact with the tail, or some one of the fins of the animal.'

That amusing writer, Captain Basil Hall, mentions some interesting peculiarities in sharks. He tells us that such is their voracity, they will swallow almost anything they observe floating in the sea, provided it be not too large to take at a mouthful. When a shark is killed by sailors, they always shew a lively curiosity to learn what it has stowed away in its inside. Generally, the stomach is empty; but, says Captain Hall, 'I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy

under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship-company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side, and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed: "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide."

Hardy, in his *Travels through Mexico*, gives the following lively account of an escape from a shark:—  
'The Placer de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loretta, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters around it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it, and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms' water. The rock is not above 150 or 200 yards in circumference, and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do, who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the coast is clear, they may then rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tintetero had taken a station about three or four yards immediately above him, and, most probably, had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick is a useless weapon against a tintetero, as its mouth is of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be



swallowed together. He therefore felt himself rather nervous, as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But, under water, time is too precious to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this artifice to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay when he again looked up, to find the pertinacious tintetero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird ! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from their sockets with eagerness, and a mouth—at the recollection of which he still shuddered—that was constantly opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or, at least, that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the *gott!* Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo : one, to suffer himself to be drowned ; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life ? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden, he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed ; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose, and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which he and the tintetero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transversal direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their

common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing in the water ; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive.'

The beautiful Bay of Havannah, Island of Cuba, is known to be frequented by sharks, whose gambols amuse the natives, though they have also occasion to lament the injuries they inflict, in cases of men accidentally falling into the water. The following anecdote in reference to a case of this kind, was communicated to us by a highly-respectable military officer who bore a considerable share in the adventure :—

'Subsequent to the disastrous attack on the American lines before New Orleans, on the 8th of January 1815, the army proceeded to Isle Dauphine, in the Gulf of Mexico, where the troops remained until peace was concluded between Great Britain and the United States. As the men had been for several months exposed to severe hardships and many privations, the fleet was ordered, on its way home, to put into different ports, for the purpose of procuring fresh meat and vegetables. The ship I was on board of, with the regiment which I then commanded, belonged to that part of the fleet which touched at the Havannah. The circumstance I am about to relate is the capture of an enormous shark, which created considerable interest at the time. On arriving at the Havannah, I obtained leave from the general officer commanding, to live on shore, for the purpose of seeing something of the island. I generally went on board every morning about ten o'clock, to give the necessary orders for the regiment. Several of our men had died during the passage to Havannah, and were consigned to the deep in the harbour of that place. One morning, when I was writing in the cabin, I heard a sudden running of the men upon deck towards the after-part of the vessel, and a sergeant called to me from above to come on deck immediately. Not being exactly aware of what was going on, I drew my sabre, and ran on deck without my cap. I was received with a good laugh by the officers present, and very soon was made

aware of the object of the men's curiosity. It was a sight I never can forget. One of our poor fellows had been thrown overboard in the morning, sewed up in his blanket, with a shot inside to sink him. By some accident, the sewing must have been loosened, and, consequently, the body floated; and just as I came on deck, two enormous sharks made a dash at the body, divided it in two, and disappeared with their spoil. A feeling of horror ran through every spectator. At that instant, a third shark shewed himself close to our vessel. I called to the men to keep him alongside, by throwing him pieces of biscuit, at the same time desiring one of them to bring me a musket; on getting which, I fired at the animal, and the men shouted out that the ball had gone clean through him. He gave a flap with his tail, and went down, leaving the water slightly tinged with blood. At this moment, the black who beat the large drum came aft, and said to me: "Major, if you give me leave, I kill him and eat him in five minutes." I told him he should have five dollars for his pains if he kept his word. He immediately produced a shark-hook, baited it with a piece of pork, and having fastened it to a strong line, threw it high into the air, and let it fall with a splash into the water. The effect was magical. Quick as lightning, two of the sharks were seen making towards the bait, and, in an instant, one of them swallowed it. "Now is the time, grenadier," cried blackie; "clap on the rope-line, and give him plenty o' play!" Away went the monster like a whale, but *our Othello's* "occupation was not gone," and he commanded the grenadier, like an experienced general, until his enemy was lying spent and powerless on the surface of the water. A boat was now lowered, and the animal having been hauled alongside, a noose was made on a very thick rope, and he was swung into the air amidst the cheers of the whole fleet, every yard having been manned to witness our proceeding. The tail having been cut, the shark was laid on the deck, and blackie having selected a delicate piece from the shoulder, immediately proceeded to fulfil the latter part of his

bargain, by broiling and eating it. The shark measured eleven feet in length, and seven feet across. The liver weighed seventy-three pounds. In the upper jaw were five rows of teeth, and in the under, six rows. I had the satisfaction to see that my aim had been good, as the mark of the ball was about two inches below the dorsal fin, and had gone "clean through," as the men said. Notwithstanding this wound, the voracious creature had returned to the charge within five minutes. The shark was a female, and had nineteen young ones in her belly when opened. They measured about eighteen inches each. During the time she was alongside, I, as well as two hundred others, had an opportunity of observing the young ones passing in and out of the mother's mouth: they seemed to take refuge there on the least appearance of danger. This fact, I believe, has been doubted by some naturalists. The jaw of this animal is now at Abbotsford, having been sent to the late lamented Sir Walter Scott by the writer of this account.

Strange to say, we got no thanks for having killed this shark. A complaint was lodged against me by the authorities of Havannah for having destroyed one of the "guardians of their harbour." By this, I suppose, they meant, that the large sharks, playing about the mouth of the harbour, prevented a great fry of smaller ones from entering.

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## S U S A N H A M I L T O N :

### A T A L E O F V I L L A G E L I F E .

THE village of Daldaff lay in a nook of the hills, in one of the most rural districts of Scotland. Far from any of the great thoroughfares, or any of the large manufacturing towns, it continued, down even to the beginning of the present century, to be one of the most entire specimens in existence of all that a Scotch village used

to be. Its situation was a deep hollow, upon the banks of a mountain stream; and it looked from some points of view, as if a parcel of children's toy-houses had been shaken promiscuously in a bowl, and suddenly fixed in the way they happened to arrange themselves at the bottom. It was all a confused mixture of gray old walls and brown thatch, with green gardens and arbours, and mountain ash-trees. When you looked down from any of the surrounding heights, you wondered how communication was carried on amongst neighbours, or how strangers found an entrance into the village; for you saw no trace of streets, paths, or ways. It was only when you descended into the place that you saw here and there a narrow road threading its way among the houses, somewhat after the manner of the puzzle called the walls of Troy. Most of the little dwellings had a long stripe of garden, running from behind them up the hill; other houses had their sides or backs placed close against the bank, so that you might have walked off the ground upon their roofs without perceiving it—while the gardens spread downwards before them, like aprons. These gardens bore large beds of refulgent cabbages, with gooseberry-bushes between; and always in some sunny and sheltered place there were a few bee-hives, the tops of which were kept warm either with a crown of straw or a mantle of turf. At morning hour you would have seen the honest weavers, who peopled most of the houses, busying themselves in delving and dibbling in these little patches of ground. During the long day, perhaps nothing of life was to be seen about them, except the circumspect and decent hen walking up the avenue with her chirping brood, or the cock flapping his wings from the top of the wall, and crowing a defiance to some distant foe of his own kind; or the bees, as they one by one made themselves visible out of the universal sunniness, in the immediate shadow of the hive. At night, however, the weaver would be seen walking forth with his pipe in his mouth, his Kilmarnock cowl brushed back from his forehead, and his clothes loose at the knees, to observe the growth of the berries, or pull a bunch of

lily-oak for his children, who came prattling behind him ; or to hold converse through the evening stillness with a neighbour, perhaps four gardens off, respecting the last proceedings of 'that dreadful fallow, Bonyparty.' When standing in the centre of the village, you might have almost been persuaded that there was no other place in the world. The rim of the horizon was within 200 yards of the eye all round, and nothing besides was to be seen but the contracted sky. On the top of the bank, in one direction, stood the church, with its little docked steeple, and its body-guard of old trees. In another direction there was a peep of the turrets of an old half-ruined mansion-house, which had not been occupied for many years, except by the spirit of a murdered man, which was understood to occupy a particular room, and always went by the horribly descriptive name of *Spotty*. Beyond the edge of the surrounding banks, the country swept downwards, in extensive flats, generally sterile, but here and there shewing fine spots of pastoral green. Over these downs, groups of children would sometimes be seen rambling hand in hand, in those adventurous journeys of half a mile from home, which children are so fond of taking ; sometimes talking to each other of the novelties of the created world, which were every now and then striking their eyes and their imaginations ; at other times, pondering in silent and infantine abstraction on the beauty of the gowans which grew by their sides, and in the bosoms of which, as they gazed into them, they saw, reflected as in a mirror, their own fairness and innocence. There, also, while the wind even of summer carried its chill, the little neat herd-boy would be seen sitting on the leeward side of the green knoll, with his sister by his side, and a plaid drawn all around them, their arms laced round each other's necks, and their cheeks laid close together, as both read from the same tattered story-book, or partook of the same pease-bread and milk, which served as their afternoon meal. Within the village, all was primeval simplicity. The houses already mentioned were arranged without the least regard to each

other's convenience—some back to back, some shoulder to shoulder, but as generally front to back, and shoulder to front. The white manse sat half-way up the bank, overlooking the whole like an idol presiding over a crowded group of worshippers. On what might be considered the principal thoroughfare in the village, stood the inn, a house distinguished from all the rest by its being two storeys in height, not to speak of the still more remarkable distinction of a hanging sign, on which was painted something dark and grim, meant for a black bull, besides the frequent apparition of a carrier's cart resting with its beams high and rampant into the air. Another house, rather better than the rest, was occupied by 'a merchant,' a man originally a haberdashery pedler, but who, having here at last set up his ellwand of rest, dealt not only in women's attire, but a thousand things else besides, as if he had been

'Not one, but all *shopkeepers'* epitome.'

Then there was the modest tenement of Luckie Smytrie, with its window of four panes, shewing to the passing traveller two biscuits on edge, and as many dark-green bottles filled with comfits; while within, if you had chosen to enter, you would have found at one end of the room in which the decent woman lived, a large cupboard and a small table forming her mercantile establishment for the sale of all kinds of smallwares. Were you to lounge a little in this humble retreat of commerce, you might see children coming in every now and then asking for such things as an ounce of soap, a quarter of an ounce of tea, a half-penny worth of whip-cord, or, perhaps (what would astonish you most of all), change of a penny—that is, two half-pence. Luckie Smytrie was a woman who had experienced great trials in early life, had had husbands killed by accidents, sons enlisted for soldiers and slain in battle, and daughters that died in the morn and liquid dew of youth, innumerable. Her shop was, therefore, patronised by all the villagers, to the prejudice in some articles of the more ambitious establishment of the retired

packman; but yet the old woman, like all shopkeepers who have little rivalry, was as much offended at losing any partial or occasional custom in favour of that individual, as if she had had a far stronger and more prescriptive right to the business of the place. For instance, you might see a boy come in with a small cotton handkerchief in his hand, and say that his mother had sent him for a half-penny worth of thread, matching with that piece of attire, which she wished to hem. To which Mrs Smytrie would respond, in a cool voice, but intended to convey the most cutting sarcasm : ‘Gang back, hinny, and tell your mother that it would be far better to get her thread where she got her napkin.’ Or, perhaps, it was an order for bread on a Sunday evening, from some one who had had an unexpected crowd of visitors at tea. The request was then put in the following terms :—‘Mrs Smytrie [on other occasions it was plain Tibbie], my mother has her compliments t’ye, and she wad be muckle obleeged for twa tippeny bricks (loaves), as there’s some folk come upon her to their four-hours that she didna expeck.’ To the which Mrs Smytrie would answer, in the same cruelly tranquil voice : ‘Tell your mother, my woman, that she had better get her bread on the Sabbath night where she gets’t on the Saturday ’te’en;’ well knowing all the while that the shop referred to was not open, and that there was no other besides her own in the whole village, or within ten miles round. Perhaps a child would come in for a half-penny worth of paper—namely, writing-paper; but Mrs Smytrie, mistaking the word, would set about the elaborate ceremony of weighing out what she supposed the required quantity of pepper. The boy would look on, not knowing what to think of it, till at last he was roused from his reverie by having a neat little conical parcel, with a twist at the point, presented to him instead of the roll of paper which he had expected. He would then murmur out, with a ludicrous mixture of stupidity and terror : ‘It was paper I was wanting;’ at which the old widow would break out with the anticipated torrent of invective : ‘Hech ! dyted thing, could ye no speak plainer ?’



What for did ye let me be makin' up the pepper for ye, and no tell me it was paper ? Niff-naffin !' There was hardly any other house in the village in the least distinguished from its fellows. The most of them were occupied by a race of decent weavers—for this, indeed, was the staple employment in Daldaff. Through almost every lattice you heard the constant sound of the shuttle and lay, mixed with the voices of the honest operatives, as they sung at their work. In a preceding age, the village contained only three or four of this class of men, who employed themselves in weaving the homely woollen cloth and sheeting which were then used by the country-people, being formed out of materials supplied immediately by themselves. But these kinds of manufacture had, in a great measure, given way in favour of the lighter *fabrics* of Glasgow. Cottons were now supplied from that immense mart, to be woven into showy webs ; and, as the trade offered far superior remuneration to what had ever been known in the village, not only the old serge-weavers had changed the one employment for the other, but a vast flock of their sons and connections, and many of the country-people around, had rushed into it, so that the primitive little village of Daldaff became neither more nor less than a kind of colony or dependency of the great western capital.

This revolution was at first productive of a great increase of comfort in the village, without materially altering the primeval virtues of its inhabitants. Old men began to lay by blue bonnets in favour of hats. A few old hereditary black coats, which had been worn from youth to age, were at last rescued from the twilight of a Sabbath fame, and consigned ungrudgingly to a general use throughout the week. Young men began to abandon hoddon-gray for Galashiels blue ; young women got straw-bonnets to cover locks heretofore exposed in cocker-nonnies ; and there were two if not three green gauze veils in the village. In respect of domestic economy, almost every housewife had the pot on three times a week, so *that third day's kail* was beginning to be a thing almost

unknown. Tea was also intruding its outlandish face into scenes where bread and milk was erst the only luxury. Some of the husbands held long out against it, but at length they almost all sneaked into a liking for it, and no more thought of wanting it at the end of their day's work, than they thought of wanting their halesome porridge at the beginning. It was sometimes lamented by the excellent old minister, that family worship was a usage not favoured by this change of circumstances; but still, both at nine in the morning, and about the same hour in the evening, you might have heard, in passing some of the houses, either the rude and tremendous psalmody raised by the father of the household, or the low and earnest prayer which he was pouring forth, with his knees and those of all his family resting upon his clay-floor. Then all the good old sports were kept up. The boys, instead of being confined, like those of larger manufacturing towns, in unhealthy cotton-mills, were permitted at all hours, except those during which they were engaged at school, to play at the golf and shinty, or at bows and arrows, upon the common haugh by the burn-side, or else to roam further afield in search of birds' nests, or to harry the crows in the woods. On the same haugh, in the summer evenings, after work was done, the young men would be seen 'putting the stane;' or playing at the 'penny-stanes' (quoits); or perhaps amusing themselves with the more energetic game of football, while their cowed fathers would walk forth to sympathise in and judge of their feats, and enjoy a hearty, unmeasured laugh at every unharmonic 'mischanter' which might befall them. Thither also would repair the trig, short-gowned lass, just newly 'redd up,' as she would style it, her curls shining in their recent release from paper, over a face to which a good washing had lent a richer glow, and her *tout-ensemble* in every respect greatly improved—as female figures, somehow or other, always are—by being seen in the declining light of the golden eve. There, while the young of the different sexes interchanged their joke and their gibe, and the old raised the still heartier laugh at every

feat in the game, and children shouted and dogs barked from the mere contagion of joy, while, moreover, the sun sent his last rich rays through the trees above the village, whence the

‘ — sweet mellow crush of the wood-pigeon’s note,  
Made music that sweetened the calm ;’

there a stranger might have supposed that Happiness had found her last abode on earth, ere for ever winging her flight to her native skies.

Many villages in Scotland enjoy a humble local fame for some particular custom or sport, which is understood to reign there in supremacy over all others. If Daldaff was celebrated for any form of fun more than another, it was for curling—a sport peculiar to Scotland, and which may be best described to southern readers by the simple statement, that it employs large smooth stones upon the ice, much after the manner of bowls upon a bowling-green. The game can only be practised after a very hard frost, as it requires the strongest ice to bear the numbers who usually assemble either to play or look on. Curling is a game relished so keenly in Scotland, that, like other common appetites, it levels all distinctions of station and rank. In a rural and thinly-peopled district like that around Daldaff, the laird might be seen mingling with not only his farmers, but his cottagers, interchanging the broad jest at his own failures, and giving applause wherever it was due. The minister might also be seen driving his stone with as much anxiety of eye as any one, and occasionally, perhaps, envying the good-fortune of an unlettered peasant, whom, on another occasion, he would have to chide for his backwardness in the Single Catechism. Daldaff was fortunately situated for this game, as, less than a mile below the village, the mountain stream spread out into a little lake sufficient to have afforded room for half-a-dozen ‘rinks.’ There, one Saturday afternoon, the people of Daldaff had a *bonspiel*, or grand contest with the inhabitants of the adjacent parish of Sarkinholm, who had long disputed with them the palm of superiority.

A bonspiel is not appointed to take place every day; neither is Saturday like any other day of the week. Hence, although an unfortunate thaw was just commencing, the disputants resolved to have out their game, trusting that the ice would at least last long enough to do their turn. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the ice, the bonspiel passed off with great éclat. Nearly all Daldaff and Sarkinholm were collected to witness the sport; and the *certaminis gaudia*, or joys of the combat, were felt perhaps as keenly in the hearts of the women and children of these respective places, as in those of the curlers themselves. Before the game was done, the men were standing inch deep in water, and the stones, as they came up to the rink, sent the spray high into the air before them, like shavings from a joiner's plane. The short day of January was also drawing very near to a close, and a deep dark cloud had settled down upon the mountains to the west, betokening a thorough change in the weather. At length, victory declared itself in favour of Daldaff, and the parties 'quat their roaring play,' to betake themselves to their respective homes. All in a short time had left the place, except a small band of boys and girls, who continued to enjoy a pair of slides on a somewhat higher and drier part of the ice.

The rivulet connected with this little lake was one of those which, rising in a large basin of hilly country, are liable to be swelled occasionally in a very short space of time, so that, though at one hour they may scarcely shew a rill among the channel-stones, they are the next raging like a large and impetuous river. On the present occasion, being fed by the cloud just spoken of, it came down in one of its most awful forms, and in one instant broke up the ice upon the peaceful lake with a noise like thunder. The children who had been sliding, though they scarcely had a moment of warning, escaped from the ice—all except one, Susan Hamilton, the daughter of the leading manufacturer in the village. She had been the last to approach a gulf which had been leaped by all the rest, and, her heart failing her at the moment, she was

immediately carried off from the land upon a large board of ice. What had lately been the solid surface of the lake, was now gathered in a large glacier of peaky fragments at the bottom, while all around the water was extending far beyond its usual limits. Susan Hamilton was soon drifted down to this mass of ice, where, from the top of a lofty pinnacle, she cried loudly for help, which, however, was every moment becoming more difficult to be rendered. The most of her companions had fled in childish terror to the village; but as the danger was instant, there seemed little chance of rescue from that quarter. Fortunately, a young man who had accompanied some friends to Sarkinholm, happened to be returning to Daldaff, and hearing cries of distress, rushed up to the spot. Though the twilight was now deepening, he perceived the situation of the child, and being perfectly acquainted with the ground, he immediately resolved upon a plan of rescue. A large board of ice happened to be lying in a creek near the place where he stood. Upon this he fearlessly embarked, and, guiding it by means of his curling brush, he soon reached the iceberg to which Susan Hamilton was clinging. Having prevailed upon her to leap down into his arms, he placed her carefully on board his icy raft, and then steered back towards the shore, where, by this time, a few of the villagers, including the child's father, were collected. He was so fortunate as to return in safety, and had the satisfaction—which Bishop Burnet considered to be the greatest on earth—of rendering a man truly happy. The joy of the father was speechless; but the other villagers raised a shout of admiration in honour of his heroic conduct. Nor was the general feeling abated when, immediately after he had regained the shore, the vast glacier, loosed from its confinement at the bottom of the lake, was precipitated down the channel of the stream, where it tumbled and dashed along with the resistless force of rocks thrown down a hill-side, and the noise of a hurricane in a forest. It was seen that if he had hesitated but for a minute to adventure upon

his perilous task, the child must have perished almost before her father's eyes.

James Hamilton, who had this evening experienced the opposites of extreme agony and extreme happiness, was only a mere long-headed specimen of the weavers of Daldaff. Having saved a little money, and acquired a reputation for prudence and honesty, he had been able, when the Glasgow work was first introduced into the village, to get himself appointed by a manufacturing house in that city as agent for supplying employment to his brethren; and as he not only enjoyed a commission upon the labours of his neighbours, but also kept a number of looms going upon his own account, he might be considered the most prosperous man in the village. He had been married for many years, but was blessed with only one child—the fair young girl who was rescued from death in the manner above described. He was one of those individuals, who, though entitled to praise for their correct dealings and sagacious conduct in life, are yet apt to excite dislike by their contenting themselves too exclusively with those properties, and not shewing enough of the amenity and friendliness of disposition, by which alone society at large is rendered agreeable. You could always make sure that James Hamilton would do you no wrong, but you were also impressed with the certainty, that neither would he do you any good; and if it be possible that there can be an excess of circumspection and prudence, he erred in that excess. Rarely giving way to feeling himself, he could hardly believe that it existed in others; or, if he did acknowledge its existence, he despised it as only the symptom of an unworldly character. Even on seeing a single and beloved child rescued from destruction, though he could not repress the first gush of grateful and joyful emotion, he almost immediately after relapsed into his usual coldness, and seemed to chide himself for having been betrayed into that excitement.

Adam Cuthbertson, who had done for him almost the greatest service that one man can do to another

was the son of a poor widow in Sarkinholm, and now resided with a relation at Daldaff, under whom he was acquiring the universal craft of the district. Though graced with only a very limited education, and condemned to almost unceasing toil, Adam was a youth of some spirit and ingenuity. An old *black buke* of Scotch songs lay constantly on the beam at his left hand, and the rush of the shuttle and the dunt of the lay went in unison with as clear a pipe as ever lifted up the notes of our national minstrelsy. It was even whispered that Adam had himself composed a few songs, or there were at least certain ditties which the lasses of Daldaff might occasionally be heard singing at their washings on the haugh, and which were privately attributed to his pen—though, it is to be remarked, his modesty would never permit him to confess the soft impeachment. Adam also contrived to obtain some scientific books, which he pored over at night by his uncle's fireside, or, in summer, beneath a little bower which he had constructed in the garden. He was thought to be less steady at his work than some duller lads, and the case was not mended by a particular improvement which he had carried into effect upon the machinery of his loom. Although he practically demonstrated that he could work more with the same trouble by means of this alteration, the old workmen only shook their heads at it, and wished he might work as much with it in the long-run. It happened one day that, as he was *dressing* his web with the brushes, he lost his balance by mere accident, and fell head-foremost through the white expanse before him, producing, of course, irremediable ruin. 'Ay, ay,' remarked one of the old stagers, 'I never thought ony gude would come o' thae improvements. Wha ever heard o' ony *ordinar* workman playing sic a plisky?' Others, less disposed to observe the strict doctrines of causation, would ask what else could be expected of 'that newfangled way o' working the hiddles.' The very minister, honest man, was heard to hazard a quiet witticism on the subject, not from any

ill-will towards his young parishioner, but just because the joke could hardly be avoided. 'I was aye jalousing,' said the worthy divine one day to his elder, James Hamilton, 'that Yedie wad some day or other fa' through his wark.'

It is to be mentioned with regret that Hamilton, notwithstanding his obligations to the young man, was one of those who regarded his frank-spirited character and forward genius with least favour. This did not appear to be solely the result of the opposition of their characters. Hamilton, who, in any circumstances, would have been sure to disapprove of the qualities manifested by Adam Cuthbertson, appeared almost to have contracted an additional dislike for him, on account of the very obligation which ought to have made him his friend. He seemed to dread the claims which the rescue of his child might establish, and acted as if he thought it necessary to give as little encouragement to those claims as possible.

There was, however, *one* individual who did full justice both to the superior character and the gallant achievement of Cuthbertson. This was Susan Hamilton, the fair young girl whom he had saved. Susan, at the time of her rescue, was too young to regard her deliverer with any other feeling than that of grateful respect. But as she advanced towards womanhood, the childish feeling of awe with which she had always beheld him when they chanced to meet, became gradually exchanged for a sentiment of a softer and tenderer character, though not less bashful and abased. Adam's feelings towards her experienced a similar change. Ever after the day when he saved her life, he had taken rather more interest in that fair head and those sweet blue eyes, than in the features of any other child of the same age whom he saw tripping to school. But this feeling was merely one of circumstances. It solely referred to the adventure by which he had been so happy as to restore her to the arms of her father. Susan, however, in a very few years, ceased to be a little girl tripping to school. Her



figure became considerably taller, and more attractive. Her blue eyes became filled with deeper and more thoughtful meanings ; her cheek, when she approached her deliverer, assumed a richer hue ; and the voice, when it addressed him, surprised him with new tones. Sometimes he would hardly *permit himself to think* that she was in the least different from what she had been. He would still speak to her as a man addressing a child. But after they had parted, he would feel his soul troubled with a delight he had never before experienced. He would *feel*, though he did not *think*, that she was different. Need any more be said, than that he in time found himself at once loving and beloved !

The sun never set with a richer glow, nor did the flowers ever give out a richer perfume, than on the evening when, in the woods of Craigross, Adam Cuthbertson and Susan Hamilton first confessed their mutual attachment.

But fate was adverse to the passion of these amiable beings. James Hamilton, with all his homely wisdom, had so far given way to a wretched ambition, as to wish his daughter to match in a sphere above his own rank. Laird Ganderson, of Windigate, had marked out Susan at church as a very proper person to undertake the management of his household—an office just become vacant in consequence of the death of his mother. Being arrived at the full and perfect age of forty-seven years, the beauty of the young lady was perhaps of a smaller consideration with the laird, than the contiguity of a few fields lately purchased by her father, to his somewhat dilapidated property. He therefore made some overtures to James Hamilton, which that individual listened to in a manner far from unfavourable. It was soon made up between them, that Susan was to become Mrs Ganderson ; all that remained to be done, was to gain the approbation of the young woman herself towards the scheme. Susan, who, in addition to many better qualities, possessed a gift of rustic humour, endeavoured to convey her sentiments to the laird in a delicate way, by one evening frying him a

dish of sliced peats instead of Scotch collops ; but the laird took it all as a good joke, and said he only liked her the better for her waggy. In fact, being anxious to have her only on the ordinary principles of mercantile speculation, he was not to be turned aside by any nice delicacy, any more than he would have been prevented from buying a horse at a fair by the animal shewing a reluctance to part with its former proprietor. On the other hand, Cuthbertson felt in a manner entirely different. A taunt which he had received one night from the father, respecting the narrowness of his circumstances and prospects, determined him to quit Daldaff in search of fortune, taking no care but first to interchange with Susan a vow of eternal fidelity.

For one full year, Susan was enabled to parry the addresses of the laird and the entreaties of her father. The former spent a great part of every day at James Hamilton's, where he smoked incessantly, or, if he ceased at all, it was only to ask for liquor, or to utter a ribald jest. By this familiarity, he only rendered himself the more intolerable to Susan. But it had a different effect upon the father. The laird became so thoroughly ingratiated with that individual, that there was no exertion of friendship which Hamilton would not make in his behalf. In fact, in order to secure to his daughter the *éclat* of being lady of Windigate, he was understood to have compromised all that he was worth in the world in securities for the behoof of his future son-in-law, whose fortune was suspected to be in no very flourishing condition. The unfortunate weaver exemplified a very common failing in the most sagacious characters—namely, a disposition, after a whole lifetime of prudence, to give way to some notably ridiculous error, which is rendered un-alarming to them from its being totally different in character and tendency from any that they have been accustomed to avoid.

At length came evil days. Owing to some turn of affairs in the progress of the war, cotton-weaving experienced a severe shock, by which many of the best

Glasgow houses were materially damaged, and thousands of operatives throughout the country were thrown out of work. The very respectable establishment for which Hamilton had long acted as agent lingered for a time in existence, and was able occasionally to send a small scantling of work, hardly enough to employ a tenth part of the population of the village. When the carrier was expected to come with these small supplies, numbers of poor men, attended by their wives and children, all of whom were alike unemployed, would go out for miles to meet the eagerly-expected vehicle, to learn how much work was brought, and what prospect there was of more. On the small bag being opened by Hamilton, and perhaps only three webs being displayed, the grief of the poor people was beyond all description. The married men would then, by Hamilton's directions, draw lots for those precious morsels of employment. While this process went forward, what eager, breathless hope in the faces of both men and women, tempered, at the same time, by a religious sense of the misery which each man knew that his own success would inflict upon some equally deserving neighbour! What despair was depicted in each honest homely face, as it turned from the fatal lottery, upon the unhappy family group, which, more eagerly than himself, had watched the result of his throw! With what joy, mingled with sad sympathies for the rest, would the successful man bear home his load, though he knew that the price of his labour would hardly be sufficient to supply the food necessary to support him, even though he were to work sixteen hours a day! At length, towards winter, even these wretchedly insufficient supplies were stopped. Hamilton's employers, after every effort to keep themselves afloat, were obliged to give way also; and, consequently, the Daldaff agency became at once a dead letter. People talk of the exemption of the present generation from disasters by fire and sword, which so frequently befell their ancestors; but what calamity was ever inflicted upon the poor, even in the most lawless days of past history, equal to the desolation which is now so often

occasioned in a large district by a total cessation of the staple employment ? The cots which gave shelter to our ancestors were rebuilt in three days, after even the most savage invasion ; the herds, which had been gathered off to some place of security, were restored to their indestructible pastures. The calamity, if unaccompanied by severe loss of life, must have been only, in general, an exciting adventure. But what retreat, what consolation is there for the hordes of poor artisans, who, by some commercial accident, arising, perhaps, from the imprudence of a few merchants, or some political or warlike movement, are deprived of the customary weekly pittance ? It may be relied on, that such disasters exceed in measure of sorrow almost any kind of historical distress, except those of plague or famine. No other accident but these last ever introduced such coldness to the poor man's hearth, such despair to his heart, or made him regret with so bitter a pang that he had others to care for besides himself.

Amidst the public calamity, one of a most grievous nature overtook the father of our heroine. The affairs of the laird, which had long been desperately out of order, and for some time were only sustained by the aid of his intended father-in-law, came to a complete stand-still ; and, the whole wealth of James Hamilton being engaged in securities, he was at once reduced to the condition in which he had entered life. The stroke at first seemed likely to be fatal. Thus to lose the whole earnings of a laborious life—to forfeit, at the eleventh hour, by one miserable piece of imprudence, all the honours of the wisely-spent day, was more, almost, than he could bear. He had, however, two comforters in his affliction—the worthy old minister, who, in these calamitous times, had been a succouring angel to his flock—and his daughter, an angel of a still more gracious kind, who, forgetting all the severities with which she had been treated, and thinking only of his present affliction, applied herself to the sacred task of soothing his wounded mind and inspiring him with hopes of better times. The change of his

circumstances produced a complete change in the mind of Hamilton. Having no longer wealth to care for, the jealous sentinels with which he had guarded it were withdrawn. The crust of worldly selfishness was broken off his character, and all its better affections were again called into free play. His eyes were now opened to the wickedness of which he had been guilty, in endeavouring to force the affections of his daughter, and he only wished that he were again as he had been a twelve-month before, in order to make her happy with the man of her heart.

Weeks of partial famine passed on, and now the distresses of the villagers were suddenly doubled by the premature commencement of a very severe winter. With the exception of their small patches of potatoes and garden vegetables, there seemed hardly any resource for them during the whole winter. The minister, whose own income was exhausted in providing for their wants, thought it necessary, under these distressing circumstances, to call them all together, and join them in one solemn exercise of humiliation appropriate to the occasion. Just as this was concluded, a boy, belonging to an inn about ten miles distant upon the Glasgow road, arrived, after a toilsome journey through the snow, and gave the joyful news that a cart filled with webs was storm-stayed at his master's house, on its way to the village, the trade having suddenly experienced a slight revival. Transported with this intelligence, though no one could guess by whom the work could have been sent, they one and all resolved to proceed to Redcraigs, where the cart was lying, and aid in clearing a way for it through the snow. Every spade and semblance of a spade was then put in requisition, and the half of the bannocks in the village were brought forward, without the least regard to individual property, to provision the troop of pioneers. Thirty men set out early next morning on this expedition, graced with the blessings and prayers of all who saw them depart.

The snow, it was found, had only fallen to the depth of three feet; but it was drifted in many hollow parts of the

road to six times that depth, so as to present an insurmountable obstacle to the progress of a cart. At all those places the weavers exerted themselves as they advanced to clear away the gelid heaps. The toil was most severe; but what these poor starved men wanted in strength, they made up by zeal—that zeal, above all others, which is inspired by the wish of answering the clamour of a hungry family circle with the necessary bite. The thought that work was before them, that money would again be procured, and, for that money, food to supply ‘the bairns at hame,’ nerved every arm with superhuman energy; and as the country-people everywhere lent a willing, though less enthusiastic assistance, the party had before mid-day cleared their way to Redcraigs. What was their surprise on being met there by their friend Adam Cuthbertson, of whom they had not heard ever since he left Daldaff, and who now informed them, with ineffable pleasure beaming in his eyes, that he had been the happy means of procuring them this supply of work. He had entered, he said, into the service of a manufacturer at Glasgow, and having divulged to him a plan of improving the loom, had been advanced to a very onerous place of trust in the factory. His employer having weathered on till the present revival of trade, he had used the little influence he had to get his old master, of whose misfortunes he had heard, appointed to an agency, and was favoured with one of the very first parcels of work that was to be had, which he was now conveying to the relief of his old friends at Daldaff. ‘Let us on now, my friends,’ cried Adam; ‘and, before night is far spent, we shall be able to tell the women and the bairns that the bad times are now blown by, and that every one will get his porridge and his broth as he used to do.’ The cavalcade then set forward, the cart drawn by three horses in line, and every man more ready than another, either to clear away the drifted heap that lay before it, or to urge it with his desperate shoulder over every such impediment that might happen to be left. Though the way was long, and the labour severe, and the strength of the poor weavers not very great, yet every eye and voice

maintained its cheerfulness, and the song, the jest, and the merry tale, were kept up to the very last. The wintry sun had just set upon the snowy hills ere the procession came within sight of Daldaff; yet all the women and children were collected at the Loanbraehead, near the village, to see it approach; and when the cart was first discerned turning a neighbouring height, with its large attendant train, a shout of natural joy arose through the clear air, such as might burst from those who gaze from the shore upon a wreck, and see the crew, one by one, make their escape from destruction. James Hamilton was there, though much reduced by a recent illness; and the joy which seized him on being informed by the workmen of his appointment, was almost too much for his frame. He looked in vain, however, for Cuthbertson, to pour before him the thanks of a repentant spirit. That excellent young man had eluded the observation of all, and diving through some of the lanes of the village, had taken refuge in the house of his uncle. He found that, much as he had longed to see gladness once more restored to these poor villagers, he could not endure the scene at last. He had therefore escaped from their gratitude; and it was not till Hamilton sought him in his old lodgings that he was at length discovered. The old man took him warmly by the hand, which he did not quit, till leading him to his own house, he deposited it in that of his fair daughter. 'Susan Hamilton,' said he, 'twice have you been saved by this good youth; you are now fairly his own property—you are no longer mine. May you both be happy!'

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## THE POLISH JEW-BOY.

POLAND is the chief modern seat of the scattered Jewish race, for while those interesting people were persecuted throughout every part of Europe, the noble sympathising Pole gave them refuge, and treated them as men and brethren. Under this kind protection, the Jews in time multiplied, and their hamlets soon rose to the condition of populous villages and towns, presenting to the modern world the spectacle of a second Judæa. These Polish Jews were permitted to govern themselves by their own laws, which they did in its fullest extent, adopting all the Mosaical and Rabbinical ceremonies, and even dispensing with surnames, according to ancient usage. They also adhered to their own peculiar costume, and continue to do so. Their bodies are covered with a tightly-fitted black-silk robe, fastened with a band and tassel round the waist; on their head they wear a skull-cap, both in and out of the house, a rigid Jew never having his head uncovered, as, like other Eastern people, he requires to say prayers and graces on many occasions, and is obliged, when addressing the Almighty, to wear his hat upon his head; a long flowing beard, and a staff, complete the outline of their appearance. Napoleon made many innovations on the Jewish customs, though with little advantage to himself. He enrolled the young men into cavalry and infantry troops, making them take surnames, and insisting that they should never wear the costume of their race. This mixing with the natives of other territories contributed to enlighten the Jews, but war gave them an insight into the riches of the neighbouring countries, and made them anxious to participate in that wealth, which they endeavour to do by the only means left within their power. Being prevented by the illiberal and odiously selfish laws of most Christian powers from devoting their attention to ordinary professional pursuits,



or trying to gain distinction and opulence by any of the common modes in practice, they have in this, as in every other instance, devoted their abilities to various mercantile avocations, generally dealing in articles of great value. The way in which the industrious young Jews set out upon their wanderings is in no small degree affecting. After procuring the blessing of their parents, which, in general, is all that they have to bestow, they leave their native homes at the tender age of thirteen, and, in Scripture phrase, girding up their loins, they address themselves to their travels into far countries, in search of what fortune may be pleased to reward them with. A certain portion of mankind are still disposed to hoot and persecute the Jews, and to allow them no good property whatever; but we defy any civilised nation to produce such striking instances of intrepidity, honest industry, and humility, as are here exemplified. The circumstance of boys of thirteen years of age voluntarily abandoning the houses of their parents, to depend for their support on their own unassisted, unadvised efforts, among total strangers, is quite unparalleled in the history of the most chivalric people which the earth ever produced. We, no doubt, find Italian and Swiss boys wandering over most parts of Europe, but, it will be remarked, it is chiefly in the character of mendicants, or something nearly allied to it; while the Jew-boy sets forth with the determination to pursue some branch of lucrative industry, requiring no small degree of ingenuity and wisdom. It may be mentioned, that the Jews become of age on the Sabbath after they attain the age of thirteen. On this solemn occasion, they read a portion of the Scriptures aloud in the synagogue, and dedicate themselves to their Maker, by swearing to keep the commandments. After the ceremony, the morning is celebrated with a breakfast party. At thirteen, the young Jews are required to wear phylacteries every morning while at their devotions. These consist of two long stripes of leather, one being made to fit the head, the other for the left arm, with

large knots, emblematic of Almighty God. Enclosed in this knot are the ten commandments, and the prayer, 'Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one God,' &c.

These observations on the condition and manners of the Polish Jews, are preliminary to the following account, which we have received, of the history of one of them, named Joshua Mendelsohn, who emigrated in the manner we have mentioned, and speedily raised himself from indigence to affluence, simply by perseverance and successful speculations in valuable articles of commerce. We give the account nearly in his own words, as he related it to a friend.

'Well, den, when I did come first to be a man at thirteen years of age, den I did have all de grand desire to go away to seek my fortune; so I did go to my fader and moder for der blessings, and they did give me dem, and I did ask my fader for his assistance, and he did say unto me: Mine dear son, all dat I can give you is a clean shirt, and may the God of Israel bless you! Den I did leave mine own country widout one farding, and my goods did consist of mine clothes on my back, and my prayer-book, and my phylacteries. I did not know vere I should go; but my feet did take me to Frankfort; and behold der was de grand fair, and I did look me about, and I was astonished to see such quantities of fine merchandise; so I did stand for long while admiring de goods. Now, when I did stand looking, a shentleman did ask me if I was a Jew. I say: Yes. He den ask me if I be honest, and I say: Yes, also. He den took me for to assist him in selling his merchandise, and was much satisfied, and he did give me about two pounds in dis country money. Oh, dis was a grand beginning of my fortune! So I did consider me what to buy, and, as luck would have it, I did buy all cornelian stones, but could not sell dem again; so I did take me to Italia; den I did shew dem to an honest Catholic jeweller, and he did give me twenty pounds. I was den very glad of dis great sum of moneys, and did lay out the whole on cameos. I next went again to Frankfort, and was so fortunate as to sell dem for one

hundred pounds. I now did buy all mine moneys in stones, and took them again to Italia; but dish time I had a large box, which cause der custom-house-officers stop me, and took away all mine riches, and put me to jail. When I was brought to der judge, they did search me, and found only my phylacteries; and de judge ask me what I do wid dese tings. And I told him they were for me to use when I pray to mine God. And he, being a good Catholic, say to me: You be a good Jew man; and he did give me all pack my goods, which I sold for dis time two hundred pounds. After dis, I went to Turkey, and dat was very good-luck; for a Turk did shew me a bag full of green and pink stones, and he ask me to puy dem. I did not know the value of dem; but for a grand speculation, I did say, if I make my fortune, I do; if I lose, I no worse den when I set out. So I did make a prayer, and he did sell me dem for mine own price, two hundred pounds. He ask me three hundred; but I say, I have no more riches. So the Turk gave me the whole for my price. I now took my bag of green and pink stones to a person dat was a judge, and he say, they be all emeralds and rubies, and worth a great sum. So I did sort dem, and went to Genoa, where I did never go before, and shewed dem to a Jew-broker, and he ask me mine price. I say, he must shew dem to the diamond-merchants, and they must put der highest price, for I did not let him know dat I did not know the value of dem. The Jew-broker came next day, and tell me he can get two thousand pounds for one parcel, and, if sent to-morrow, he will pay dem. As soon as I left de Jew-broker, I jump for joy at mine good-luck, and did tank mine God for his goodness to de poor Jew-boy. When next day did come, I did take all the moneys, two thousand pounds, for a part of mine precious stones; and out of gratitude, I did take for mine wife the broker's pretty daughter Rachel. So dis all over, I pay me a visit to all der grand cities, and did sell more and more of mine emeralds and rubies for very much moneys.'

To bring this autobiographical sketch to a conclusion,

it has to be added, that after these various speculations, Joshua ventured on dealing in diamonds, in which he was still more successful. He thus pursued a lucrative, traffic in precious stones for many years, and became one of the richest men in Europe. His home was at Genoa, where his wife and family lived in the first style, with carriages and other luxuries of the most expensive description. Yet, when he was last heard of, he was still pursuing his unvarying avocations, almost in his original humble condition. He was travelling through every continental country, and visiting all the principal cities in his professional capacity. He also, in general, carried about his person property to the amount of L.100,000 and upwards, in precious stones, all of which were stowed in about fifty different pockets in various parts of his dress.

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## TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

IN the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low stripe of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstounness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. It was a day of gloom, scarcely different

from night. The sky displayed that fixed dulness which so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sea was one sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by the breaking wave. The streets and paths of the little village-burgh shewed, each by its deep and pebbly seam, how much rain had fallen during the night; and all the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with wet. Having secured the services of the official called the *bedral*, I was conducted to the abbey church, which is a very old Gothic structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a parochial place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy day, to inspect the outlines of abbots and crusaders which still deck the pavement of this ancient temple; and there was matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection in the view of the adjacent mansion-house. Culross Abbey, as this structure is called, was finished so lately as the reign of Charles II., and by the same architect with Holyrood-house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. Yet as the premature ruin of youthful health is a more affecting object than the ripe decline of age, so did this roofless modern palace, with the wall-flower waving from its elegant Grecian windows, present a more dismal aspect than could have been expected from any ruin of more hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the extinction of modern grandeur, and the decline of recently flourishing families, appealed more immediately and more powerfully to the sympathies, than that of remote and more barbarous greatness, which is to be read in the sterner battlements of a border tower, or an ancient national fortress. The site had been chosen upon a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the inmates might be enlivened by the everchanging aspect of that element, and the constant transit of its ships; but now all useless was this peculiarity of situation, except to serve to the mariner as a kind of landmark, or to supply the more contemplative voyager with the subject of a sigh. With a mind attuned by this object to the most melancholy reflections, I was conducted to what is called

an aisle or burial-vault, projecting from the north side of the church, and which contains the remains of the former Lords of Culross. There images are shewn, cut in beautiful Italian marble, of Sir — Bruce, his lady, and several children, all of which must have been procured from the continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, when no such art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, as may be expected by the greatest of personages when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the heirless dead, I was shewn a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word, 'FUIMUS.' Below was an inscription on a brass-plate, importing that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the *Guardian*, and alluded to in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, and two centuries annihilated, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What! thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce, which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of its

owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, and the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents :—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a serviceable minister to King James VI. during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry, Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while, from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court, any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce; though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend, Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet,\* and destined to be the grandsire of another,† was one of those free and dashing spirits, who, according to the accounts of contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or, more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were

\* Lord Buckhurst.

† The Earl of Dorset, a poetical ornament of the court of Charles II.

naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession, were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could previously have been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a-hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of *spæwifë*, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of the stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to



throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip.

‘For Heaven’s sake, Sackville,’ said Lord Bruce, ‘take care lest she make us all repent of this. Don’t you see that she is a spaewife!’

‘What care I for your spaewives!’ cried Sackville. ‘All I know is, that she is an old beggar or gipsy, and has nearly caused me to break my neck.’

‘I tell you she is a witch and a fortune-teller,’ said his gentler companion; ‘and there is not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say anything to offend her.’

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out: ‘Ride on to your hunting, young man,’ addressing Sackville; ‘you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive: alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion.’

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was in some measure unconscious—why, on the separation of their characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to each other with such devoted attachment.

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minuet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Jonson's court-masques, Lady Clementina was alike distinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which so often attends the triumphs of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years, before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often, then, did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed about, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united

prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had had a street-quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other 'beggarly Scots.' It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion till his friend proceeded to generalise upon the character of these 'beggarly Scots,' and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country.

'I will make no exemptions,' said the infatuated Sackville, 'and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back.'

Bruce felt bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but 'the milk of kindness.' Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed a freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother; but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of an unrequited blow—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection that the injurer was his friend, and not at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his

misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcilable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had really felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between.

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman, of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. 'What!' he said, 'one might as well have expected Castor and Pollux to rise from their graves and fall a fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the batter on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fame.'

'Have you indeed heard,' asked Bruce, in some agitation, 'that any such incident took place?'

'Oh, to be sure,' replied his companion. 'The whole

Temple has been ringing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper; and I heard it myself spoken of last week to the west of Temple-Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; but, for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account.'

'It is,' said Bruce with deep emotion, 'too true. He did strike me, and I, for sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?'

'Oh, to be sure,' said Crawford, 'that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, love here, or love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador, and monsieur's first question was: "Doth the man yet live?" When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell.'

'O Crawford,' said Bruce, 'you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly foredoomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event.'

'You know best,' said the careless Crawford, 'what is best for your own honour.' And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided.

The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age, that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample revenge; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, however previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction

was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy *itself*, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; insomuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only be to encounter greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other *attachés* of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly-married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the king and queen. The two young men kept apart till they came to Canterbury, where, as the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him, at the same time, in a friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His Highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with the severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the *cortège* remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that, in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words 'beggarly Scot' were alone overheard by Bruce,

who stood at no great distance, and who immediately recriminated by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the king regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollected the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled, by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once-intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced ease of demeanour in the presence of these beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news from Scotland, which rendered it necessary that he should immediately proceed thither; and he briefly

detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparations for his journey, he came to take leave of her; but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother remarked this, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words, 'long and dangerous journey,' his voice faltered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase—however little there might be now—that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whensoever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days afterwards with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. She was in the garden when he arrived, and



no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and with a half-alarmed feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their mutual happiness should be put off for some time longer. 'Thus,' he said, 'to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling.'

The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another, he had turned away towards the emptiness of desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair gray—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands, leaving a challenge for

Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the frenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

‘ — We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with one Mr Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the midway but a village divides the States’ territories from the Archduke’s. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded that, in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other’s hands. But in case one party’s sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely, without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of

the same length, but twice as broad ; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed ; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn ; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words), "that so worthy a gentleman and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour." Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life ; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions ; whereupon Sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. The which, not for matter but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not for a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon the full stomach more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him I would presently decide the difference, and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, some twelve score paces, for about some two English miles ; and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became the victor, and, using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far and needlessly to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which with willingness he quickly granted, and there in a meadow, ankle

deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved—God forgive us!—to despatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short-shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for—honour and life. In which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried: "Oh! I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying

him on his back—when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life ; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying : “ He scorned it.” Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon afar off cried : “ He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.” Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of ; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me ; when I escaped a great danger ; for my lord’s surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord’s sword ; and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands ; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out : “ Rascal, hold thy hand ! ” So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation.

‘ LOUVAIN, September 8, 1613.’

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman, who, but for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case—the

body being buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom—and carried it with her to Culross, where she spent the remainder of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object always before her upon her table. After her death, it was deposited in the family-vault already described, where it has ever since remained, the best monument of its own fatal history.

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## AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

MANY persons are of belief, that authors are very grave and reserved in their manners—that they are constantly engaged in study—have no relish whatever for relaxation, and are careless of the ordinary pleasures of society. This is a ridiculous fallacy: authors just think and act like other men when not engaged in their literary avocations; and whatever may be the gravity of their writings, they are generally very merry fellows, and like to indulge in frivolous amusements as well as their neighbours. D'Israeli, who has taken the pains to enter into a minute investigation of many literary subjects, recites a number of instances of learned men indulging in different amusements by way of relaxation to their mind.

‘Among the Jesuits,’ says he, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, a work we recommend to the perusal of our readers, ‘it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Petavius was employed in his *Dogmata Theologica*—a work of the most profound and extensive erudition—the great recreation of the learned father was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies, Spinoso would mix with the family party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so

much interest, that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on *The Tranquility of the Soul*, and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government—a circumstance, he says in his manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asinius Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time, he would not for any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation—they might not be interrupted by unforeseen his studies to be at senate, after the tenth hour, it was not

‘D’Andilly, the transition motion.  
eight hours of study every day, himself with polishing glasses cultivating trees; Barclay, the and making mathematical his leisure hours, was a florist; Bâ closely connected with with a collection of crayon portraits amusement amongst his medals and anphus, after seven or ties; the Abbé de Maroles with his prints used himself in in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed the *Argenis*, in noons in the conversation of a few friends, amused himself vating a little garden; in the morning, occupied, found his system of the world, he relaxed his profound speculation. Politician by rearing delicate flowers.

‘Rohault wandered from shop to shop, to observe after-mechanics labour; Count Caylus passed his mornings cultivating the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur.

‘Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge

on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight. It was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones. "The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character," observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

'Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudian's death. Pierius Valerianus has written a eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with due gravity and pleasantry, entitled *Eloge de Perruques*—a Eulogium on Wigs.

'Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a postchaise, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly; which, authorised by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

'It seems, Johnson observes in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*, to have been in all ages the pride of art to shew how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition, perhaps, we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser; the shadow of Wowerus; and the quincunx of Browne.

'Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

'The great Samuel Clarke was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs: once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said: "Now, we must desist, for a fool is coming in."



‘An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

‘Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand—a strange characteristic of the author of *Natural Theology*. Sir Henry Wotton called angling, “idle time not idly spent:” we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

‘Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that these are a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation—an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly. Seneca concludes admirably: “Whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate; neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which ameliorates even in its old age!”

‘An ingenious writer has observed, that “a garden just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.” There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pope’s letters. “I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but *minds his business* all the while.” A turn or two in a

garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture. Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved "books and a garden."

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## MONSIEUR MOLLIN.

ABOUT the end of the last war, a considerable number of the French officers, who had been taken prisoners and sent to the dépôts in Scotland, were liberated upon their word of honour, and permitted to reside in the neighbouring towns, upon a certain small allowance made to them by our government. Amidst a host of dashing fellows who resided on this footing at the ancient burgh of Cairnton, in the south of Scotland, there were a few old personages who had been captured in the earlier years of the war, and almost grown gray in this species of honourable imprisonment. Some of these latter personages were so different in age and habits from the others—were so entirely, as it were, of a different generation or fashion of Frenchmen—for everything about this nation changes in ten years—that they hardly seemed to belong to the same country. While the gay young officers of the Emperor went frolicking about in long surtouts and moustaches, turning the heads of all the girls, and running into as much debt as possible with all the tradesmen, the ancient subalterns of the Republic and First Consul were a race of quiet, little, old wind-dried men, with much of the *ancien régime* about them, wearing, in some cases, even the anti-Revolutionary powder, and all of them as inoffensive as if they had been each sensible that he was in his own parish. A particular individual, called Monsieur Mollin, had become so

perfectly assimilated with the people of the town, that he was not at all looked on in the light of a stranger. He lived in a small room, which he rented from a poor old 'single woman,' Lizzie Geddes by name, and nothing could be more simple or irreproachable than the whole tenor of his life. In the morning, before breakfast, he went to the public green, which he traversed in one particular direction exactly ten times. For the ducks which cruised along the neighbouring mill-race, he had a few crumbs; for the servant lasses, who spread their washings on the sod, he had a few complaisant observations. If Jamie Forbes, the shoemaker, happened to be leaning over the bottom-wall of his kail-yard, Monsieur Mollin would courteously salute him, and express a hope that Madame Forbes—otherwise called Kirsty Robertson—was well. If, in returning to breakfast, a group of weavers were found clustering about the head of the close, the benevolent old gentleman would join their conversazione, and learn, perhaps, that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to set up a new kingdom, or that John Jamieson had got a new coat. After partaking of his frugal meal—consisting of the usual Scottish fare in humble life, porridge and milk—he would set out for a country walk, and perhaps return about one, with his pockets filled with *fir-tops*, which he made a practice of gathering in the plantations, in order that they might aid his landlady's little fire. He then ate his slender dinner in company with Lizzie Geddes and her nephew, and had, it was said, as many polite observances in the matter of second-day's broth and a cold scrag of lamb, as if he had been seated at the table of a sovereign prince. In the evening, good Monsieur Mollin was to be seen, perhaps, mingling in the clamorous company who amused themselves in the bowling-green, or else enjoying another cool walk beside the mill-race, where, I well recollect, there was a little trodden footway, which I believed to have been solely formed by his own 'constant feet,' so exclusively, to my childish apprehension, did it seem appropriated to himself.

Lizzie Geddes, in whose humble garret Monsieur Mollin occupied an apartment, was the daughter of a person who had been town-clerk in Cairnton, in an age far beyond the ken of the present generation; and an annuity of ten pounds was all that she could depend upon for her subsistence, the rent of her house being paid by what she got from Monsieur Mollin for his lodging. Though little removed above the condition of a pauper, she had had a good education, and possessed a mind of no vulgar cast. In her old age, she had been burdened with the duty of bringing up an orphan nephew, to which task, however, she applied with a zeal that went far beyond her humble means. As the boy shewed an aptitude for learning, and as the school-fees at Cairnton were remarkably cheap, she was tempted to give him a classical education, instead of placing him at some trade by which he might have sooner begun to support himself. There was some hope of patronage from a distant relation, who, holding some inferior public office at Edinburgh, was looked upon at Cairnton as a person of immense consideration. But when application was made to this individual for the means of setting forward the youth at college, all those hopes were found to have been fallacious; and young Geddes, with the refined notions of a classical scholar, and at an age when ambition begins to bud in the human bosom, was obliged to abandon his books and become a shoemaker. Monsieur Mollin, who in all respects treated Miss Geddes as a sister, and took a sincere interest in the prospects of her nephew, was exceedingly chagrined at this sad reverse; but he was so poor himself, that he could not help it. 'If I ver not one poor prisonér,' he would say, 'if I ver once more in mine own countrie, and had so much money as I once had, begar, Mademoiselle Geddes, your nephew should not stop till he ver one ministér, putting his head into one pulpit; but I am only one poor prisonér, with six shillings in de week from your king—and what can I do vith that?' The good old man was determined, nevertheless, that the youth should not forget his learning, or sink into the

tastes and habits proper to his new condition. So, every evening after Thomas had returned from his work, he caused him to bring forth his books, and heard him execute a translation in Virgil or Livy before going to rest. Sometimes this was varied by other intellectual exercises, such as the reading of a novel from the circulating library. *Cælebs in Search of a Wife*, or *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, or *The Farmer of Inglewood Forest*, or any other crack-book of the year 1812, was borrowed at the cheap and easy price of eighteen-pence a quarter, and read by Thomas to his aunt and her lodger, who generally became so much absorbed in the interest of the tale, that they heeded far less the progress of the war then going on in Russia, important as it was to the interests of both French and English, than they did the proceedings of the fictitious hero among a set of characters as shadowy as himself. Thus, while an ordinary person would have been apt to answer the common question of 'What news?' by mentioning that Bonaparte had overthrown the Russian army at the Borodino, poor Lizy Geddes would have been apt to state that Robert Bruce had just made his escape from the English court, with his horse's shoes put on backwards; her mind, in fact, running upon the last chapter she had heard read of the *Scottish Chiefs*.

For several years, this little family lived in humble peace and general affection, with hardly an incident to ruffle the habitual calm. Monsieur Mollin daily exhibited his thin shanks, in white cotton stockings, on the beaten footpath in the green, and every evening enjoyed mental pleasures beside his landlady's fire. Sunday after Sunday, he was to be seen gallanting Miss Geddes to church; himself rigged out in a clean shirt, exhibiting a profusion of frill, and a large New Testament under his left arm; while she, on her part, tried to look as well as possible in a well-saved cardinal, first put on about forty years ago; Thomas bringing up the rear in his leather cap and corduroys, with almost as much linen folded over his shoulders and back as what could be

supposed to be in contact with his skin. Few persons in Cairnton lived a more blameless life, or were more generally respected.

At length, the tranquil contentment of this scene was broken up by the peace of 1814, which afforded to Monsieur Mollin, for the first time since his capture, an opportunity of returning to his native country. Had it been the old man's fate to live on and on a prisoner till death, he would have been perfectly happy in his bonds, for time had so completely reconciled him to the present scene and manner of his existence, that he never formed a wish respecting any other. When it came to pass, however, that a residence in Cairnton was no longer a matter of necessity, when a possibility of returning to France actually arose, that which, in ordinary circumstances, ought to have been hailed as a blessing, became to him a bitterness and a misery. 'Mademoiselle,' said he, 'I must leave you—I must go back *au ma patrie*: your king will give me no longer any money to live upon, and I must see what I can do in mine own countrie. It is *tres grand malheur*—one great distress; for I do not expect that I vil find any one in France to love as much as you and your nephew. But vat can I do?—how shall I pay my lodging?—how shall I live?' The case was too clear to admit of argument; and Monsieur Mollin, therefore, packed up his baggage in an old satchel that had once held Thomas's books, and prepared to take his leave. In the first place, however, he made *two* walks each day for a week, to gather fir-tops, of which he was thus able to store up as many as promised to serve for a week after his departure. He then spent as much money as he possibly could spare in purchasing a stock of sugar and tea for Miss Geddes; as likewise a few drugs, which she occasionally required for a particular malady to which she was subject. On the day when he and his fellow-prisoners were appointed to march, it happened that Miss Geddes was confined to bed with this indisposition—a circumstance that added greatly to his distress. 'Ah, *pauvre mademoiselle*,' said he,

as with his own hand he mixed and brought forward her medicine, '*je suis bien fâché* at your *maladie*—that is, I am not vat you call *fashed*, but I am sorry—I am *pénêtré* with grief, that I should have to leave you on your bed of indisposition. Come now—*prenez votre médecine*, and make yourself better. Here is de cup: and I vil leave it on de little table, and you must take von other tea-spoonful in two hours more, and de good *fille*, Peggy Dickson, down stairs, she say she vil come soon and see if you vant anything. I have myself taken de dirty vater away, and swept in de hearthstone; and now let me put in de clothes at your back, and make you comfortable. One kiss, mademoiselle—now adieu—God bless you for ever—adieu!' And they separated, with tears more bitter, perhaps, than any ever shed by youthful lovers when parting to meet no more.

About two months after the departure of Monsieur Mollin, his friends at Cairnton received a letter from him, informing them that he had got back to his native city of Bordeaux, where he had the satisfaction to find that he had recently been left heir to a small property, which promised to maintain him in comfort during the remainder of his life. He was distressed, however, to learn that hardly any of his relations were alive. The only one in whom he felt the least interested was a young girl, who had for some years been an orphan—the daughter of a niece who had once been his favourite, and a person, as he described her, of the most agreeable properties—quite fitted, he said, to become, in a few years, the wife of his young friend Thomas, provided they had an opportunity of seeing each other. He complained, however, of the change that had taken place in his absence, the effect of which was to render his native country far less kindred to him than even Scotland; and 'it is not impossible,' he added, 'that I may come back to Cairnton, and spend the remainder of my days with you.'

This was destined to be the actual consummation of his story. About six months after having left his humble *lodging* at Cairnton, Monsieur Mollin reappeared on the

street, with a sprightly young Frenchwoman leaning on his arm. Quite disappointed with his native country and its new *régime*, he had made up his mind to return to the quiet little Scottish burgh, where he had spent so many happy years, and where dwelt almost the only two individuals of his race in whom he felt the slightest interest. The joy of the Geddeses, as may be supposed, was boundless; more especially as Monsieur Mollin took an early opportunity of declaring his intention to complete the education of his friend Thomas, and push him forward in the profession he originally contemplated. In a few days the whole of the little party was established in a neat house in the suburbs, where it soon became apparent, to the delight of the benevolent Frenchman, that his niece and Thomas were exceedingly taken up about each other. In the process of time, the young man obtained a manse, and Eloise as his companion in its occupancy; and the latter days of Mollin and Miss Geddes have been spent in serenity and happiness.

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## THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON the continent of America, the works of nature are on a great and extensive scale; and in estimating their magnitude, the mind is actually lost in wonder. When we think of the valley of any river in this country, we have only in view a district of ground measuring at most a hundred miles in length, by less than the third of that extent in breadth; but in speaking of the valleys in America, we are called on to remember, that they sometimes include a territory far more extensive than the whole island of Britain. The chief wonder of this description in North America is the Valley of the Mississippi, which is the natural drain of the central part of that vast continent, and embraces all that tract of country of which the waters are discharged into the Gulf of



Mexico. It is bounded on the north by an elevated country, which divides it from the waters that flow into Hudson's Bay, and the northern lakes and St Lawrence; on the east by the table-land from whence descend the waters that fall into the Atlantic; and on the west by the Rocky, or Chippewayan Mountains, which separate the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific.

This great central vale of America is considered the largest division of the globe, of which the waters pass into one estuary. It extends from the 29th to the 49th degree of north latitude, or about 1400 miles from south to north, while the breadth across is about the same dimensions. To suppose the United States and its territory to be divided into three portions, the arrangement would be—the Atlantic slope, the Mississippi basin or valley, and the Pacific slope. A glance on any map of North America will shew that this valley includes about two-thirds of the territory of the United States. The Atlantic slope contains 390,000, the Pacific slope about 300,000, which, combined, are 690,000 square miles; while the Valley of the Mississippi contains at least 1,300,000 square miles, or four times as much land as the whole of England. This great vale is divided into two portions, the Upper and Lower Valley, distinguished by particular features, and separated by an imaginary intersecting line at the place where the Ohio pours its waters into the Mississippi. This large river has many tributaries of first-rate proportions besides the Ohio. The chief is the Missouri, which indeed is the main stream, for it is not only longer and larger, but drains a greater extent of country. Its length is computed at 1870 miles, and upon a particular course 3000 miles. In its appearance, it is turbid, violent, and rapid; while the Mississippi, above its junction with the Missouri, is clear, with a gentle current. At St Charles, twenty miles from its entrance into the Mississippi, the Missouri measures from 500 to 600 yards across, though its depth is only a few fathoms.

*The Mississippi Proper* takes its rise in Cedar Lake,

in the 47th degree of north latitude. From this to the Falls of St Anthony, a distance of 500 miles, it runs in a devious course, first south-east, then south-west, and, finally, south-east again; which last it continues, without much deviation, till it reaches the Missouri, the waters of which strike it at right angles, and throw the current of the Mississippi entirely upon the eastern side. The prominent branch of the Upper Mississippi is the St Peter's, which rises in the great prairies in the north-west, and enters the parent stream a little below the Falls of St Anthony. The Kaskaskia next joins it, after a course of 200 miles. In the 36th degree of north latitude, the Ohio (formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela) pours in its tribute, after pursuing a course of 750 miles, and draining about 200,000 square miles of country. A little below the 34th degree, the White River enters, after a course of more than 1000 miles. Thirty miles below that, the Arkansas, bringing in its tribute from the confines of Mexico, pours in its waters. Its last great tributary is Red River, a stream taking its rise in the Mexican dominions, and flowing a course of more than 2000 miles.

Hitherto, the waters in the wide regions of the west have been congregating to one point. The 'Father of Waters' is now upwards of a mile in width, and several fathoms deep. During its annual floods, it overflows its banks below the mouth of the Ohio, and sometimes extends thirty and forty miles into the interior, laying the prairies, bottoms, swamps, and other low grounds under water for a season. After receiving Red River, this vast stream is unable to continue in one channel; it parts into separate courses, and, like the Nile, finds its way to the ocean at different and distant points.

The capabilities of the Mississippi for purposes of trade are almost beyond calculation, and are hardly yet developed. For thousands of years, this magnificent American river rolled its placid and undisturbed waters amidst widely-spreading forests, rich green prairies, and

swelling mountain scenery, ornamented with the ever-varying tints of nature in its wildest mood, unnoticed save by the wandering savage of the west, or the animals which browse upon its banks. At length, it came under the observation of civilised men, and now has begun to contribute to their wants and wishes. Every part of the vast region irrigated by the main stream and its tributaries can be penetrated by steam-boats and other water-craft; nor is there a spot in all this wide territory, excepting a small district in the plains of Upper Missouri, that is more than 100 miles from some navigable water. A boat may take in its lading on the banks of the Chataque Lake, in the state of New York; another may receive its cargo in the interior of Virginia; a third may start from the Rice Lakes at the head of the Mississippi; and a fourth may come laden with furs from the Chippewayan Mountains, 2800 miles up the Missouri—and all meet at the mouth of the Ohio, and proceed in company to the ocean.

Reader, you probably inhabit the island of Great Britain, where the traffic of every sea-port, every branch of inland navigation, has been pushed to its utmost limits—where every art is overdone, and where the heart of the ingenious almost sinks within them for want of scope for their enterprise. But, reader, here, on this wide-spread ramification of navigable streams, there is an endless, a boundless field for mercantile adventure. Within the last twenty-four years, the Mississippi, with the Ohio, and its other large tributaries, have been covered with steam-boats and barges of every kind, and populous cities have sprung up on their banks. There are now *sea*-ports at the centre of the American continent—trading towns, each already doing more business than some half-dozen celebrated ports in the Old World, with all the protection which restrictive enactments and traditional importance can confer upon them.

Pittsburg and Cincinnati are the two principal cities in this great valley, and from both, as well as from St Louis, there is kept up a large traffic by means of steam-boats.

Unfortunately, from defective legislative measures, the navigation of the Mississippi and its chief tributaries has hitherto suffered much loss and inconvenience. Accidents are continually taking place from *snags*, or waste timber fixed to the bottom of the river; their upper end pierces the lower parts of the vessels, and almost instantly sinks them. Another common danger is the sudden explosion of steamers, arising in general from carelessness. We can only hope that these drawbacks on the navigation of the Mississippi will, in time, meet with proper legislative attention. Even with the many chances against life and property, the amount of intercourse between the inland ports and the ocean is inconceivable.

Among the natural wonders of the Valley of the Mississippi, are the magnificent forests of the west, and the not less imposing prairies—extensive green plains, fertile, and in summer adorned with innumerable flowers. Of this varied mixture of forest and prairie, Hall, in his *Notes on the Western States*, presents a fascinating account.

‘The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent—its carpet of verdure and flowers—its undulating surface—its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveller passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective, like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse,

but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves, which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

‘ If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew-drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail drooped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks, or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like the peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or, more properly, tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly-made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer’s door. They will eat, and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly be domesticated.

‘ When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves, or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dogwood, the crab-apple, the wild-plum, the cherry, the wild-rose, are abundant in all the rich lands; and the grape-vine, though its blossom is unseen, fills the air with *fragrance*. The variety of the wild-fruit and flowering

shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

‘The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveller in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house, nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea, that he is travelling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene; the groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape; and it is not easy to avoid that illusion of the fancy, which persuades the beholder, that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilised man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the Old World; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.’

The productive capabilities of these rich lands, if properly cultivated, may easily be conceived. There cannot be a doubt, that the Valley of the Mississippi, one of the greatest natural wonders of the world, will one day possess, and comfortably sustain, a population nearly as great as that of all Europe. Let its inhabitants become equally dense with England, including Wales, which contains 207 to the square mile, and its numbers will amount to 179,400,000. But let it become equal to the Netherlands—which its fertility would warrant—and its surface will sustain a population of *two hundred millions*. What reflections ought this view to present to the philanthropist and the Christian!

## THE NEWLY ENRICHED:

A TALE, FROM THE COMEDY OF 'IL NUOVO RICCO,' BY NOTA.

THE well-known tendency of a sudden accession of fortune, to change the characters of those to whose lot unearned and unmerited wealth falls, is admirably exemplified in the story of the Vandalini, as told in this comedy.

Antonio Vandalini was a poor blacksmith, honest, and respected by all. He had one son, Titta, who was engaged to a young peasant named Agnes, an orphan, and distantly related to him. They were fondly attached to each other, and were looking forward to a long and happy life together, when Antonio's uncle, who had amassed great riches—not, it was asserted, in the most creditable way—died, and his nephew came into possession of his wealth, to the astonishment of many, who had repeatedly heard the old man declare, that his nephew should not have anything of his. However, Antonio was now a rich man, and greatly was he elated with his new position. In order to shake off all plebeian recollections, he assumed Gessido as a Christian name, changing that of his son to Lodovico, by which appellations we shall now distinguish them; and by means of a grand mansion, magnificent furniture, and a large retinue of servants, endeavoured to set up for a fine gentleman.

But what became of poor Agnes at this time? She had the grief of finding herself renounced by Lodovico, as now beneath him; not that he was willing or able to forget her, his desire for gentility being by no means so great as that of his father, and his affection for her being still strong, but because his father insisted upon it, peremptorily broke off the match, and forbade them to meet again.

*At last, the broken-hearted girl resolved to bring her*

sorrows before the notice of the magistrate of the district, Gulielmi, a man well known for uprightness and integrity, to ask his advice, and to request his interference on her behalf. She entreated him to urge upon Titta's father (the poor creature could not adopt their new names in speaking of them) that his present fortune was owing only to an accident; that she ought not, on account of that, to be deprived of the promised hand of his son; and that she was distracted at the prospect of losing him. To Titta himself she implored Gulielmi to convey a message, should he see him, to tell him how his absence from her increased her fears; how he could never find in another the affection she bore him; and how he ever occupied her thoughts. She could not restrain herself from uttering a threat that her uncle, Bernardo, Gessido's cousin, who was about to arrive, would make him keep his word; but Gulielmi was much touched by her simple story, and the eloquence with which she pleaded her cause, and promised to do what was in his power for her, although he was fully persuaded, that from one like Gessido nothing favourable could be expected.

Gulielmi, kind, good man, did all in his power, by representations both to Gessido and Lodovico, to cause the fulfilment of the promise to Agnes, but without effect. Gessido, like a mean-spirited wretch, reckoned on exalting his name, by allying his son to a lady named Isabella, and in this he was aided by Don Costanyo, who acted as a friend of the family, and directed its affairs with a view to his own interests.

This supposed great match, Isabella, was a niece of a managing personage, Donna Clotilde, who was anxious to secure for her a good home, and a style of rank which she could not otherwise look for. Lodovico, who seems to have been a simple and stupid fellow, easily persuaded to anything, did not present any decided obstacle to the match. He, it is true, continued to love Agnes, but wanted the spirit to say so. And how often is this seen in real life: a man with really no bad intentions suffering himself to be reasoned into a breaking of his



engagements, and the marrying of some one for whom he entertains no solid affection.

At last, Donna Clotilde and her niece arrived ; and Don Costanyo had just time to give a hasty lesson to the father and son about how they were to receive these ladies, and what they were to say, adding a few hints respecting their attire suitable on such an occasion, before hurrying to meet his distinguished visitors. Leaving the room, in order to prepare for the dreaded introduction to the grand ladies, Lodovico met Agnes, and a sorrowful conversation ensued, in which they were so painfully absorbed as to take no heed of Gessido's calls for his son. Gessido's anger at Lodovico's inattention was greatly increased when, on coming in to look for him, he discovered the cause. He ordered Agnes away, telling her that she was no longer a match for his son ; but that he would give her a dowry to enable her to marry some one else. To the entreaties of both Lodovico and Agnes he was deaf, only adding insult to the injury already inflicted on them, by offering to take her into their service, if she were really attached to his son. He then dragged away Lodovico ; and the poor girl left broken-hearted, resolving to consult the magistrate on this fresh insult, but she soon remembered that he could do nothing, if Lodovico were induced to give her up. This, however, she still hoped he would never do.

In the meantime, Donna Clotilde had been endeavouring to point out to her niece the advantages of a marriage with the son of a man so rich as Gessido, low and vulgar though he might be. She tried to persuade her to give up Don Faustino, to whom she was much attached, and to give weight to her argument, by assuring her that she could no longer provide for her. Isabella replied, that, being aware of Lodovico's riches, she consented to the match ; but that she never could forget Don Faustino ; and that though her aunt might forbid their meeting, she would only submit to it while under her roof. Their altercation was ended unexpectedly by the entrance of Don Faustino himself, who flattered the angry Clotilde,

by telling her that he could not bear the privation of not seeing her; that he had only that morning called at her house, and had with much difficulty elicited from the servant where she was gone. Clotilde, with all her manœuvring, could not contrive to send him away before Gessido and Lodovico came in. Their appearance greatly tried the gravity of Isabella, as they looked really like peasants dressed up for a frolic. The extreme awkwardness of the father and son rendered it almost impossible for her to restrain her laughter. Gessido made some ridiculous excuses for Lodovico's timidity; and Clotilde, finding it impossible to make Isabella speak, apologised for her also. Don Costanyo contrived to draw Clotilde and Gessido aside, in order to leave Isabella and Lodovico alone; and Gessido shocked his sensitive friend by beginning to talk to Donna Clotilde about oxen and bullocks, on his way to escort her over the premises.

Isabella soon found that the first efforts at conversation must be made by her, for Lodovico remained standing in a corner without looking at her. She invited him to sit down, but he thanked her—he was not tired; however, at last he took a chair, but did not venture to raise his eyes from the ground. Isabella began to speak of her feelings at first seeing him, and at the prospect of being his, which emboldened him to venture to look up, and even to move his chair nearer to hers. This ridiculous scene met with a termination different to what was expected; for, most inopportunately, Agnes unceremoniously entered, to tell them her uncle Bernardo had arrived, and was then gone to the magistrate. Isabella inquired with astonishment who Agnes was, but she was soon informed by the poor girl herself, who told her of her engagement to Lodovico. Fortunately for all, Don Costanyo came in to inquire what was the matter, and, with his usual contrivance, managed to pacify all, by agreeing with each one, and promising to settle the affair satisfactorily.

Being left alone with Lodovico, he reproved him for his low propensities, and tried to persuade him it was his

duty, under his altered circumstances, to renounce Agnes, and break off his engagement with her, to quiet the suspicions of Isabella, to whom they went, and found Gessido with her. Don Costanyo assured them, that Lodovico was anxiously looking forward to the time for giving his hand to Isabella; and the young lady herself, on being asked, intimated her obedience to her aunt, and her readiness to reciprocate the sentiments of Lodovico, which was perfectly true, aversion to the match being the predominant sentiment with both. Discussion then began about the arrangements for the wedding. Donna Clotilde insisted upon Gessido's relatives being invited, and he declared, upon the word of a gentleman, that he had none; when, horror of horrors! his honest cousin Bernardo, the uncle of Agnes, came running in. Addressing him by his former name, and embracing him, he declared he had come to congratulate him on his accession of fortune, and to convey the kind wishes of his other relatives, Checca, the baker's daughter, and his niece, the miller's wife.

Words cannot paint the dismay of Gessido at this most unwelcome intrusion; he tried to carry off the matter with a high hand, and not to recognise Bernardo. After haughtily informing Bernardo who and what he now was, he withdrew with Lodovico, apologising to the ladies for so doing, but saying that the insolence of the intruder rendered it necessary. Bernardo at this could not restrain his rage; he was highly indignant at such treatment being offered to a man like himself, who had been three times overseer, and to whom he still owed 300 ducats. He applied sundry uncomplimentary epithets to him; and concluded by expressing his conviction, that his fortune would yet be swallowed up by some sharper, who would laugh at him in his sleeve, and that he would finish by marrying his son to some made-up flirt. He left the house in a rage, and told poor Agnes, who was waiting for him outside, that all was over for her with those people, but that he would see after her being comfortably settled. She clung to the hope that

Lodovico was still true to her, and to the strength of Don Costanyo's promise to her; but Bernardo cut the matter short, and took her away, declaring, however, his intention of returning to obtain his debt from the rich, haughty peasant.

Gessido was terrified at this scene; he knew Bernardo too well to doubt for a moment that he would return, and was deliberating what to do, when he was relieved by the entrance of Don Costanyo, who tried to console him with the assurance, that Bernardo was going home again that very evening, or the next morning, and would take Agnes with him. By way of magnifying the service he had rendered to Gessido, he described the treatment he had received both from Bernardo and Agnes as most insulting and violent, when he advised them to return. He added, that Gessido ought immediately to pay the 300 ducats he owed the man, and kindly (!) offered to take charge of them for him, to which he consented gladly. This little matter arranged, Don Costanyo adroitly turned the conversation upon Donna Clotilde; and without much difficulty, elicited from Gessido a confession that he was much struck with her charms. Now, he had all along been anxious to secure for himself the hand of the rich widow, with the trifling addition of her jointure, and he was annoyed at the prospect of being supplanted by the plebeian; but a new method of proceeding soon presented itself to his versatile imagination. He told Gessido that the lady was most scrupulous, and that even the slightest hint of his sentiments at present would suffice to spoil all; but on Gessido's suggestion, he undertook to request her acceptance of a beautiful ring. Don Costanyo then asked if the jewels for the bride were ready to be presented, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, begged Gessido, as he heard Donna Clotilde coming, to leave him alone with her, and to send him the casket, in order that he might exhibit the rich gifts her niece was to receive from her father-in-law. The wily man only wanted this opportunity to press his own suit, and he endeavoured to strengthen it by giving her

Gessido's ring as a proof of his own affection. She accepted it, complained to him about Isabella's depression of spirits, and told him she had sent away Don Faustino. Don Costanyo requested permission to speak to her on the subject, and Donna Clotilde withdrew to find her, leaving him delightfully sure of the success of his matrimonial project, which, with the settlement he meant to obtain from Gessido for her, would enable him to make his fortune; and he knew that it would not be difficult for him to get rid of the peasant when he had done with him.

Gessido now brought him the 300 ducats and the case of jewels; and Costanyo congratulated him on the very favourable impression he had made on Donna Clotilde, who, he said, had not only accepted the ring, but had been lavish in her expressions of admiration of him. The only obstacle with her was, that she would lose her widow's pension by marrying again. Of course, this was nothing to the man of wealth, who readily listened to Costanyo's advice, that it would be acting nobly to include a settlement on her in the marriage-contract of his son; that then, when her uncle from Naples came to attend Isabella's wedding, this generous conduct would be made known to him, and he could not refuse his consent to Clotilde's marriage. Gessido was most anxious to express himself to the lady his feelings on the subject, but Costanyo strictly charged him to refrain from this, telling him he must be contented with seeing the ring upon her finger, which he had sent her; but still even of that he was not to appear to take any notice, as she might throw it at him, take away her niece, and break off the whole engagement. This was enough for Gessido, whose only fear now remaining was that Lodovico, who was constantly talking about Agnes, would not again meet his destined bride. Costanyo promised to manage all this; and when Isabella, sent by her aunt, came in to speak to him, he despatched Gessido to pay his respects to her aunt, in order to be left alone with her. Isabella told him candidly that her heart had no share in her approaching

wedding, but that she was ready to marry the one chosen for her by her aunt, whether he were handsome or ugly, clever or ignorant. She owned that Lodovico and she were on an equality in one respect—namely, in not caring for each other ; but before uttering the irrevocable words that would make her his, she wished to know of what her wardrobe was to consist, and what was to be her allowance for dress, the minimum of which she fixed at a hundred crowns a month. She also avowed her determination to have her carriage, servants employed for herself alone, a box in all the theatres, society according to her inclination ; in short, she would not submit to any restrictions whatever, being resolved that, if the low-bred Gessido wished for one like her for a daughter-in-law, he should spend according to her taste, without any difficulty. She would not at first consent to meet Lodovico, but the sight of the jewels destined for her made her yield, consoling herself with the reflection, that she was not the first to marry for jewels and dresses. She had nothing to give him in return, for the only available article for the purpose which she had had—a card-case worked by herself—she had given to Faustino, and her aunt had sent him away too quickly for her to get it back from him.

Costanyo left to fetch the unwilling bridegroom ; and Isabella, who had quite made up her mind to sacrifice herself at the shrine of wealth, was musing on Don Faustino, when she was startled by his unexpected appearance. He told her that he had concealed himself in the adjoining grove, to watch for a favourable opportunity of bidding her farewell ; and he had just thrown himself at her feet, clasping to his heart the card-case she had given him, when Costanyo and Lodovico entered the room. This was a shock to all ; and how the dilemma would have ended it is impossible to say, had not the ever-ready Costanyo come to their aid, by addressing Faustino as the expected poet who had been invited, and requesting him to continue the scene he was reciting, while he and Lodovico should look on ! He told the amazed youth, that Faustino was a clever master of

elocution; but Lodovico, although ignorant, was not easily deceived, and resolutely declared, that if Isabella were to be his wife, he would not allow that man to come into his house. Costanyo's remonstrances for once were in vain, and Lodovico abused Faustino soundly. The noise brought in Clotilde and Gessido, to whom Costanyo gave his own version of the affair, adding, that so great was the anxiety of his friend, the lyric and dramatic poet—relative of Donna Clotilde—for the marriage of Lodovico and Isabella, that he was actually preparing a collection of songs and sonnets for the occasion; and, moreover, that he was teaching his cousin Isabella the art of recitation—an indispensable accomplishment for ladies and gentlemen—and that that morning they had been practising one of their scenes. Isabella, on being appealed to, confirmed all that Costanyo had asserted; and proved her aptitude to learn in the school of deceit, by embellishing the inventive tale of her imaginative helper, specifying the pretended scene, and readily explaining the matter of the card-case, by assuring Lodovico she had worked it for him, and that it had only been used that morning instead of a portrait which was the subject of the scene. She terrified Gessido by saying, that as that innocent play was taken in earnest, and she evidently was not believed, she and her aunt would leave at once, and set them free; but he, by dint of entreaties and threats, having compelled the angry and unwilling Lodovico to apologise for his suspicions, they professed themselves satisfied. The whole party, then, went out together for a drive before dinner, for which important meal, as Gessido boasted to them, he had bought the best the city afforded; and the coachmen were ordered to drive on the high-road, and slowly, that everybody might see them.

A rustic fête was arranged to take place after dinner, when the peasant girls were to come and offer nosegays to the bride, and music and dancing were then to be kept up during the night. Before the appointed time arrived, Pedruccio discovered Agnes in the grounds, and begged her to go away; but she would not, and he had to employ

force to remove her. She subsequently contrived to enter again, as we shall find.

The party went in to dinner. Never had there been seen a repast so magnificent. The ladies professed to admire it much; and Gessido required all the manœuvring of Costanyo to keep him in order, for he was perpetually touching upon awkward matters, being on the point of speaking frankly to Donna Clotilde on the state of his heart, which explanation would have been very serious to his disinterested friend. Among other *mal à propos* speeches, he asked Clotilde her age, but the shrewd matron evaded the question. After dinner, they all adjourned to the grounds, where the peasants had already assembled, who then presented their bouquets. While one of them was offering hers to Isabella, Agnes drew near to Lodovico, with one for him; and after uttering a few words of grief and anger, hid herself among her companions. Gessido's magnificent gift of jewels was then presented to Isabella, who artfully selected Lodovico's portrait as the one she valued most, and offered for his acceptance the well-known card-case. Gessido admired it much; and when she told him the design represented Love and Psyche, innocently replied: 'Excellent! Love represents you, and Psyche my son.' Isabella would place it herself in Lodovico's hands, and Agnes, who witnessed this, and had already been with difficulty prevented from shewing herself, waited in breathless anxiety to hear his reply. Lodovico's speech was cut short by the entrance of Bernardo; forcing his way in to look for Agnes, whom he succeeded in finding after meeting with insults from Gessido and his servants. Lodovico and Agnes found time for a few words together, and before Gessido could succeed in separating them, the magistrate, Gulielmi, came in with a notary; and instead of complying with the request of the angry master of the house, to eject Bernardo and Agnes by the power of the law, desired them to wait, for the duty he had to execute required their presence. Gessido, who imagined that the magistrate had come to



bring the marriage-deeds for signature, was very angry at this resistance to his will, and was about to order the offenders to be removed bodily, when Gulielmi obtained a short respite, and proceeded to state, that his predecessor having died suddenly, he had been unable immediately to examine and arrange the papers in his care; but that very day, looking for a deed that was among them, he had found the last will of Francesco Vandalini—the uncle of whose wealth Gessido had taken possession, believing him to have died intestate. Gessido wished the marriage-contract to be signed first, and the will to be read afterwards; but Costanyo, Clotilde, and Isabella, were unanimous in their desire to hear it at once.

The first legacy mentioned was one of 4000 ducats, to be paid to Agnes on her marriage with Titta, their engagement, although but verbal, being one which he liked and approved. This sum Gessido promised to pay her forthwith, saying at the same time that the dead had no power to command, and therefore the marriage would not take place. The next legacy was of the same amount, to the testator's 'dear relative Bernardo.' This also Gessido promised to pay; but Bernardo begged to know who was the heir to the whole. What was Gessido's horror to find that the legatee was only the hospital in the city, which heir, the testator went on to say, was to provide for the necessities of Antonio Vandalini, *alias* Gessido, only, however, when he chose to take refuge there! Gulielmi announced to Lodovico that there was also a legacy of 5000 ducats to him; and in spite of Gessido's angry remonstrances, proceeded to affix the legal seals to the things in the house.

The true state of the case was now but too evident; the servants began to laugh at Gessido, and refuse to obey one of their equals any longer. The contract, of course, was not signed now. Isabella willingly restored Titta to Agnes, giving her at the same time his miniature. Faustino repossessed himself of the valued card-case, and then undeceived Gessido as to his position with regard to Isabella.

Gessido demanded his debt from Costanyo, and also the 300 ducats he had given him for Bernardo ; this sum he promised to repay, but at the other he laughed. Gulielmi called upon the guests to render him a clear account of everything, and gently hinted to the ladies that they must take care how they acted, for they were well known as living by their wits. The ring Gessido sent Clotilde by Costanyo he then demanded, but the magistrate took possession also of that.

Poor Gessido was now quite broken-hearted ; he found, too surely, that his riches had left him, and humbly implored Bernardo's forgiveness. This the honest man readily gave, promising he would take care he wanted for nothing ; and freely consented to Titta's marriage with Agnes, on the sole condition that the wedded pair should reside with him.

Costanyo, Faustino, and the two ladies, went back to their town abode, to arrange their own affairs ; and Gessido found, in the lowly state to which he was reduced, that contentment, peace, and quiet, rarely discovered amid the wealth and honours of the world.

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## WHERE IS MY TRUNK ?

It is well known in Scotland that the road from Edinburgh to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, is rendered tedious and troublesome by the interposition of two arms of the sea—namely, the Friths of Forth and Tay—one of which is seven, and the other three miles across. Several rapid and well-conducted stage-coaches used to travel on this road ; but, from their frequent loading and unloading at the ferries, there was not only considerable delay to the travellers, but also rather more than the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. On one occasion, it happened that the common chances against the safety of a traveller's integuments were

multiplied in a mysterious but somewhat amusing manner—as the following little narrative will shew.

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet-bags belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at Newhaven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steamer which was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said : ‘Guard, have you got my trunk ?’

‘O yes, sir,’ answered the guard ; ‘you may be sure it’s there.’

‘Not so sure of that,’ quoth the gentleman ; ‘whereabouts is it ?’

The guard poked into the barrow, and sought in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. After he had puzzled about for two or three minutes, he came to a pause, and looked up evidently a little nonplussed.

‘Why, here it is in the boot !’ exclaimed the passenger ; ‘snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh.’

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steamer.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on our journey through Fife.

Everything seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out : ‘Guard, where is my trunk ?’

‘In the boot, sir,’ answered the guard ; ‘you may depend upon that.’

'I have not seen it put in,' said the passenger; 'and I don't believe it is there.'

'O sir,' said the guard, 'there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now.'

'There! I declare—there!' cried the owner of the missing property; 'my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I never was so treated on any journey before.'

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters after the gentlemen to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

'The trunk, sir,' said the guard rather pettishly, 'is in the boot.'

'Not a bit of it,' said its owner, who in the meantime had been peering about. 'There it lies in the lobby of the inn!'

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind according to its own good pleasure.

'Have a care o' us!' cried the astonished custodier of baggage; 'that trunk's no canny.\*'

'It's *canny* enough, you fool,' said the gentleman; 'but only you don't pay proper attention to it.'

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the

\* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to anything which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent trunk. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St Michael's, where a side-road turns off to St Andrews, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us, to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

'Hollo, fellow!' cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St Andrews road; 'is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it.'

'The trunk, sir,' interposed the guard in a sententious manner, 'is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot.'

'We'll make sure of that, Mr Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you.'

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk both inside and outside, and everybody said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and therefore it became a fair subject of debate, whether the chances *against* or the chances *for* were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steamer for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about

his own concerns, no one thought any more about the trunk, till, just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out : 'Guard, have you got my trunk !'

'O yes,' cried the guard very promptly ; 'I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all.'

'It's no such thing,' cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar ; 'that's *my* trunk.'

Everybody then looked about for the enchanted trunk ; the guard ran back, and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before ; and the tall gentleman gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his missing property.

'Well, guard,' cried he at length, 'what a pretty fellow you are ! There, don't you see !—there's my trunk thrust into the shed like a piece of lumber !'

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport there is a shed, with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats ; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee Pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our attention. The tall gentleman was to go on to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from the Royal Hotel ; while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach which was about to start from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn-door, and some of my late fellow-travellers were getting into the one coach, and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and just as the guard cried 'All's right,' the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice : 'Guard, have you got my trunk ?'

‘Your trunk, sir !’ cried the man ; ‘what like is your trunk ? We have nothing here but bags and baskets.’

‘Heaven preserve me !’ exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth instead of the Aberdeen coach ; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half-way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous misadventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and about a week after I received the following letter :—

‘DEAR —, All went well with myself, my fellow-travellers, and THE TRUNK, till we had got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers, along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt ; but after everything had again been put to rights, the tall man put some two-thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure the trunk was safe in the boot.

“O Lord, sir !” cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind ; “the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about anywhere ?”

“If it be a trunk ye’re looking after,” cried a rustic very coolly, “I saw it sink into that well-ee\* a quarter of an hour syne.”

\* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

"Good God!" exclaimed the distracted owner, "my trunk is gone for ever. Oh, my poor dear trunk! Where is the place? Shew me where it disappeared."

"The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were understood to be bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

'What was in the trunk, I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents—perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the innkeepers. In all likelihood, the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case, its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain.' R. C.

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## THE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following excellent story, exemplifying the danger of giving way to the passion of anger, is given in a charming little book, entitled the *Infant Manual* (published upwards of twenty years ago in Edinburgh), and which was eminently suited to cultivate virtuous principles in the minds of children:—

Little Harriet M—— was between four and five years old; she was in many respects a very good little girl. She was obedient, very affectionate to her friends, and very obliging and kind; but she had a very violent temper. When anything teased or provoked her, she would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and

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strike whatever was in her way. One day, as her mamma was passing the nursery-door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Harriet's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure she was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Harriet, with her little face swelled and distorted with rage, her curly hair all torn into disorder, while with feet and hands she was kicking and striking with all her force at one of the servants, and crying out: 'I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you: I *hate* you!' She stopped when she saw her mamma.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said Mrs M—— to the servant.

'It is just this, ma'am,' said the servant, 'that Miss Harriet kept throwing water about the room, out of her little new jug; when I forbade her, she threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of her, to carry her to you, as you desired, when she did wrong, she flew at me, and struck me as you have seen.'

Mrs M—— looked very grave, and lifting the sobbing Harriet in her arms, carried her into her own room. She sat down with her on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed her on her knees, and in a very solemn voice told her to repeat after her the following words: 'Oh, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor little silly wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. Oh, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus', sake. Amen.' Harriet trembled exceedingly; but she repeated the words after her mother, and, as she did so, in her heart she wished that God might hear them.

Her mamma again placed her on her lap, and asked if her rage was away. Harriet answered in a soft voice: '*Not quite, mamma; but it's better.*'

‘Very well,’ said her mother, ‘until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young, and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper:—Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful: but like you, Harriet, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when anything vexed her, and, like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but the next temptation all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever. When she was just your age, her mamma had a little son—a sweet, sweet little tender baby. Her papa and mamma were glad, glad—and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that papa and mamma would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. “You are a wicked woman to say so; mamma will always love me; I know she will, and I’ll go this very moment and ask her, I will;” and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mamma’s room, the servant in the nursery calling after her: “Come, come, miss; you needn’t go to your mamma’s room; she won’t see you now.” Eveline burst open the door of her mamma’s room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. “My dear,” said this person, “you cannot be allowed to see your mamma just now.” She would have said more; she would have told Eveline, that the reason she could not see her mamma then, was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too

angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and said to the servant there, as she was going away, "that she must prevent miss coming to her mamma's room." Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out a laughing, and said: "I told you *that*, miss; you see mamma doesn't love you now!" The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor little innocent new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and oh, Harriet, Harriet! like as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force—struck it on the little tender head—it gave one feeble, struggling cry, and breathed no more.

'Why, mamma, mamma,' cried Harriet, bursting into tears, 'why did it breathe no more?'

'It was dead—killed by its own sister!'

'Oh, mamma, mamma! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! Oh, mamma, I am not so wicked as her; I never killed a little baby,' sobbed Harriet, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

'My dear child,' said Mrs M—— solemnly, 'how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was! Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been, like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself, that you did not actually do so; and only think for a moment on the difference between the provocation poor Eveline received, and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none—you were wrong, and she was right; whereas, no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe, that had she not got into such ungovernable

rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mamma's room, she would then have heard, that it was from no change in her mamma's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to bed.'

'And, mamma, what did Eveline's poor mamma say to her for killing the baby?'

'Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mamma; she died that night of grief and horror on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered—and by whom.'

'Oh, dear—oh, dear mamma, was Eveline sorry?'

'My love, how can you ask such a question?'

'But, mamma, I mean how sorry was she: what way was she sorry enough?'

'Indeed, Harriet it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is, that she lived to be a big lady—she lived to be herself a mother—and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile.'

'And, mamma, was it a quite true story? it is so dreadful, mamma.'

'Yes, my child, it is a quite true story; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E——l.'

'My dearest mamma,' said Harriet, once more bursting into tears, 'let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I, too, become so miserable.'

'Yes, my love, pray to Him for that, and He will hear and bless you; but also thank Him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage.'

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of it being perfectly true. 'The unfortunate angry child,' says he, 'was Anna Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung

into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family; and the poor girl grew up, fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honours. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock—beheaded in 1746—who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known.'

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#### A BORDER LEGEND.

EVERYBODY is familiar with the mode of life practised some two or three hundred years ago on the Scottish borders. When a housewife ran out of butcher-meat, she either presented a pair of spurs under cover at dinner, as a hint that her sons and husband should ride out to obtain a supply, or, if inclined to be a little more provident, informed them, in the afternoon, that the 'hough was in the pot,' thereby insinuating that her beef-barrel was reduced to its last and worst fragment. It is told that Scott of Harden, the ancestor of a very respectable family which still flourishes on the border, was one day coming home with a large drove of cattle, which he had lifted, as the phrase went, in some of the dales of Cumberland, when he happened to espy a large haystack in a farmyard by the way-side, which appeared to him as if it could have foddered his prey for half the winter. Vexed to think that this could not also be lifted, the chieftain looked at it very earnestly, and said, with bitter and emphatic expression: 'Ah! if ye had four feet,

ye should gang too!’ A member of this family was what might have then been called *unfortunate* in one of his enterprises. Having invaded the territories of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, ancestor of the noble family of that name and title, he was inveigled by the latter into an ambuscade, and taken, as it were, in the very act. Murray, being an officer of state, thought himself bound to make an example of the offender, and he accordingly gave orders to the unfortunate Harden to prepare for immediate execution. Elated with his victory, he went home and communicated his intention to his lady. ‘Are you mad?’ said her ladyship. ‘Would you hang the young Laird of Harden, you that has sae mony unmarried daughters? Na, na; it’ll be a hantle mair wiselike to mak the young laird marry ane o’ them.’ The eloquence of the lady prevailed; and, as young Harden was in perilous circumstances, and was expected gladly to accept of any alternative to avoid an ignominious death, it was resolved that he should wed ‘Muckle-mou’d Meg,’ the third daughter of the family, who was distinguished by what, in modern phraseology, is termed an ‘open countenance;’ that is, in less metaphorical language, her mouth extended from ear to ear. The alternative was accordingly proposed to the culprit, but, to the astonishment of all concerned, it was at once rejected. ‘Weel, weel, young man,’ says the Laird of Elibank, ‘ye’s get ’till the morn’s mornin’ to think about it;’ and so saying, he left the young laird in his dungeon to his own agreeable reflections. In the morning, Harden, after a sleepless night, looked out from the window, or rather hole of his cell, and saw the gallows erected in the yard, and all the apparatus of death prepared. His heart failed him, and he began to think that life, even though spent in the society of ‘Muckle-mou’d Meg,’ was not a thing to be rashly thrown away. He declared his willingness, therefore, to accept of the maiden’s hand. There were no marriage-laws in those days—no proclamation of bans—no session-clerk’s fees. The priest was sent for, and the indissoluble knot was tied. Nor did Harden ever repent of his bargain; for Meg,

notwithstanding the deformity from which she took her name, was in fact one of the best creatures in existence, possessed of a great fund of excellent sense, and withal a handsome *personable* woman. She turned out an admirable wife, managed the household of Harden with the utmost propriety; and a union which had taken place under such extraordinary circumstances, and with such very unpromising auspices, was in the highest degree cordial and constant.

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### ISBEL LUCAS:

#### A HEROINE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

ABOUT thirty-five years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole surviving relation, about L.300, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever; and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of vanity. Where, however, is the woman at the

more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about; she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and, indeed, a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that, though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital bed-room, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be 'put off one's hand.' One press, Mr Fordyne shewed, was already



furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of short-bread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter, the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite ; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt, this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself, that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first, she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyna. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought her recollection her departed father. She sank in her chair, the sounds died away in the distance, and at that minute her husband came in to cheer !

to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature, yet, knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a 'warning;' yet, conceiving that her best course was to go on and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom, in return, she committed a sum rather above L.400; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had, began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by, this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the highest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion, he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him

money to the amount of nearly L.1000, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting ; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty ; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure, she put into her pocket ; the shop she committed to the porter and her old servant Jenny ; and, having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Tron-gate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time ? 'Why do you ask that question ?' inquired Isbel. 'Because,' replied the other, 'I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the *Isle of Man* steam-boat at the Broomielaw.' This was enough for

Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steam-boat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself, that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself, to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first, the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and, after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow, respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject

he pressed very lightly, and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. 'It is all very well,' said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; 'you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring you with me.' Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked in the dusk of fast approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, opened her mind fully to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclashed penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for some miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless in surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to put up her mind as to her future course. She plunged into the defile, following a

the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue ; which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit ; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution, she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse, peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fire-side, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast ; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house ; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party ; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour, Isbel lay at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very

imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy, she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her own bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help, she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steam-boat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned, in a few days, to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards, she had the satisfaction of hearing, had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

The moral of this story—and it is a real one—is, that unmarried ladies should be particularly cautious about their hearts when they reach the peculiarly tender and susceptible age of *forty-two*.

## LA PEROUSE.

JOHN FRANCIS GALAUP DE LA PEROUSE, a French navigator, alike distinguished for his talents, his enterprise, and his enlarged philanthropy, but, perhaps, more remarkable for the mystery in which his fate was for nearly forty years involved, was born at Albi, in Languedoc, in the year 1741. He received his education at the Marine School, and at an early age entered into the naval service of his country. The talent and bravery for which he was afterwards so eminent, soon began to appear, and he rapidly rose to the rank of captain. In 1782, when France and England were at war, we find him intrusted with the command of an expedition destined for the destruction of the English settlement at Hudson's Bay. He succeeded in his enterprise, having destroyed Fort York, and taken the English commander prisoner. When on the eve of returning home, he was informed that on his first approach, a number of the English, in order to avoid falling prisoners into his hands, had fled into the woods, where, without food or shelter, they must inevitably fall victims to the rigours of a severe northern winter. His orders had been to destroy altogether the settlement: it mattered not, so that this was fulfilled to the letter, whether the enemy fell by the arms of his soldiers, or by the elements. But the duty he owed to humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and an abundant supply of provisions, arms, and ammunition, was left for the fugitives. Another trait of generosity must also be noticed. Governor Hearne, commander of Fort York, who was his prisoner, had made two expeditions to discover Copper Mine River, in the last of which he was successful. The papers relating to this expedition of course fell into the hands of the victor, but on being solicited to restore them, he at once complied with the request. These acts of disinterested benevolence and generosity were performed



to enemies in the heat of a rancorous war, and, from their rare occurrence in such circumstances, they shine with greater lustre, and perhaps the more so in an individual whose own unhappy fate must for ever excite the sympathies of mankind.

After the restoration of peace, the French government having determined upon the prosecution of a voyage of discovery, appointed La Perouse to the command of it. Two vessels, the *Boussole* and the *Astrolabe*, were accordingly fitted out for the purpose. The first had 110, including the commodore, and the second 113 men on board, comprising philosophers of various kinds, draughtsmen, engineers, and other such individuals. The expedition set sail from Brest on the 1st of August 1785, crossed the equinoctial line on the 29th September, and anchored between the island of St Catherine and the coast of Brazil on the 6th November, where they replenished themselves with provisions. From thence they proceeded to Conception Bay, in Chili, and took in refreshments, and refitted the ships. On the 28th of May 1786, they came in sight of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, and the place where our own navigator, Cook, was killed. Here they stopped for a few days, bartering with the natives for provisions. On the 1st of June they quitted the Sandwich Islands, and shaped their course for the north-west coast of America, which they reached towards the end of the month, and spent some days in exploring. Here they discovered a port, which was named Port des Français, where they anchored, after making a very narrow escape from shipwreck. Nothing remarkable occurred during their stay, except the loss of two boats with their whole crews, amounting to twenty-one men. With the humanity which was characteristic of him, La Perouse erected a monument, with an appropriate inscription, to the memory of his unfortunate shipmates.

He spent some time in exploring the coast of America, and, after refitting the ships at a settlement in California, he set sail for China, and anchored in Macao Roads on the 3d of January 1787. In crossing the North Pacific

Ocean, our navigator discovered Necker Island, so called, we presume, after the celebrated French statesman of that name, the father of Madame de Staël. After sheltering himself from the monsoon for some time at Manilla, he left that place in April 1787 for the north; and passing successively the islands of Formosa, Quelpaert, the coasts of Corea and Japan, he sailed between Chinese Tartary and Saghalien Island, where he landed. At length, on the 6th of September, he arrived in the harbour of St Peter and St Paul, in Kamtchatka. The Russians treated La Prouse and his companions with great kindness, supplying them with all the necessaries the place could afford; and here Viscount Lesseps, the interpreter of the commodore, quitted the expedition with dispatches for France. This individual is still, as far as we know, alive, and was of considerable use in identifying the relics which Captain Dillon brought to Europe, as having belonged to the ships of La Prouse.

On the 29th of September, our navigator left Kamtchatka, and, after traversing the 'wilderness of waves' for 300 leagues in search of land, which was said to be in a certain parallel of latitude, he proceeded towards the Navigator Islands, where a severe calamity befell the expedition. M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*, and twelve men, amongst whom was a natural philosopher, were inhumanly butchered on the island of Maoua, while on shore for a supply of water. The savages also destroyed the two long-boats, without which it was impossible to prosecute the voyage of discovery. La Prouse, therefore, determined upon proceeding to Botany Bay, where he arrived on the 26th of January 1788. New long-boats were built, supplies taken on board, dispatches connected with the expedition transmitted to France, and the commodore set sail from Botany Bay in March of the same year. For a period of thirty-eight years after this date, not the slightest trace of the course he had taken could be found, although, in 1791, two frigates were despatched from Brest in search of him. It fell to the good-fortune of an Englishman, however, after

the lapse of time above mentioned, to lift the veil which so long concealed the destiny of the gallant *La Perouse* and his brave companions.

Captain Dillon, commander of a ship belonging to the East India Company, while on a voyage from New Zealand to Bengal, came in sight of Tucopia, one of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, on the 13th of May 1826. Several canoes pulled off for the vessel, and amongst their crews was one Martin Bushart, an old acquaintance of the captain's. An interchange of commodities took place, and among other articles received from the natives was the silver guard of a sword. It had five ciphers upon it; but of these nothing could be inferred as to its history. On inquiry being made at Martin Bushart, he informed the captain, that, on his first arrival at Tucopia, he saw in the possession of the natives several ships' bolts, chain-plates, axes, and many other things. That these had been brought from the island of Maunicolo, where two ships had been cast away about forty years back, and where there still remained large quantities of the wreck. On Captain Dillon interrogating several other individuals, the report of Martin Bushart was confirmed; and the important fact was also elicited, that two of the crews which had belonged to the vessels had been conversed with by one of the natives of Tucopia a few years before. They were described as being old men, but, probably, still alive upon the island. From all these statements, delivered in the most simple and unsophisticated manner, Captain Dillon immediately came to the conclusion, that the ships wrecked on the above island were those under the command of the far-famed *La Perouse*; for the dates exactly corresponded, and no other two European ships were lost or missing at that remote period. He therefore at once proceeded to Maunicolo, where the ship was becalmed for some time, at the distance of eight leagues from the shore, and, running short of provisions, her commander was compelled to relinquish his laudable enterprise for the present, and return to Bengal.

*The Bengal government warmly promoted the views*

of Captain Dillon. They fitted out for him a vessel, with which he set sail, and arrived safely at Maunicolo, after considerable delay, caused by one Dr Tytler. By the aid of Martin Bushart, and some other individuals with whom he had contracted an intimacy, Captain Dillon was enabled to gather a good deal of information respecting the ships which had been thrown away upon the island. The catastrophe happened during the night. Both ships had struck upon a coral-reef. From one of them only a few individuals escaped; but it would appear that most of those belonging to the other got safe to land. With the remnants of the vessels, the survivors constructed a craft, with which all but two men put to sea, but the ill-starred bark was never heard of more. Of the two individuals left behind, one of them had died about three years before, and the other, a short while after that event, had been compelled to flee from the island, along with the tribe to which he had united himself. This was most unfortunate; but still the articles which Captain Dillon obtained from the islanders, leave not the smallest doubt of the identity of the vessels wrecked upon Maunicolo with those under the command of La Perouse.

After a fruitless search amongst some other islands for the supposed only surviving French mariner, Captain Dillon set sail for Calcutta. It is necessary to mention, however, that before quitting this part of the Pacific, he left behind a young man for the purpose of acquiring the language of the place, and ascertaining every fact relative to the loss of the vessels, and the fate of the survivors. From Calcutta, Captain Dillon proceeded first to England, and shortly afterwards to France, where he was deservedly received with much distinction.

We have already mentioned the name of Viscount Lesseps, who left La Perouse's expedition at Kamtchatka. This nobleman carefully examined the relics brought home by the indefatigable Dillon. Among these were several articles upon which the French national emblem, the *fleur de lis*, was either stamped or carved. A piece of board on which this was carved, Lesseps said had most

probably formed a part of the ornamental work of the *Boussole's* stern (the ship which La Perouse commanded), on which were the national arms of France, she being the only one of the ships bearing such an ornament. A silver sword-handle was identified as being exactly similar to those worn by the officers belonging to the expedition. Several brass guns were also said by Lesseps to resemble strikingly those used on board of the *Astrolabe* and *Boussole*. But the strongest link in the chain of evidence was afforded by a mill-stone. On observing this utensil, the viscount suddenly turned to Dillon, and expressed his surprise, observing, 'this is the best thing you have got; we had some of them mounted on the quarter-deck to grind our corn.' It is only necessary to mention one other circumstance of presumptive evidence. On the bottom of a silver candlestick were stamped the arms of the noble French family of Collignon. An individual belonging to this family was botanist on board of *La Boussole*, and to him this utensil in all likelihood belonged, although some have contended that it belonged to M. de Langle, commander of the *Astrolabe*.

After reading the above detail of evidence, there seems to remain not a shadow of doubt but that Captain Dillon has so far explained the mystery of La Perouse's fate. But still his ultimate destiny remains in considerable obscurity. For instance, it may be asked, was he amongst the number of those who escaped from the shipwreck, and afterwards departed in the vessel which was built on the fatal shores of Maunicolo? What became of that craft? Did she founder at sea, and go down in the unfathomable depths of the Pacific? Or did her crew experience a disaster similar to that which had already overtaken them? And were they again cast away on one of the Solomon Islands, and butchered by savages, or left to die piecemeal? Or are some of them still alive there? These islands, as far as we are aware, have not been so completely explored as to entitle us to draw anything like a satisfactory conclusion with respect to the latter part of our interrogatory.

## TO A WILD-FLOWER.\*

In what delightful land,  
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?  
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,  
By common breezes fanned.

Full oft my gladdened eye,  
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced  
(As if there planted by the hand of taste)  
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,  
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,  
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,  
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice  
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—  
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,  
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,  
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,  
Like memory of friends gone far away,  
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,  
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,  
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,  
Save the all-silent moon.

\* We find this beautiful little poem in a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*, by William Anderson. That a poet who can write such things should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterises the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.

Thy thoughts I can divine,  
Although not uttered in vernacular words :  
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds ;  
Of venerable wine ;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots ;  
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake  
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,  
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell  
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,  
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain  
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green  
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,  
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,  
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,  
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,  
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,  
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,  
The music of the woods, the love that stirs  
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,  
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget  
What thou hast taught me in my solitude ;  
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,  
Sweet flower ! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul  
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought ;  
And dost the goodness and the power denote  
Of Him who formed the whole.

## THE STORM.

It was on the morning of a day in the end of November, that, having taken my gun on my shoulder, put my spy-glass in my pocket, and whistled out my dogs, I left my own house, situated on the very verge of a bank overhanging the ocean, and began a walk in quest of game along one of the most rugged coasts on the mainland of Scotland. There is something humiliating to a sportsman in returning home without success, and as I was not fortunate on my first outset, I continued going on mile after mile, till, having filled my game-bag, I began to reflect that it must be dark long ere I could again reach my own fireside. My worthy old housekeeper, too, would probably experience more alarm on so unwonted an occurrence, than even the delight of unpacking my well-filled bag could repay her for, though this was in general with her an occupation of most absorbing interest. And, indeed, I saw cause to wish, on my own account, that I had not extended my ramble so far; for, as I began to retrace my steps, I perceived all those portentous sights and sounds which, from my long residence near the sea, I knew full well were the sure indications of a coming storm. The sun was slanting his sickly setting beams from amidst murky clouds on the dark and sullen waters, when I espied a vessel like a dim speck in the distant horizon. On looking at her through my glass, I saw that she was a large merchant-brig, apparently heavy laden, and labouring on her course, as I hoped, towards a convenient little harbour at the distance of two or three miles further along the coast than the site of my residence. The clouds now began to 'blot the sun,' and were fast gathering into a lowering gloom. The innumerable seabirds rose from their roosting-places on the rocks with harsh and boding screams, and winged their flight landward. The tide was moving onward, and the waves came



in with a heavy swell, as if the weight of waters at their back meant to force them far beyond the usual tide-mark, and a sort of drowsy sound arose from them in hollow cadence. The sea became more dusky and indistinct, and I looked in vain for the vessel. The wind suddenly swept along the ocean, and doleful and melancholy sounds were echoed back from the rocks and caverns, while the storm seemed to be mustering up its powers of destruction. All was black and terrific, and presently there came on the thickest and most suffocating shower of small sleet I remembered to have ever witnessed. My back was, however, to this whirlwind blast, and it drove me on with much more speed than I could otherwise have attained. When the shower had passed on, I again looked towards the point where I had seen the ship, but it was too dark now to perceive her. Somehow, this vessel seemed to have taken a strong hold of my imagination. I had witnessed many storms during a long residence on the coast, and seen crafts of all dimensions struggling through them, but it appeared to me that I had never felt the same interest in any of them. And when the tempest still waxed more and more wrathful, and the surges began to rush upon the shore with headlong rage, and seemed in their thundering incursions to make the firm earth to tremble, and I looked upon the boiling deep, and heard the fierce winds contending with it in its bleak domain, a presentiment seemed to seize upon me that she would never more reach a haven. The idea haunted me; and all the way home I thought on the merciless and exterminating warfare which the relentless elements were waging with this doomed ship and her hopeless mariners. When I had nearly reached my own house, I turned and stood awhile on the top of the bank, and saw wave succeeding wave, rolling impetuously to the shore, each rising higher than the last, till their ranks were broken and lost in the foamy surf, which even then, though the tide wanted more than two hours of being at its height, threw its white froth upon the greensward of the bank, that sloped down to a little bay.

The gloom was now gathering into utter darkness. Another shower of mingled hail and sleet was coming fast on the wings of the tempest, and I hurried into the house. My dogs, glad to escape from such a night, had got there before me, and in a great measure tranquillised the mind of my old domestic, who having, as usual, with indefatigable care, aired for me a change of garments, and placed my slippers and a bottle of Fowler's best ale at the fire, was anxiously awaiting my arrival. But neither the old woman's joy at my appearing in safety, after fearing that I might have been driven by the storm over a rock or a precipice, nor her exclamations of exultation as she peered into the game-bag, and bore it off in triumph to parade its contents before the eyes of the man-servant and the scullion, or the sight of a good dinner and a good fire, though cold and hungry, drove from my mind the thoughts of the labouring vessel. I was tired with my long walk, and the rough buffetings I had received from the uncivil elements, and I tried to take half an hour's nap; but there was no sleep in my eyes. I tried to read a new and interesting book, but I could not fix my attention. I tried to think on a thousand momentous subjects, but there was only one that would keep the lead in spite of me, and that was the ship. I rose, and, going into a dark room that looked towards the sea, I threw up the sash of the window. All was impenetrable darkness, except the line of white foam at the bottom of the bank, and this was dimly seen. But if the eye could discern nothing, it was not so with the ear; for the howling of the winds, the deafening bursts of the sea upon the land, and now and then a distant peal of thunder, told that the storm was still more hideous and more fiercely raging than before. It was now high tide, and I trusted, when it began to turn, there might be some abatement in the severity of the storm. With this hope, I was about to shut down the window, when I fancied that I heard, mingling with the hoarser tones of the blast, shrill and discordant cries, such as the sea-birds had uttered when they forsook the rocks. I listened long, and,

even after having shut the window, returned, and opened it again and again; but no such sound was repeated. Still, I could not help fancying that these cries might have come from human beings, and I became so restless and uneasy, that I was determined to go down the bank, and try to ascertain the fact. Where was that vessel of which I thought so much? Might she not now be near, even almost at my door, though the darkness prevented my seeing her? And might not the cries, which I still persuaded myself were not imaginary, have been those of her wretched mariners? I could no longer bear the suspense which these questions gave rise to, and, buttoning on a rough greatcoat, and putting on a pair of thick shoes and gaiters, I directed my man-servant to accoutre himself in a similar manner. When this was accomplished, I made him take with him the stable-lantern. Thus provided for the storm, we descended the bank. I had been right in supposing that the receding tide would bring some abatement of the tempest; for so it proved. The wind was not so high as it had been; the clouds were moving faster; and the moon, newly risen, was making an ineffectual attempt to shew herself for more than a minute at a time. The sea was swelling proudly, as if indignant at being foiled in her attempt to overmaster the land; and, though slowly retreating, like a brave but vanquished foe, was dealing her parting strokes with unabated fury.

The little bay of which I have spoken was in some measure divided into two, by a large rock which rose on the edge of the common sea-mark, and by a small burn which ran into the sea at its side. This little brook, which in its calmer moods wound itself quietly round many a grassy knoll and rocky fragment, and used to look in the moonlight like a stream of molten silver, now foamed and fretted, and urged on its turbid and angry waters to the ocean, forming a barrier between one side of the bay and the other. It was to this place, however, that I directed my steps; for if there had been *scath*, I felt assured it was on the other side of the burn,

for there the rocks were most dangerous, and it was from that quarter I had heard the cries, which still seemed to ring in my ears. The water of the swollen rivulet ran deep in its channel; and as the lantern was held up, and I saw that it would take me above the middle, I paused for an instant on the brink. But during this pause I looked on the other side; and though the moon was hid, and all was dim obscurity, I yet thought that I discerned an unusual appearance on the part of the beach and the foot of the bank which the sea had left. My servant thought the same. George was a stout fellow, who did not mind a good drenching; and holding up the lantern above the water, he immediately dashed through to the other side, and in an instant shouted out: 'A wreck! a wreck!' My fears were now confirmed, and I passed the burn, and followed him to where the gravel and the grass were covered like a bleach-ground with garments of all descriptions.

The moon now peeped forth again from among the heavy clouds, and as they drove onward, her light shone more steadily; but there was no vessel to be seen. We climbed a rock which again divided the bay from the other part of the coast, and there lay beneath us, high on the top of a ridge of pointed rocks, and keel upwards, the huge dark hull of the fated vessel. We descended as quickly as possible, and, while searching about for her hapless crew, shouted loudly at intervals, that if any still remained alive, they might know that help was nigh. It was, however, in vain: no answer was returned. We remained a long time, still repeating our shouts without success; and as the sea had not retired far enough for us to approach the ship, we at length began to ascend the grassy bank, and had proceeded but a few steps, when we saw a man stretched at the foot of it. The upper part of his body was naked, and we perceived the blood oozing from a wound in his left side. We attempted to lift him up, for he was not dead; but finding him quite insensible, we again placed him on the grass, and by rubbing his limbs, and putting the dry parts of our greatcoats round

his shoulders, endeavoured by warmth to restore the circulation. In this we succeeded after some length of time. But his speech was so incoherent, that we could learn little or nothing about the wreck. He, however, constantly affirmed that he was the only one left alive—that all, all had perished; and raved wildly about Jessy and her screams; and when we attempted to move him further up the bank till George went home to procure more assistance, that he might be conveyed from the beach, he expressed his determination to remain where he was, that he might die with Jessy; but whether this person, who, it appeared, had found a watery grave, was his wife, his sister, or his sweetheart, it was impossible to guess. He was, however, in spite of his desire to remain where he was, in no condition to resist; and when George and some men whom he brought with him arrived, he was placed on a horse before one of them, and held on, while another slowly led the animal to the house. Here he was put under the care of my old housekeeper, who dressed his wound, wrapped him in warm blankets, and having cautiously administered some stimulating liquid, kept him quiet, till exhausted nature found a short relief in sleep. Meanwhile, the tide had so far receded that I and my servant ventured to approach the vessel, though ever and anon she was struck by a wave stronger than its fellows, which sent its spray high in the air, to descend in a heavy shower of brine. In spite of this, however, we entered by a yawning rent in her side, and found that she was indeed an utter wreck—her bottom having been stove in, and her cargo, and nearly everything else, out of her, except some planks and cordage, in which three of the bodies of her unfortunate crew were entangled. We groped about, aided by the feeble light of the lantern, in the faint hope of finding some one still alive. But I shall never forget the indescribable awe which I felt during this search, or the thrilling horror which assailed me when my touch came in contact with a corpse. The search was vain, in so far as that we found no living *thing* within her; and it being impossible to do more till

we were aided by the light of day, I returned home, and went to bed for a few hours. The morning came, and presented a most complete and appalling picture of maritime desolation. The tide had again been at the full, and left behind it, for a considerable distance along the shore, clothes, bedding, barrels, chests, masts, cordage, and dead bodies. The latter were put into carts, decently covered by a white sheet, and removed to the village church, at the distance of a mile, there to be dressed and coffined, and to remain till their interment. In the meantime, my good old dame had, by dint of reiterated questions, aided by her own tact and his wild ravings, learned much of the story of her unhappy patient, and somewhat about the vessel, which it appeared had been loaded with slates at a port far on the east coast of Scotland, and was bound for Newcastle-on-Tyne. The poor young man was a sailor, a native of the little town from whence the vessel had just come, and had been several voyages to sea. He had saved a little money, and had returned to his native place, to ask the consent of Jessy's parents to her becoming his wife, which was refused. But her sailor William had long since won his way to her heart. She loved him passionately, and she could not see him depart again without her. They were to be married as soon as they reached Newcastle; and all would be forgiven when she wrote and told them how happy she was.

Seven corpses were flung upon the beach during the first day, but that of the unfortunate young woman was not among them. On the morning following, however, as I was directing the people I had employed to secure whatever was of any value for the benefit of the owners, a cry was raised that her body had come on shore. My housekeeper had provided for all contingencies; so that, as soon as the corpse came in upon the waves, two women, who had been sent by her to watch for it, were ready to receive and dress it in a long white cotton garment: this done, they carried her to the foot of the bank, and stretched her out on the greensward. A sort of painful curiosity, mingled with a

deeper feeling, carried me to look upon the remains of the poor girl.

She appeared not more than eighteen, of middle size, and delicate in her form. Her eyes were gently closed, and she looked lovely in death, for the bloom of life and health had not forsaken her cheek, and her lips were still of a coral red, thus preserved by the suddenness of her decease, and the icy bath in which she had been immersed for so many hours. There was a sweet and placid expression on the features, which had probably regained that which was natural to them when the traces of terror had passed away. Her long fair hair had got entangled with the sea-weed, which it was found impossible to separate from it; but this had become an ornament, for the way in which the women had twisted the hair round the head, brought the weeds of different colours into the form of a garland, that well became the marble brow, and was touchingly in keeping with the sad story of her fate. As I stood moralising on the brief history of this confiding innocent young creature, whom love and her lover had wiled away from her duty, I looked up and beheld the wretched William approaching the spot, with all the haste his stiffened wound and bruises allowed him to make. He had expressed so many earnest wishes for the recovery of the body, that my housekeeper informed him instantly when it was found, but was unable to keep him in the house another moment. As soon as he reached the body, and had gazed upon it for a few moments, he threw himself on his knees by her side, and impetuously kissed her lips and cheeks, while his heart seemed as if it would burst through his throbbing breast. I could not, I confess, any longer stand to witness this heart-breaking scene. Indeed, I felt it was a grief too sacred to be disturbed by the presence of any human being, and I moved to a distance and kept watch, that I might prevent the intrusion of any other person until the arrival of a coffin, for which I had sent immediately on the body being found. By the time it arrived, the first frantic paroxysm

of grief had subsided, and he stood silently by while the women lifted her into it. I felt the deepest pity for this poor young man, and directed the body to be taken up to my house, there to lie till its interment. \*This, however, to my surprise, he opposed; and briefly, but strongly, entreated that it might be carried straight to the church, and that the lid of the coffin might not be screwed down. I have said I was surprised at his rejecting the offer I had made, from the idea that he would wish to watch it till it was hid from his sight in the grave. I, however, soon understood the motive which had actuated him; for no entreaties could move him from following her he loved to the church, and remaining there for two nights, where he felt at full liberty to give vent to the grief which he could not always restrain. It was thought proper that the interment of all the bodies should take place on the second day from that on which the young woman was found; and the male sufferers were accordingly buried in a retired part of the church-yard, set apart as the place of sepulture for the friendless drowned. William, however, had entreated that his Jessy should not be buried there, and, through my interest, her grave was dug in a picturesque corner of the church-yard, beneath a weeping birch, which hung its boughs tenderly over the spot.

The lover supported the head of the coffin, as the representative of those who should have been there, for there was no parent, brother or sister, kindred or friend, save himself, to mourn the fate of her who had departed in her bloom, cut down as a flower of the field; but the grief of all seemed centered in him who had taken this office upon himself. He did not speak, nor did he shed a tear, or utter a groan; but when I looked upon his face as the coffin was lowered into the earth, and saw his despairing eye, his compressed lips, and contracted brow, I felt that his was a sorrow which would not soon pass away. As soon as the earth was heaped upon the coffin, and the green sod adjusted, all left the church-yard save



the broken-hearted William, who lingered on the spot, from which I did not attempt to withdraw him, till more than an hour afterwards, when, returning to the churchyard, I found him lying on the grave in a state of seeming torpor, from which I gently roused him, and prevailed on him to accompany me home. While on our way, I endeavoured to suggest such grounds of comfort as presented themselves to me—such as the softening and obliterating effects of time—his own youth (for he was only two-and-twenty)—and the happiness which might be yet in reserve for him. To all this he answered not a word, but shook his head; and when I looked on his already wasted form, and thought of the severe stroke he had received on his side when dashed on the rocks, and of his fastings and watchings, and, above all, of his devouring grief, I feared the foundation of some dangerous illness was laid. Having this impression on my mind, I would fain have had him remain quietly at my house for some time before he attempted to return home, but no persuasions were of any avail. ‘Only let me reach the house of *her* parents,’ he said, ‘and let me hear them say they forgive *her*, and that is all now in this world that I care for.’

He accordingly departed almost immediately. Nearly eight months afterwards, he returned, worn to a shadow; while the bright colour that flushed his cheek, and the unnatural brilliance of his dark eyes, full of an unearthly expression, shewed that consumption had been stealing upon him, and marked him for its prey. During his absence, no new scene, no employment, no pleasure, had for a moment the power to draw his thoughts from the grave of his *Jessy*; and he had now returned to fulfil his only wish—to be laid by her side. ‘She forsook all for me,’ he said, ‘and it is but meet that I should leave all and return to her.’ His end now rapidly approached, and a pious old woman with whom he lodged brought her minister to see him. This worthy man was a dissenting clergyman, who was ever the friend of the poor and the sorrowful. He had studied medicine as well as divinity,

and acquired considerable skill during his village practice, and administered both to the mind and body of poor William. For the body he could do little, but he assisted to effect in his mind a pious resignation to his fate. Nor did he wait long before his last hour arrived, in which his spirit went to the merciful Being in whom he trusted, while his mortal remains were laid beside his Jessy.

The melancholy story of these two unfortunate lovers made for some time a deep impression on my mind, and I erected a neat tomb of white stone to their memory, on which is briefly recorded their simple and affecting story.

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#### THE WESTMINSTER TOBACCO-BOX.

LONDON is not what it has been in the way of clubs. There was a time when they were to be found of every description and grade, and when the caustic wit of Goldsmith was applied in illustration of their humours and follies. There are not many of these ancient fraternities now existing in vigour, the ordinary means of recreation having diverted attention from them, and ruined their prospects. Of those which do hold out against the encroachments of modern manners, none are so worthy of notice as one entitled 'The Past-Overseers' Society of the Parishes of Saint Margaret and Saint John the Evangelist, Westminster.' This association of past-overseers of the poor has been greatly indebted for its prolonged popular existence to rather a singular object—namely, a *tobacco-box*, at once the standing subject of talk and bond of amity of the club. The history of this box is exceedingly curious, and affords an excellent commentary on the profuse dissipation of wealth on trifles, in the artificial state of society which exists within the bills of mortality.

This wonderful tobacco-box, which, in the present day,

is both an object of antiquarian curiosity and an article of considerable intrinsic value, was originally a common flat horn box, of a portable size for the pocket, and bought, as tradition reports, at Horn Fair, for the trifling sum of fourpence. Its original possessor was a Mr Henry Monck, who usually brought it with him to the tavern where those persons, who, like himself, had served the office of overseer, occasionally met to talk over and confer together upon parochial matters, and smoke their pipes in friendly intercourse; all of which persons subsequently formed themselves into the above-mentioned society. Well, what did Mr Monck do, but present the club, in the year 1713, with his well-known tobacco-box, for the general use of the members, who, out of respect to the donor, ornamented it with a silver rim, on which his name was engraved. It was then committed to the custody of the senior overseer for the time being, who transmitted it to his successor, with some additional silver ornament; and this example being followed, with little intermission, for a period of one hundred and eleven years, a new outer case being always prepared whenever further space was required for ornament, the box has increased to the bulk of a small tea-chest, and assumed a consequent importance. In short, the tobacco-box of the parish of St Margaret and St John the Evangelist, is now one of the greatest curiosities to be found west of Temple-Bar.

The ornaments of the box, which have been contributed as we mention, consist of plates of silver, on which emblematical devices and representations of the memorable events of each succeeding year in the history of this country, with appropriate inscriptions, and portraits of many eminent persons who have borne a conspicuous part in these events, are either embossed or engraved: so that the box, taken as a whole, may be said to contain a memorial of some of the most remarkable occurrences relating to the history of Great Britain during the last century. But this is not all. So important has the box been considered, that a folio volume has actually been

published, detailing its history, and illustrating, by a series of highly-finished engravings, executed by an eminent artist, the devices on the plates, and the gradual *growth* of the box itself, up to its present huge size.\* Sure such a box was never before heard of, either in heathen mythological lore, or the records of a Christian parish.

We now turn over the leaves of this tobacco-inspired volume. The first picture we find represents the top of the original box, on which are engraved the arms of Westminster, with surrounding ornaments, with a view of the inside of the lid, exhibiting a bust of William Duke of Cumberland, surmounted by the figure of Fame, sounding on a trumpet, as we suppose, the cruelties he practised after the battle of Culloden. At the base of the pedestal lie bound two human figures, as if prepared for sacrifice: one of them a miserable Highlander, with a broken claymore at his feet; the other an old wiggèd gentleman, probably designed for Lord Lovat. Turning from this dismal memorial, which, however, was the work of Hogarth, we come to the second plate, exhibiting the bottom of the box, on which is engraved a figure emblematic of Charity, surrounded with finely-chased ornaments. This plate also shews a handsome tobacco-stopper of mother-of-pearl, with silver chain; also a profile of the box. The box being now completely covered with ornaments, a case is next provided, whereon to display the taste of the overseers. The third plate represents the top and inside of this case. The top is the representation of the fireworks exhibited in St James's Park on occasion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 1749; the inside shews the engagement which took place between the English and French fleets off Ushant, on the 12th of July 1778—the former commanded by Admiral Keppel, the latter by Count d'Orvilliers: below this sea-fight is the scene of the court-martial, held at the instance of Sir Hugh Palliser,

\* This ingenious and certainly curious work, from which these facts are gleaned, bears as its imprint—'London: Printed and Published by J. Clark, 27 Dartmouth Street, Westminster: 1824.'

the rear-admiral, on the conduct of Admiral Keppel in that action, by which he was most honourably acquitted. The fourth plate shews the inside bottom of the case, with the portrait of the notorious John Wilkes, with the date 1767. Plates 5 and 6 exhibit a projection of the rim, or body of the case, which appears beautifully ornamented in silver work, and comprises the names of a number of the overseers.

The next, or seventh plate, represents the box in a new stage. It has now got another case of a size larger than the former. On the top of this second case is the picture of a meeting of the governors and directors of the poor, assembled in the board-room administering relief. There is a fine air of the last century about the scene here represented. The figures are in old-fashioned dresses, with cocked-hats, wigs, and queues, large silver buckles in the shoes, and dressed frills at the wrists. The date below is 1783, and the names of the church-wardens for the time—now at their place of rest in the hallowed precincts of St Margaret's—are neatly inscribed round the edge. The eighth plate, which succeeds, is one of the finest of the whole. It depicts the inside, top, and bottom of the second case. On the former, is a well-executed small picture, representing the altar-piece of St Margaret's Church, being the Supper at Emmaus, in *basso-relievo*, by Alkin, from a painting by Titian; the bottom exhibits St John the Evangelist in the wilderness, approached by an eagle; below is a view of St Margaret's Church, and the date 1789. The ninth plate is of the outside bottom of the second case, and contains a plain gold medallion of the head of George III., with an inscription commemorating the general illumination on the restoration of his health. Plates 10 and 11 are the projection of the rim or body of the second case, which appears covered with rich ornamental chasings in silver.

The box now assumes a new aspect. A third case is added, and, from being round or oval, it becomes *octagonal* in shape. On the top of this third case is

represented the figure of Justice trampling on Fraud, with Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Church in the background. This scene, being emblematic of a singular incident in the history of the box, deserves particular notice. At one of the meetings of the society in the spring of the year 1793, when it was the duty of the ex-overseer to deliver the box and its appurtenances, he refused to give up his charge, and stated, as a reason for such conduct, that the vestry had refused to pass his accounts, and pay the balance alleged to be due to him, and threatened the society with the entire destruction of this valuable deposit, if they should attempt to compel its restoration. Persisting in his refusal, an action was brought against him for recovery of the box. A bill in Chancery being filed against him, on the 5th of March 1796, the cause came on before Lord Chancellor Loughborough, who, after having heard the arguments of counsel on both sides, decreed that the box and cases should be restored to the plaintiffs. This interesting action at law is delineated in the fourteenth plate, by a view of the Court of Chancery, with the inscription above, in the words of the Chancellor: 'Restore the Box to the Past-Overseers' Society.'

The next plate that interests us is No. 16, shewing the bottom of the third case, on which is drawn a naval engagement between his majesty's ship *St Fiorenzo*, of 36 guns, and the French frigate *La Piedmontaise*, of 50 guns, on 6th, 7th, and 8th of March 1808. In this warm and protracted contest, the British, *as usual*, were victorious. Plate 17 commemorates the battle of the Nile and conquest of Egypt, with the inscription, 'The United Kingdom at Peace with all the World, 1802.' Below is the figure of Plenty pouring the contents of her Cornucopia into the lap of Britannia. Plate 18 exhibits two octagonal divisions, and is a great effort: here is represented a view of Charing Cross, the Duke of Northumberland's house in the background, and, in front, the heralds and attendants proclaiming the peace of 1802; also, a view of the interior of Westminster Hall, at the time the

St Margaret and St John's volunteers are attending divine service at the drum-head: the clap-trap in this device is admirable. Plate 19 shows the China fleet repulsing the French squadron in 1801; also a portrait of Lord Nelson, with appropriate emblems, indicating the national grief at his death. The plates which follow are all commemorative of distinguished characters, or national events. We have the portraits of Pitt and Fox; a view of Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of the jubilee in 1809; figures emblematic of the characters of the deceased George III. and Duke of Kent; the coronation of George IV.; the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth; the battle of Waterloo; portraits of the Princess Charlotte and her majesty Queen Caroline; the visit of George IV. to Scotland, in which his majesty is dressed in the garb, and possesses all the air of a Highland porter; the interior of the House of Peers during the trial of the queen, and portrait of the Duke of Wellington. Lastly, in plate 34, we have a view of the bottom of the outside case of the box, delineating the anniversary meeting of the society, with the churchwarden giving the 'charge' previous to delivering the box to the succeeding overseer: date, 1824.

The ceremony which attends the annual transmission of the box and cases from one overseer to another, testifies, in the strongest manner, the solicitude of the society for the preservation of this famous tobacco-box. This ceremony takes place after dinner—for no public business can be transacted in England without a dinner—at the general meeting which is held upon the appointment of the new overseers. At this, as well as all other meetings of the society, the senior churchwarden of St Margaret's parish presides, who, after having proposed some of the usual toasts, demands the restoration of the box and its appurtenances. This demand having been complied with, the secretary proceeds to examine and report whether they are in as good state as when delivered, whether any ornament has been *added*, and whether the original box contains the proper

quantity of tobacco. If the report be satisfactory, the box is then placed before the chairman, who proposes for a toast: 'The late overseers of the poor, with thanks to them for their care of the box and the additional ornament.' The CHARGE is then made to the new custodian as follows:—'This box, and the several cases, are the property of the Past-Overseers' Society, and delivered into your custody and care, *upon condition* that they are produced at all parochial entertainments which you shall be invited to, or have a right to attend, and shall contain three pipes of tobacco at the least, under the penalty of six bottles of claret. And also, *upon further condition* that you shall restore the box, with the several cases belonging to it, to the society in as good state as the same now are, with some additional ornament, at the next meeting thereof, after you shall go out of office, or sooner if demanded, *under the penalty of two hundred guineas.*' The chairman then proposes as a toast: 'The new overseers,' wishing them health to go through their office; which well-meaning toast concludes the ceremony.

We have now presented an account of a tobacco-box, perhaps the most wonderful of its kind in existence, and of which you could have no previous conception. Altogether, such a remarkable object is calculated to create a deep impression on our minds of the exceeding artificiality of life in and about the metropolis, as well as of the profuse dispensation of wealth on objects intrinsically of no value, and which are only esteemed for their antiquity, or the association of ideas connected with their history.



## JAMES TAYLOR,

## ORIGINATOR OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

THERE can be no more pleasing duty than that of rescuing the claims of worth and genius from unmerited oblivion, more especially when these claims are grounded upon benefits conferred on the whole civilised world. But the task assumes something even of a sacred character, when undertaken in behalf of the departed; for however gratifying it may be to render that justice which has been so long delayed, it is melancholy to reflect that he to whom it was due does not now exist to reap the benefit of the vindication.

The credit of the inestimable invention of applying steam to the purposes of navigation, has now been claimed by so many pretenders, that we believe the public are at this moment as much puzzled to whom to assign the palm, as they have all along been to penetrate the mystery of the authorship of *Junius*. Independent of numerous claimants in our own country, our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have not been slow to assert their title; but although it be true that the great and important results likely to accrue from the discovery, were first fairly developed on the Hudson, we are perfectly prepared to shew, that there certainly the idea did not originate; that it was altogether of British, or rather of Scottish origin; and from documents now in our possession, we have little doubt of being able to set this disputed question for ever at rest to the satisfaction of the public, and to prove that to the individual whose name stands at the head of this memoir, the world is indebted for all the benefits it enjoys by means of that wonderful fabric, the STEAM-BOAT.

*It is needless here to give a detailed account of Mr Taylor's birth and parentage; suffice it to say, that they*

were both respectable. He received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school at Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire, and afterwards attended the University of Edinburgh for several years. He appears to have prosecuted his studies with much assiduity and success, for at the end of his course he was prepared to enter either upon the profession of medicine or divinity. But the excursiveness of his genius hindered him at the time from fixing his mind down to any one pursuit; and although, as we are told, more than one living was placed within his acceptance, he continued to devote himself to his favourite philosophical studies, particularly geology, mineralogy, chemistry, and *mechanics*. The ardour of enthusiasm, however, although it may sustain the mind, will not support the body; and in the year 1785 he accepted the situation of preceptor in the family of the late Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton. That well-known, excellent, and patriotic gentleman, whose exertions as a practical experimentalist on almost all useful subjects are well known, had shortly before then completed a long and expensive course of experiments upon artillery, of which the carronade was the result, and was, at the time, engaged in a similar course upon shipping. He had built several vessels of various constructions and magnitudes, with the view of improving upon the existing modes of shipbuilding—in particular, a double vessel, intended to be propelled by the hand by means of wheels. It will readily be imagined that two individuals, so similar in habits, and so ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, as Mr Taylor and his employer, should soon contract a friendship and regard for each other; and, accordingly, Mr Miller soon acquired the habit of uniformly consulting the opinion of his family tutor, and making him a sort of partner in all his shipping experiments. In 1787, Mr Miller engaged in a sailing-match with a party of gentlemen at Leith, in his double vessel, against a first-rate sailing wherry. Mr Taylor was, of course, on board; and to this circumstance may be attributed the *primary* projection of applying the steam-

engine to navigation. Mr Miller's vessel won the day, and Mr Taylor felt perfectly convinced of the efficiency of the *principle* by which it was wrought; but, having taken a spell at the wheels, he found the labour so excessive, that he told Mr Miller, that, unless he could apply a more commanding power than that of men, the invention would be of little use. Mr Miller acknowledged the justice of the observation, and requested the aid of his cogitations on the subject; adding, that the only other plan he himself could think of, was the employment of the capstan. Mr Taylor's thoughts forthwith became steadfastly directed to the subject; and, after much reflection, and many conversations with his employer, he at last suggested the steam-engine. Mr Miller at first started many objections on the score of the danger of fire, &c.; but at last, after great persuasion, and not until Mr Taylor had demonstrated by drawings the practicability of connecting the engine with the wheels, he agreed to have a small engine built, and to give the plan a trial. Accordingly, on the family coming into Edinburgh for the winter, from Dalswinton, Mr Taylor was requested to find out a proper engineer for the purpose; and a young acquaintance of his, named William Symington, employed at the lead-mines at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, and who had invented a new construction of the steam-engine (by throwing off the air-pump), being at the time in Edinburgh for his education, he recommended and introduced him to Mr Miller. It was then agreed that the experiment should be made on the lake at Dalswinton, in the ensuing summer (1788); and upon the family returning to the country in the spring, Mr Taylor remained behind to superintend and transmit the castings, which were formed of brass. In the autumn, Symington was sent for to Dalswinton to put the parts together, and fit the engine upon the vessel, a handsome double pleasure-boat. The experiment which followed succeeded perfectly; the vessel moving at the rate of five miles an hour, notwithstanding the smallness of the cylinders, which were only four inches in diameter. This trial

took place in presence of hundreds of people, and an account of it, drawn up by Mr Taylor, was inserted in the *Dumfries Journal* the same month (October). It was also noticed in the *Scots Magazine* of the following November.

The success of the foregoing experiment was so complete and satisfactory, that it was agreed to form a business of it, and cover the invention with a patent; but, before doing so, it was reckoned prudent to repeat the trial upon a larger scale on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Accordingly, in the following spring, Mr Taylor repaired to Carron, with Mr Symington, to superintend the casting of a double engine, with cylinders of eighteen inches diameter; but it was the month of November ere all things were ready for action. There were present, on this occasion, the Committee of the Managers of the Carron Company, Mr Balfour of Pilrig, Mr Adam of Blair-Adam, Mr Stainton, manager of the works, and other gentlemen, together with Mr Taylor and Mr Symington. Several unforeseen, and, indeed, almost unavoidable mishaps, at first occurred, owing to the too slight construction of several parts of the engine; but ultimately, on the 26th December, everything was put to rights, and the vessel went beautifully and steadily at the rate of seven miles an hour. The experiment, indeed, was as complete as any that has ever since been tried. By Mr Miller's directions—who was not present on the above occasion—the vessel was dismantled and laid up, and the engine placed in the Carron Works; and when Mr Taylor joined him at Dalswinton, he found him too much occupied with his agricultural improvements to think of prosecuting the steam-boat scheme further at that time; nor could he ever afterwards be induced to take it up again. The patent was never taken out. Mr Taylor, not possessing sufficient funds of his own, either to insure protection to, or enable him to reap the due benefit from, his invention, was compelled to remain passive; and, as but too often happens in such cases, others began to turn the fruits of his genius to their

own account. In the following year, however, an opportunity seemed to offer itself, by which Mr Taylor had a temporary prospect of realising his hopes of fame and fortune from his ingenuity. R. Cutlar Fergusson, Esq., of Craigdarroch, then resident at Paris, having heard of the steam-boat experiments, wrote home, earnestly advising Mr Taylor to carry his invention to the continent, and promising to introduce him to the notice of the king of Hungary. Several letters past between Mr Fergusson and Mr Taylor on the subject; but the scheme was entirely dissipated by the breaking out of the French Revolution. It is proper here to observe, that both Mr Fergusson and his father, who corresponded with Mr Taylor on the subject, although intimate friends and constant visitors of Mr Miller, never once mentioned his name in their letters, but uniformly addressed the subject of this memoir personally, as the originator and possessor of the invention. Shortly after this period, Mr Taylor and Mr Miller separated.

In 1801 or 1802, Mr Symington, who, up to this time, had never laid the shadow of a claim to Mr Taylor's invention, induced Lord Dundas to employ him to fit up a vessel for the Forth and Clyde Canal Company. This was accordingly done, but when set a working, the agitation of the water, and consequent washing of the banks, which it caused, was so alarming, that the company would not permit it to be used again, and it was laid up at Lock Sixteen. It happened that at this period Mr Fulton, the American engineer, was travelling in Britain for information in the line of his profession, and, whilst visiting Carron Works, in company with Mr Henry Bell, then a carpenter at Glasgow, first heard of the steam-boat. He forthwith applied to Mr Symington, who resided at Falkirk, for leave to inspect the boat, which was immediately complied with, and every information readily furnished. The consequence was, that both Mr Fulton and Mr Bell immediately conceived the project of *separately* turning the invention to their own account. Mr *Fulton* launched his first boat on the Hudson in 1807,

and he and his country claimed the merit of the invention. Mr Bell was somewhat tardier in his movements, and it was not until 1812 that his first steam-vessel, the *Comet*, was set agoing on the Clyde—when he, like Mr Fulton, also claimed the merit of the invention. In the meantime, it appears that Mr Symington, too, not only laid pretensions to it, but had secretly taken out a patent so far back as the year 1802 or 1803. This stealthy step, however, of which neither Mr Taylor nor Mr Miller had the slightest suspicion, served him nothing; for when he raised an action of damages upon it in 1815, against the proprietors of the Clyde steam-boats, they defended themselves successfully, on the plea that he was not the original inventor. Mr Symington's unfair and continued interference, and the discovery of the surreptitious patent, of which Mr Taylor was not made aware until long afterwards, and not until many years after Mr Miller's death, seem to have called forth an indignant remonstrance from Mr Taylor, as we find by a letter of Mr Symington, dated February 1821, evidently intended to soothe his irritation, and promising to pay him one-half of the interest and proceeds of the patent.

When the steam-boats first commenced plying on the Clyde, Mr Taylor again waited on Mr Miller, who had now become very infirm, and pressingly urged upon him to preserve the benefit of his invention by patent. Mr Miller, however, urged his age and declining health as an excuse for not engaging any more in such speculations, and added: 'I must now rest satisfied with having produced an improvement which will do good to my country, and benefit all mankind.' Under such circumstances, and Mr Taylor not having funds of his own to interfere, the benefit of the invention was unfortunately allowed to pass away from both. It is not easy to account for Mr Miller's singular apathy and indifference towards the subject, subsequent to the undoubted success of his experiments—the point at which most other people would feel chiefly encouraged to persevere. That it was from indifference to fame and reputation, no one who was

acquainted with that gentleman can for a moment suspect; and we are indeed strongly inclined to believe, that it was his very fondness for that most delusive but innocent of vanities which caused his silence. It must be recollected, that no pretender to the invention had started up in Britain previous to this time, and he knew that he himself currently got the entire credit of it. Had he, however, proceeded to take out a patent, he would have been compelled to have included Mr Taylor in it; and thus, by making public the principal share which the latter gentleman had in the invention, have deprived himself of the credit he had so long been in the habit of receiving. This explanation of his conduct, at least, is the only probable one which we are able to arrive at.

Whilst steam navigation was every day rising in importance, and numerous companies and individuals were rapidly building their fortunes through its means, the friends of Mr Taylor, who was in anything but prosperous circumstances, never ceased to urge upon him the propriety of laying his claims before government, and soliciting a reward suited to the magnitude and importance of his discovery. At last, in 1824, he was induced to draw up a statement, detailing all the particulars connected with the origin and progress of steam navigation, which he printed, and addressed to Sir Henry Parnell, chairman of the Select Committee of the House of Commons upon Steam-boats, &c. It would not appear that this application elicited any favourable reply; for early in 1825, we find him applying to Mr Huskisson, then president of the Board of Trade, through Mr Kennedy, of Dunure, to which application an answer was returned to the effect, that 'there was little hope that government would consider the subject a fit one for remuneration!' Imagining that this indifference of the ministry to his claims arose from the uncertainty which was felt in regard to the real author of the invention, owing to the multiplicity of claimants, he again wrote in *August* of the same year, with a fuller and more particular detail of all the circumstances. At this time, he was

upon his death-bed, and, indeed, within a month of his decease—bowed down by infirmities, and pressed with pecuniary difficulties, having previously engaged in an extensive pottery at Cumnock, in Ayrshire, which had not succeeded. He died on the 18th September 1825, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, an addition to the already numerous list of men whose genius has secured mighty results for the world, but nothing beneficial for themselves. Very shortly after his decease, a third application was made to the same quarter, by one of his relatives, on behalf of his widow and family, in which some pretensions, brought forward at the time by Mr Symington, in a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, were most satisfactorily refuted. In this communication to government, also, a letter was quoted, penned so far back as the year 1787, by Mr Symington to Mr Taylor, in which that gentleman so explicitly acknowledges the originality of the conception of the applicability of the steam-engine to the purposes of navigation, as belonging to the subject of this memoir, that it seems altogether incomprehensible how he could ever afterwards presume to attempt the appropriation of it to himself.

It is peculiarly gratifying to us, and must be so to every admirer of genius and every lover of humanity, to be enabled to conclude this memoir by stating, that, shortly after Mr Taylor's death, a pension of L.50 a year was bestowed by government on his widow, a most respectable gentlewoman residing in Edinburgh—thus acknowledging substantially, though tardily, the justness of those claims advanced thus late, and under such peculiar circumstances.



## THE TWIN-FLOWERS:

AN AMERICAN STORY.

'WILL you buy my flowers?' said a neat-looking girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chestnut Street, and holding out, at the same time, a small basket containing some beautiful roses; 'they are newly blown and fresh. Buy a red rose for your hair, miss? Here's one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks.'

'Not a rose, my child,' said the young lady; 'there are thorns among them; but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet. Oh, it's a forget-me-not!'

'Pardon me, miss,' replied the child; 'that flower is engaged.'

'To whom?'

'To Master Charles Leland.'

'Charles Leland, indeed,' said the lady; 'well, but here's another: what a beautiful pair!'

'They are twin-flowers—they are both for that gentleman,' said the little girl.

'Oh, a fig for him!' said the young lady; but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower-girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-known rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear: she thought he had been neglectful of late, but then the flowers; he knew they were favourites of hers, and she thought to receive them from his hand; and to hear him say: 'Harriet, forget me not,' would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom—perhaps they are destined

for another ! She banished it with a sigh, and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand. 'Accept,' said he, 'my humble offering, and forget me'——

Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom. 'Where is the other?' said she, as she playfully put back his hand.

A moment's silence ensued : Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply, and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said forget me !

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal, and insipid ; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour's, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl, and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend ; but, as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it : it was a forget-me-not. She examined it—it was one of Leland's ; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower-girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he even paid attention to Jane ; but she had never before believed it ; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth. 'Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane ?' said she.

'Oh, from a beau, to be sure,' said Jane archly ; 'don't you see, forget-me-not ;' and as she took back the flower : 'I should not like to tell you where I got it ; I'll wear it in my bosom though. Come, sing——

I'll dearly love this pretty flower,  
For his own sake who bid me keep it ;  
I'll wear it in my bosom's' ——

‘Hush, Jane!’ said Harriet, interrupting her; ‘my head aches, and your singing distracts me.’

‘Ah, it’s your heart,’ said Jane, ‘or you would not look so dull.’

‘Well, if it is my heart,’ said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, ‘it does not become a friend to trifle with it.’

She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken; and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed: Harriet felt that she was injured, and the more she thought about it, the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! ‘If he wants to be freed from his engagements,’ she said to herself, ‘I will give him no trouble;’ and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears, but she was resolute, until she had despatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result, not without many anxiously cherished hopes, that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands, and about a month afterwards, he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New York; and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who, it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the aspersions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and an engagement which he alleged *was broken off* by his capricious mistress, for no other

reason than his offering her a sweet new-blown forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife.

‘But was there no other cause?’ asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity.

‘None to my knowledge, as Heaven is my witness!’

‘Then what did you do with the other flower?’ said Harriet.

The stranger gazed in astonishment. It was Leland himself, and he recognised his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted, the mischief made by the twin-flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards; and it was always observed, that Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever looked before.

## NARRATIVE OF AN ADVENTURE AT SEA.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging. The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the north-east, and our ship being heavy laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us, one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity,

however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the south-west, blew a brisk and steady breeze.

The captain, now taking an observation, found that we had been driven to the southward several hundred leagues out of our course; but we set all our canvas again, and bore away in the right track; and a double allowance of grog being handed out to the seamen, we soon forgot our late dangers, and laughed and talked as merrily as if nothing evil had happened.

After some days' sail, the man at the mast-head one evening called out: 'On deck there! Breakers ahead!' and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said, that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that course twenty times, and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-shrouds, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sulky when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain, having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down; at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out of humour, carried it with a high hand, both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discerned that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped. They stretched out their hands

towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us, and told us they were from Quebec, that their vessel was timber-loaded, and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our captain replied, that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. 'But some other vessels are behind,' said he, 'and will relieve you.' The poor man then cried out earnestly: 'Oh, for the love of God, do not leave us here! We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. Oh, if ye be men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!' His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter-deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not, or heeded not, the scene of misery which lay before him.

The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat; but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail or hoist out his boat to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. 'No! no! Morris,' said he; 'we have mouths enow already, and we will not have a biscuit a day to each by the time we make the Land's End.' The mate, who was a humane man, said: 'We have received mercy ourselves, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures? Let us save these unhappy men, that we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again.' But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him

started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them. They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take the command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers; but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable at that moment of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

I thank the Father of Goodness, however, that *I* am innocent of the blood of these men; yet guiltless as I am of the death they endured, their sufferings made a deep impression on my mind; and many a time still do I awaken at night, and hear their short thick sobs and piercing screams, as distinctly as if they were uttered at the side of my bed.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening swellings of the sea hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close-reef our mainsail and topsails, in order that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought that they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the fore-castle, looking out ahead, and managing the rigging. It was some time past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, 'About ship!' and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the

wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. 'We must go back,' said he to the mate, 'and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them.' The mate looked mournfully out to the sea, then shook his head, but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we beat about for a good while, and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and shewed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked restlessly about the deck, with his night-glass in his hand, frequently looking out ahead, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

'It is going of a fool's errand,' said the boatswain, 'to seek for these poor fellows. Their last day's cruise is over, I'll warrant them; and all we can do for them now, is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet berths aloft, in a better harbour than the one they have left here.' 'Amen!' said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his feet struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck,



still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about for several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. He frequently walked the deck for a whole day without speaking to any one, and seemingly unconscious of everything around him. Sometimes, too, he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port, and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, as did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of. Some say he foundered at sea, at the very place where he had refused to rescue the poor suffering mariners; and others, that his crew mutinied, and ran away with the vessel to the negro coast of Africa. Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage, nor was he once spoke with or heard of after leaving this country. Little doubt can remain but that he perished miserably, either on a barren coast, among cruel and relentless savages, or in the bosom of the raging ocean. Herein, therefore, as in many other circumstances of my life, I had reason to thank the goodness of Providence, which had directed me to leave his company, and to seek my fortune elsewhere.

When I had remained some time at home, I engaged myself in quality of mate on board a vessel bound to the Brazils, and made several prosperous voyages to that coast—taking out with me a small stock of merchandise, which turned to very good account.\*

\* The above interesting account of what seems to have been too true an incident, appeared originally, as far as we are aware, in a small and entertaining work, entitled the *Literary Coronet*, 1823.

## A TALE OF TOP-BOOTS.

**TOP-BOOTS**, as everybody must have remarked, are now nearly altogether out of fashion. Their race is all but extinct. An occasional pair may indeed still be seen incasing the brawny legs of a stout elderly country gentleman on a market-day, or on the occasion of a flying visit to the metropolis; but with this exception, and with probably that of some hale obstinate bachelor octogenarian, who, in full recollection of the impression which his top-boots had made on the public mind many years since, still persists in thrusting his shrivelled shanks into the boots of his youth—we say, with the first positive, and the last probable exception, this highly respectable-looking and somewhat flashy article of dress has entirely disappeared.

Time was, however, and we recollect it well, when matters stood far otherwise with top-boots. We have a distinct vision of numberless pairs flitting before our eyes, through the mazes of the various thoroughfares of the city; but, alas! they have evanished, one after another, like stars before the light of approaching day. Their brightness is extinguished, their glory is gone. The conqueror of Waterloo hath conquered them also. The top-boots have fallen before the Wellingtons.

We have said, that we recollect when it was otherwise with top-boots, and so we do. We recollect when a pair of top-boots was a great object of ambition with the young, whose worldly prosperity was all yet to come, whose means of indulging in such little vanities were yet to be acquired. To them, a pair of top-boots was a sort of landmark in the voyage of life. In short, top-boots were the rage of the day. The apprentice, when he got out of his time, got into his top-boots. The first thing the young grocer did was to get a pair of top-boots. No lover then went to woo his mistress but in top-boots,

or at least if he did, the chance was, that he would go to very little purpose. The buckishly-inclined mechanic, too, hoarded his superfluous earnings until they reached the height of a pair of top-boots, in which to entomb his lower limbs. No marvel it is, then, that, in the midst of the wide prevalence of this top-boot epidemic, poor Tommy Aikin should have fallen a victim to the disease—that his heart should have been set upon a pair of top-boots; nor is it a marvel that Mr Aikin should have been able finally to gratify this longing of his, seeing that he was in tolerable circumstances, or at least in such circumstances as enabled him, by retrenching a little somewhere else, to attain the great object of his ambition—a pair of top-boots. No marvel, then, as we have said, are these things which we have related of Mr Aikin; but great marvel is it that a pair of top-boots should have wrought any man such mischief, as we shall presently shew they did, to that honest man. But let us not anticipate. Let us, as has been before wisely said, begin at the beginning, and say who Mr Aikin was, and what were the evils in which his top-boots involved him. Be it known, then, to all whom it may concern, that Mr Thomas Aikin was an officer of Excise, and was, at the period to which our story relates, residing in a certain small town not more than fifty miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Mr Aikin was a stout-made, middle-aged man, exceedingly good-natured, kind, civil, and obliging. In short, he was an excellent fellow, honest and upright in all his dealings, and a faithful servant of the revenue. Everybody liked Mr Aikin, and Mr Aikin liked everybody; and sorely did everybody lament his misfortunes when they fell upon him. Mr Aikin had for many years led a happy life in the bosom of his family. He laughed and joked away, took his jug of toddy, caressed his children, spoke always affectionately to and of his wife, and was so spoken to and of by her in return. In short, Mr Aikin was a happy man up to that evil hour when he conceived the idea of possessing himself of a pair of top-boots.

'Mary,' said Mr Aikin, one luckless evening, to his loving wife, after having sat for about half an hour looking into the fire.

'Aweel, Thomas?' said his spouse, in token of her attention.

'I wad like to hae a pair o' tap-boots,' replied Mr Aikin, shortly, and without further preamble, although he had in reality bestowed a good deal of thought on the subject previously; indeed, a dim undefined vision of top-boots had been floating before his mind's eye for nearly a month before it took the distinct shape of such a determination as he was now about to express.

'Aweel, Thomas,' replied his better half, with equal brevity, 'ye had better get a pair.'

'They're decent-lookin' things,' rejoined Mr Aikin.

'Indeed are they,' said his indulgent spouse: 'very decent and respectable, Thomas.'

'Rather flashy though, I doubt, for the like o' me,' quoth Mr Aikin.

'I dinna see that, Thomas, sae lang as ye're able to pay for them,' remarked Mrs Aikin.

'No so very able, my dear,' responded her husband; 'but I wad like to hae a pair for a' that, just to wear on Sundays and collection-days.'

'Aweel, Thomas, get them; and what for no?' replied Mrs Aikin, 'since your mind's bent on them. We'll save the price o' them aff something else.'

We need not pursue further the amiable colloquy which took place on this fatal night between Mr Aikin and his wife. Suffice it to say, that that night fixed Mr Aikin's resolution to order a pair of top-boots. On the very next day he was measured for the said boots; and late on the Saturday evening following, the boots, with their tops carefully papered, to protect them from injury, were regularly delivered by an apprentice boy into the hands of Mrs Aikin herself, for her husband's interest.

As Mr Aikin was not himself in the house when the boots were brought home, they were placed in a corner of the parlour, to await his pleasure; and certainly

nothing could look more harmless or more inoffensive than did these treacherous boots, as they now stood, with their muffled tops and shining feet, in the corner of Mr Aikin's parlour. But, alas! alas! short-sighted mortals that we are! that could not foresee any the slightest portion of the evils with which these rascally boots were fraught. To shorten our story as much as possible, we proceed to say, that Mr Aikin at length came home, and being directed to where the boots lay, he raised them up in one hand, holding a candle in the other; and having turned them round and round several times, admiring their gloss and fair proportions, laid them down again with a calm quiet smile of satisfaction, and retired to bed. Sunday came, the church-bells rang, and Mr Aikin sallied forth in all the pomp and glory of a pair of spick-and-span-new top-boots. With all Mr Aikin's good qualities, there was, however, and we forgot to mention it before, a *leelle* touch of personal vanity; the slightest imaginable it was, but still such an ingredient did enter into the composition of his character, and it was this weakness, as philosophers call it, which made him hold his head at an unwonted height, and throw out his legs with a flourish, and plant his foot with a firmness and decision on this particular Sunday, which was quite unusual with him, or, at least, which had passed unnoticed before. With the exception, however, of a few passing remarks, in which there was neither much acrimony nor much novelty, Mr Aikin's boots were allowed to go to and from the church in peace and quietness. 'Hae ye seen Mr Aikin's tap-boots?' 'Faith! Mr Aikin looks weel in his tap-boots.' 'Mr Aikin was unco grand the day in his tap-boots.' Such and such-like were the only observations which Mr Aikin's top-boots elicited on the first Sunday of their appearance. Sunday after Sunday came and departed, and with the Sundays came also and departed Mr Aikin's top-boots, for he wore them only on that sacred day, and on collection-days, as he himself originally proposed. Like every other *marvel*, they at length sank quietly to rest, becoming so

associated and identified with the wearer, that no one ever thought of discussing them separately. Deceitful calm, treacherous silence—it was but the gathering of the storm! It so happened that Mr Aikin, in the language of the Excise, surveyed, that is, ascertained and levied the duties payable by a tanner, or leather-dresser, who carried on his business in the town in which Mr Aikin resided. Now, the Honourable Board of Excise were in those days extremely jealous of the fidelity of their officers, and, in a spirit of suspicion of the honour and faith of man peculiar to themselves, readily listened to every report prejudicial to the character of their servants. Here, then, was an apparently intimate connection, and of the worst sort—a pair of top-boots—between a revenue-officer and a trader, a dresser of leather. Remote and obscure hints of connivance between the former and the latter began to arise; and in despite of the general esteem in which Mr Aikin was held, and the high opinion which was entertained of his worth and integrity, these hints and suspicions—such is the wickedness and perversity of human nature—gradually gained ground, until they at length reached the ears of the Board, with the most absurd aggravations.

Their honours were told, but by whom was never ascertained, that the most nefarious practices were going on in —, and to an enormous extent. Large speculations in contraband leather, on the joint account of the officer and trader, were talked of; the one sinking his capital, the other sacrificing the king's duties. Whole hogsheads of manufactured boots and shoes were said to be exported to the West Indies, as the common adventure of the officer and trader. The whole family and friends of the former, to the tenth degree of propinquity, were said to have been supplied gratis with boots and shoes for the last ten years. In short, the whole affair was laid before their Honours the Commissioners of Excise, decked out in the blackest colours, and so swollen, distorted, and exaggerated, that no man could have conceived for a moment that so monstrous a

tale of dishonesty and turpitude could have been manufactured out of a thing so simple as a pair of top-boots. Indeed, how could he! for the boots, the real ground of the vile fabrication, were never once mentioned, nor in the slightest degree alluded to; but, as it was, the thing bore a serious aspect, and so thought the Honourable Board of Excise. A long and grave consultation was held in the board-room, and the result was, an order to the then Collector of Excise in Glasgow to make a strict and immediate inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and to report thereon; a measure which was followed up in a day or two afterwards, by their honours despatching two surveying-generals, as they are called, also to Glasgow, to assist at and superintend the investigation which the collector had been directed to set on foot. On the arrival of these officers at Glasgow, they forthwith waited upon the collector, to ascertain what he had learned regarding Mr Aikin's nefarious practices. The result of the consultation which was here again held, was a determination, on the part of the generals and the collector, to proceed to the scene of Mr Aikin's ignominy, and to prosecute their inquiries on the spot, as the most likely way of arriving at a due knowledge of the facts. Accordingly, two chaises were hired at the expense of the Crown, one for the two generals, and another for the collector and his clerk: all this, good reader, be it remembered, arising from the simple circumstance of Mr Aikin having indulged himself in the luxury of a single solitary pair of top-boots, and, moreover, the first pair he ever had. The gentlemen having seated themselves in the carriages, were joined, just before starting, by a friend of the collector's on horseback, who, agreeably to an arrangement he had made with the latter on the preceding day, now came to ride out with them to the scene of their impending labours; and thus, though of course he had nothing to do with the proceedings of the day, he added not a little to the imposing character of the procession, which was now about to move in the direction of Mr Aikin's top-boots. An hour and a half's

drive brought the whole cavalcade into the little town in which the unfortunate owner of the said boots resided; and little did he think, honest man, as he eyed the procession passing his windows, marvelling the while what it could mean—little, we say, did he think that the sole and only object, *pro tempore* at least, of those who composed it, was to inquire how, and by what means, and from whom, he had gotten his top-boots. Of this fact, however, he was soon made aware. In less than half an hour he was sent for, and told, for the first time, of the heavy charges which lay against him. A long, tedious investigation took place; item after item of poor Aikin's indictment melted away beneath the process of inquiry; until at length the whole affair resolved itself into the original cause of all the mischief—the pair of top-boots. Nothing which could in the slightest degree impugn Mr Aikin's honesty remained, but these unlucky top-boots, and for them he immediately produced his shoemaker's receipt. 'Mr Aikin—Bought of David Anderson, one pair of top-boots, L.2, 2s. Settled in full, D. Anderson.' With this finisher, the investigation closed, and Mr Aikin stood fully and honourably acquitted of all the charges brought against him. The impression, however, which the affair made at head-quarters, was far from being favourable to him. He was ever after considered there in the light, not of an innocent man, but as one against whom nothing could be proven; and his motions were watched with the utmost vigilance. The consequence was, that, in less than three months, he was dismissed from the service of the revenue, ostensibly for some trifling omission of duty; but he himself thought, and so did everybody else, that the top-boots were in reality the cause of his misfortune.

One would have thought that this was quite enough of mischief to arise from one pair of top-boots; and so thought everybody but the top-boots themselves, we suppose. This was but a beginning of the misfortunes into which they walked with their unfortunate owner.

About four miles distant from the town in which



Mr Aikin lived, there resided an extensive coal-mine proprietor, of the name of Davidson; and it so happened that he, too, had a predilection for that particular article of dress, already so often named—namely, top-boots; indeed, he was never known to wear anything else in their place. Davidson was an elderly gentleman, harsh and haughty in his manner, and extremely mean in all his dealings—a manner and disposition which made him greatly disliked by the whole country, and especially by his workmen, the miners, of whom he employed upwards of 150. The abhorrence in which Mr Davidson was at all times held by his servants, was at this particular moment greatly increased by an attempt which he was making to reduce his workmen's wages; and to such a height had their resentment risen against their employer, that some of the more ferocious of them were heard to throw out dark hints of personal violence; and it was much feared by Davidson's friends—of whom he had, however, but a very few, and these mostly connected with him by motives of interest—that such an occurrence would, in reality, happen one night or other, and that at no great distance of time. Nor was this fear groundless. Mr Davidson was invited to dine with a neighbouring gentleman. He accepted the invitation, very foolishly, as his family thought; but he did accept it, and went accordingly. It was in the winter-time, and the house of his host was about a mile distant from his own residence. Such an opportunity as this of giving their employer a sound drubbing had been long looked for by some half-dozen of Mr Davidson's workmen, and early and correct information on the subject of his dining-out enabled them to avail themselves of it. The conspirators having held a consultation, resolved to waylay Davidson on his return home. With this view they proceeded, after it became dark, in the direction of the house in which their employer was dining. Having gone about half-way, they halted, and held another consultation, whereat it was determined that they should conceal themselves in a *sunk fence* which ran alongside of the road, until the

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object of their resentment approached, when they should all rush out upon him at once, and belabour him to their heart's content. This settled, they all cowered down into the ditch, to await the arrival of their victim. 'But how will we ken him i' the dark?' said Jock Tamson, one of the conspirators, in a low whisper, to his next neighbour: 'we may fa' foul o' somebody else in a mistak'. The question rather posed Jock's neighbour, who immediately put it to the person next him, and he again to the next, and on went the important query, until all were in possession of it, but none could answer it. At length, one of more happy device than the rest, suggested that Mr Davidson might be recognised by his top-boots. The idea pleased all, and was by all considered infallible, for the fame of Mr Aikin's boots had not yet reached this particular quarter of the country. Satisfied that they had hit upon an unerring mark by which to know their man, the ruffians waited patiently for his approach. At length, after fully two hours' watching, the fall of a footstep broke faintly on their ears; it came nearer and nearer, and became every moment more and more distinct. Breathless with the intensity of their feelings, the conspirators, in dead silence, grasped their cudgels with increased energy, and sunk themselves in the ditch until their eyes were on a level with the ground, that they might at once place the approaching object full before them, and between them and the feeble light which lingered in the western sky. In the meantime, the wayfarer approached; two dim white objects glimmered indistinctly in the darkness. They were instantly recognised to be Mr Davidson's top-boots; a loud shout followed this feeling of conviction; the colliers rushed from their hiding-place, and in the next instant half-a-dozen bludgeons whistled round the ears of the unfortunate wayfarer. The sufferer roared lustily for mercy, but he roared in vain. The blows fell thick and fast upon his luckless head and shoulders, for it was necessary that the work should be done quickly; and a few seconds more saw him lying senseless and bleeding in the

ditch in which his assailants had concealed themselves. Having satisfied their vengeance, the ruffians now fled, leaving their victim behind them in the condition we have described. Morning came, a man was found in a ditch, speechless, and bleeding profusely from several severe wounds on the head and face. He was dragged out, and after cleansing his face from the blood and dirt with which it was incrustated, the unfortunate man was recognised to be—Mr Thomas Aikin.

The cursed boots, and they alone, were the cause of poor Aikin's mischance. He had, indeed, been mauled by mistake, as the reader will have already anticipated. There was no intention whatever on the part of the colliers to do Mr Aikin any injury, for Mr Aikin, in the whole course of his harmless life, had never done them any; indeed, he was wholly unknown to them, and they to him. It was the top-boots, and nothing but the top-boots, that did all the mischief. But to go on with our story. Aikin was carried home, and, through the strength of a naturally good constitution and skilful surgical assistance, recovered so far in six weeks as to be able to go about as usual, although he bore to his grave with him on his face the marks of the violence which he had received, besides being disfigured by the loss of some half-dozen of his front teeth.

The top-boots, which poor Aikin had worn before as articles of dress, and, of course, as a matter of choice, he was now obliged to wear daily from necessity, being, as we have already related, dismissed from his situation in the Excise. One would think that Aikin had now suffered enough for his predilection for top-boots, seeing, at least so far as we can see, that there was no great harm in such an apparently inoffensive indulgence; but Mr Aikin's evil-stars, or his top-boots themselves, we do not know which, were of a totally different opinion, and on this opinion, they forthwith proceeded to act.

Some weeks after the occurrence of the disaster just recorded, the little town of —, where Aikin resided, was suddenly thrown into a state of the utmost horror

and consternation, by the report of a foul murder and robbery having been committed on the highway, and within a short distance of the town; and of all the inhabitants who felt horror-struck on this occasion, there was no one more horrified than Mr Thomas Aikin. The report, however, of the murder and robbery was incorrect, in so far as the unfortunate man was still living, although little more, when found in the morning, for the deed had been committed overnight. Being a stranger, he was immediately conveyed to the principal inn of the town, put to bed, and medical aid called in. The fiscal, on learning that the man was still in existence, instantly summoned his clerk, and, accompanied by a magistrate, hastened to the dying man's bedside, to take down whatever particulars could be learned from him regarding the assault and robbery. After patiently and laboriously connecting the half-intelligible and disjointed sentences which they from time to time elicited from him, they made out that he was a cattle-dealer, that he belonged to Edinburgh, that he had been in Glasgow, and that, having missed the evening coach which plies between the former and the latter city, he had taken the road on foot, with the view of accomplishing one stage, and there awaiting the coming up of the next coach. They further elicited from him that he had had a large sum of money upon him, of which, of course, he had been deprived. The fiscal next proceeded to inquire if he could identify the person or persons who attacked him. He mumbled a reply in the negative.

'How many were there of them?' inquired the magistrate. 'Was there more than one?'

'Only one,' muttered the unfortunate man.

'Was there any peculiarity in his dress or appearance that struck you?' asked the fiscal.

He mumbled a reply, but none of the bystanders could make it out. The question was again put, and both the magistrate and fiscal stooped down simultaneously to catch the answer. After an interval, it came, and what think you it was, good reader? Why, 'top-boots!'

distinctly and unequivocally. The fiscal and magistrate looked at each other for a second, but neither durst venture to hint at the astounding suspicion which the mention of these remarkable objects forced upon them.

‘He wore top-boots, you say!’ again inquired the fiscal, to make sure that he had heard aright.

‘Y-e-s, t-o-p b-o-o-t-s,’ was again the reply.

‘Was he a thin or a stout man?’

‘A stout man.’

‘Young or middle-aged?’

‘Middle-aged.’

‘Tall or short?’

‘Short,’ groaned out the sufferer; and, with that word, the breath of life departed from him.

This event, of course, put an immediate end to the inquiry. The fiscal and magistrate now retired to consult together regarding what was best to be done, and to reconsider the deposition of the murdered man. There was a certain pair of top-boots present to the minds of both, but the wearer of them had hitherto borne an unblemished character, and was personally known to them both as a kind-hearted, inoffensive man. Indeed, up to this hour, they would as soon have believed that the minister of the parish would commit a robbery as Mr Aikin—we say Mr Aikin, for we can no longer conceal the fact, that it was Aikin’s boots, however reluctantly admitted, that flashed upon the minds of the two gentlemen of whom we are now speaking.

‘The thing is impossible, incredible of such a man as Mr Aikin!’ said the magistrate, in reply to the first open insinuation of the fiscal, although, in saying this, he said what was not in strict accordance with certain vague suspicions which had taken possession of his own mind.

‘Why, I should say so too,’ replied the officer of the law, ‘were I to judge by the character which he has hitherto borne; but here,’ he said, holding up the deposition of the murdered man, ‘here are circumstances *which we cannot be warranted in overlooking, let them implicate whom they may.* There is in especial the top-

boots,' went on the fiscal; 'now, there is not another pair within ten miles of us but Aikin's; for Mr Davidson, the only man whom I know that wears them besides, is now in London. There is the personal description, too, exact. And besides all this, bailie,' continued the law-officer, 'you will recollect that Mr Aikin is, and has been out of employment for the last six months; and there is no saying what a man who has a large family upon his hands will do in these circumstances.'

The bailie acknowledged the force of his colleague's observations; but remarked that, as it was a serious charge, it must be gone cautiously and warily about. 'For it wad be,' he said, 'rather a hard matter to hang a man upon nae ither evidence than a pair o' tap-boots.'

'Doubtless it would,' replied the fiscal; 'but here is,' he said, 'a concatenation of circumstances—a chain of evidence, so far as it goes, perfectly entire and connected. But,' he continued, as if to reconcile the bailie to the dangerous suspicion, 'an alibi on the part o' Mr Aikin will set a' to rights, and blaw the hail charge awa like peelins o' ingans; and if he be an innocent man, bailie, he can hae nae difficulty in establishing an alibi.'

Not so fast, Mr Fiscal—not so fast, if you please; this alibi was not so easily established, or rather, it could not be established at all. Most unfortunately for poor Aikin, it turned out, upon an inquiry which the official authorities thought it necessary to set on foot before proceeding to extremities—that is, before taking any decisive steps against the object of their suspicion—that he had been not only absent from his own house until a late hour of the night on which the murder and robbery was committed, but had actually been at that late hour on the very identical road on which it had taken place. The truth is, that Aikin had been dining with a friend who lived about a mile in the country, and, as it unfortunately happened, in the very direction in which the crime had been perpetrated; still, could it not have been shewn that no unnecessary time had elapsed between the moment of his leaving his friend's

house and his arrival at his own? Such a circumstance would surely have weighed something in his favour. So it would, probably; but, alas! even this slender exculpatory incident could not be urged in his behalf; for the poor man, little dreaming of what was to happen, had drunk a tumbler or two more than enough, and had fallen asleep on the road. In short, the fiscal, considering all the circumstances of the case as they now stood, did not think it consistent with his duty either to delay proceedings longer against Aikin, or to maintain any further delicacy with regard to him. A report of the whole affair was made to the sheriff of Glasgow, who immediately ordered a warrant to be made out for the apprehension of Aikin. This instrument was given forth- with into the custody of two criminal officers, who set out directly in a postchaise to execute their commission. Arriving in the middle of the night, they found poor Aikin, wholly unconscious of the situation in which he stood, in bed and sound asleep. Having roused the unhappy man, and barely allowed him time to draw on his top-boots, they hurried him into the chaise, and in little more than an hour thereafter, Aikin was fairly lodged in Glasgow Jail, to stand his trial for murder and robbery, and this mainly, if not wholly, on the strength of his top-boots. The day of trial came. The judge summed up the evidence, and, in an eloquent speech, directed the special attention of the jury to Aikin's top-boots; indeed on these he dwelt so much, and with such effect, that the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoner at the bar, who accordingly received sentence of death, but was strongly recommended to mercy by the jury, as well on the ground of his previous good character, as on that of certain misgivings regarding the top-boots, which a number of the jury could not help entertaining, in despite of their prominence in the evidence which was led against their unfortunate owner. Aikin's friends, who could not be persuaded of his guilt, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial proof with which it was apparently established, availing themselves

of this recommendation of the jury, immediately set to work to second the humane interference; and Providence, in his mercy, kindly assisted them. From a communication which the superintendent of police in Glasgow received from the corresponding officer in Edinburgh about a week after Aikin's condemnation, it appeared that there were more gentlemen of suspicious character in the world who wore top-boots than poor Aikin. The letter alluded to announced the capture of a notorious character—regarding whom information had been received from Bow Street—a flash cove, fresh from London, on a foraying expedition in Scotland. The communication described him as being remarkably well dressed, and, in especial, alluded to the circumstance of his wearing top-boots; concluding the whole, which was indeed the principal purpose of the letter, by inquiring if there was any charge in Glasgow against such a person as they described. The circumstance, by some fortunate chance, reached the ears of Aikin's friends; and in the hope that something might be made of it, they employed an eminent lawyer in Edinburgh to sift the matter to the bottom. In the meantime, the Englishman in the top-boots was brought to trial for another highway robbery, found guilty, and sentenced to death without hope of mercy. The lawyer whom Aikin's friends had employed, thinking this a favourable opportunity for eliciting the truth from him, seeing that he had now nothing more to fear in this world, waited upon the unfortunate man, and, amidst a confession of a long series of crimes, obtained from him that of the murder and robbery for which poor Aikin had been tried and condemned. The consequence of this important discovery was, the immediate liberation of Aikin, who again returned in peace to the bosom of his family. His friends, however, not contented with what they had done, represented the whole circumstances of the case to the Secretary of State for the Home Department; and under the impression that there lay a claim on the country for reparation for the injury, though inadvertent,



which its laws had done to an innocent man, the application was replied to in favourable terms in course of post, and in less than three weeks thereafter, Mr Thomas Aikin was appointed to a situation in the Custom-house in London, worth L.200 a year. His steadiness, integrity, and general good conduct, soon procured him still further advancement; and he finally died, after enjoying his appointment for many years, in the annual receipt of more than double the sum which we have just named. And thus ends the eventful history of Mr THOMAS AIKIN and his *Tor-Boots*.

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#### A RATCLIFFE HEROINE IN REAL LIFE.

In the year 1746, a short time before the battle of Culloden, the castle of —, in the north of Scotland, was inhabited by its then proprietor, Captain D—, a young officer of the royal army, and zealously attached to the house of Brunswick; by his sister, a young lady of a timid disposition and delicate health; and by her particular friend, Miss M—, a daughter of Lord R—, a woman of superior understanding and great resolution, and as much attached to the throne as the proprietor of the castle. This castle, now destroyed, was of great extent, and, from the superstition of the natives of the country, had for many years acquired the reputation of being haunted. Captain D—, who had lately quitted the Duke of Cumberland's army, to which he was shortly to return, appeared for some time extremely thoughtful; and one day, when his sister was confined to her room, he told Miss M— he wished to have some private conversation with her, and to intrust her with a secret which had hitherto been carefully preserved in his family, and never disclosed but from father to son, so that never more than two persons had been in possession of it at the *same time*: that he would have revealed it to his sister, *but that he did not think she possessed strength of mind*

and resolution enough to make the proper use of it; and as the time was now come when it was necessary for this important secret to be confided to some person besides himself, he entreated her, as a friend to his family, to become the depositary of it, and to undertake the necessary engagements attached to the possession of it. Miss M——, unwilling to bind herself to an undertaking of which she did not know the extent, and in which she found that fortitude was a necessary qualification, which necessarily implied it might be attended with dangerous consequences, begged to be excused from a trust of such magnitude as this appeared to be, and wished to decline any further communication on the subject. But Captain D—— was not easily deterred from his purpose, and conjured her, not only by the friendship she professed, and which he knew she had for the family, but if this motive was not sufficiently powerful, by the still more important consideration that the safety, and even the existence of the English army under the Duke of Cumberland, must depend on her resolution and exertion, as he knew no one else at this critical moment in whom he could confide this important secret. Staggered by these forcible arguments, and relying on the well-known honour and integrity of Captain D——, Miss M—— was at length persuaded to give a reluctant consent to her friend's entreaty, and agreed that, after all the inhabitants of the castle were gone to rest, he should call upon her for the fulfilment of her promise. Accordingly, about one o'clock in the morning she heard a gentle tap at the door. She was in trembling expectation of the signal, and leaving the chamber, accompanied by Captain D—— to the library, where he had provided two cloaks, in one of which he wrapped Miss M——, and throwing the other over his own shoulder, took a dark lantern, which he had prepared, and called on her to summon all her resolution, to recollect the vast importance of the duty she had engaged in, and to follow him without fear, as he would lead her into no danger. He then conducted her up several flights of stairs to a part

of the castle she had never been in, and which had never been inhabited in the memory of man. They then descended into the vaults of the castle, and, mounting another flight of steps, found themselves in a court, which they traversed. Miss M——'s courage so completely failed her in the course of their progress, that she stopped, and once more entreated Captain D—— to be relieved from her promise, and permitted to return to her apartment; but he urged her to proceed by every argument in his power, and assured her they were almost arrived at the place of their destination, and had no cause for alarm. Ashamed at her own want of resolution, she once more agreed to proceed if the distance was not great. They reached the opposite corner of the court, and arrived at a low door, at the bottom of a turret, which opened with a key with which he was provided. As soon as Miss M—— had entered this door, he locked it in the inside, took the key with him, and desired her to observe exactly what he did. He then took her up a narrow winding staircase, at the top of which he unlocked a door, and closed it after them, when they found themselves in a small square stone-chamber, which had only one small window, closed by a shutter opposite the door. In the middle of the floor was a large trap-door, to which Captain D—— applied a key, unlocked it, and lifted up the trap, beneath which a sort of ladder staircase led to a chamber below. He went first with his lantern, and assisted Miss M—— to descend; and when she reached the bottom, he informed her they were now arrived at the place concerning which so much secrecy was necessary; that in this room, unknown to any one but himself, were concealed all the title-deeds, papers, and other effects of value belonging to his family; and that this chamber had, in all the troublesome times of which Scotland had unfortunately seen so many, been considered as a secure asylum for any of the family, who, from the distraction of the times, had required such a place of concealment. But this room now contained *what was* of still more importance; for the fate of the

English army depended upon the security of that chamber. The Duke of Cumberland, on his arrival in Scotland, expressed great anxiety for the security of the large sums he had brought with him for the payment of his troops, and other purposes attending so important a crisis. Captain D——, aware of the security of this place of concealment, offered the use of it, which had stood undiscovered for ages, to his Royal Highness, who, well aware of his unshaken loyalty, had willingly accepted it, and intrusted Captain D—— with the concealment of his treasure, from which he would receive weekly supplies without danger or suspicion. Captain D——'s situation in the English army required his presence there; and it was to be the guardian of this secret, and the keeper of this treasure, for which he wanted a person of honour and resolution, which induced him to repose his confidence in Miss M——, who, from her residence with his sister, would excite no suspicion, as the reception of a stranger in the absence of Captain D—— might have done. Miss M——, aware of the importance of the confidence reposed in her, promised to fulfil her engagement, by descending alone every Thursday night to take out such sums and papers as might be necessary, and to deliver them next morning to a servant whom Captain D—— was to despatch from the army to convey them to him. This arrangement being made to Captain D——'s satisfaction, and to Miss M——'s great anxiety, they returned in the same manner they came, to the habitable part of the castle, Captain D—— entreating her to observe exactly what he did in their progress, that she might be sure to proceed in safety. He reconducted her to the chamber, delivered to her the key, and after the most fervent thanks, took his leave, and early the next morning departed for the army. Many were the anxious moments to Miss M—— between the morning of his departure, and the fatal night in which she felt bound, by every tie of honour and duty, to fulfil the engagement she had entered into. Though a woman of great spirit and resolution, she was not totally free from

that superstition for which her countrymen, notwithstanding their strong sense and informed minds, are so remarkable; and the idea of her solitary expedition at night through the uninhabited parts of this remarkable castle, added to the high importance of the charge with which she was intrusted, weighed heavily on her mind, and rendered her less equal to the task. When the eventful night arrived, no fears nor sufferings of the mind could deter her from fulfilling, to the best of her power, the engagements she had entered into; and in the dead of the night, at the time appointed, she left the chamber, with the keys, the cloak, and the dark lantern, with which Captain D—— had furnished her. With hurried steps, and a palpitating heart, she traversed the long passages, mounted and descended the long flights of stairs, passed through the vaults, and at length found herself in the court in which formerly her courage had failed her. She proceeded without a moment's hesitation to the foot of the turret, unlocked the door, and, according to Captain D——'s particular injunctions, locked it in the inside, and taking the key with her, went up the winding staircase. She unlocked the door, and entered the square stone-room; but impatient to complete her task, that she might meet with as few impediments as possible in her return, she did not close and lock the door after her, but left it a little ajar. Finding something particularly close and gloomy in this chamber, she unfastened and opened the window, not considering that her light might possibly betray her. She unlocked and lifted up the trap-door, congratulating herself that her task was nearly completed. She descended with her lantern in her hand, and had already proceeded above half the way down, when she was alarmed on a sudden by a tremendous noise from the chamber above. The trap-door at the same moment was closed with a thundering clap, and terror so completely overwhelmed her, that the lantern fell from her hand, and she sank senseless at the bottom of the steps. She was not hurt by the fall, and when she began to recover, she listened attentively if she could hear any

footsteps or voices that might in any way account for the cause of her alarm; but all was still and silent. After waiting for a considerable time, she began to flatter herself that some accidental cause had created those tremendous sounds. She ventured up the ladder, intending, by lifting up the trap-door, to re-enter the stone-chamber, and, by waiting till daybreak, endeavour to regain the apartment before the family were stirring. But how great was her dismay, how unutterable her anguish, when she found that the trap-door was secured in a firm and immovable manner from above; that no power or force she could use—and her exertions were the last efforts of despair—could move it in the least degree! As the lock was not a spring-lock, there was no way of accounting for what had happened, but by the idea that some rebel or enemy of the family had discovered the fatal secret, and had condemned her to the most painful and lingering of all deaths. Finding all attempts at escape hopeless, and exhausted by her fruitless endeavours, she resigned herself to her fate, and, submitting unrepining to the will of Providence, all earthly hope was past. She felt that she must die, but lost her life in a good cause, and had a conscience free of offence towards God or man. She descended the ladder, wrapped her cloak round her, and feeling herself growing faint, sank on the ground, where her senses forsook her, and she lay motionless at the bottom of the steps. How long she remained in that state is not known; but when, after a lapse of some hours, her senses began to return, she imagined she had already passed from this world to a better, and that she was then in heaven: as her senses grew less confused, she began to distinguish a form bending over her, and concluded it must be an angel come to comfort her. At length she found herself lifted up, and carried up the ladder; and the first breeze of outward air reviving her, she at length began to distinguish surrounding objects. She again found herself in the square stone-chamber, and perceived that she was supported by Captain D—. The whole of her

sufferings appeared like a dream; and it was some time before she could comprehend the cause of the danger, or the means of her deliverance. When she was quite recovered, Captain D—— explained to her that the cause of her alarm arose from her having left the door of the stone-chamber ajar, and having opened the opposite window, a sudden gust of wind had blown open the door with violence, so as not only to knock down the trap-door, but to open beyond it, and cover the hinges in such a manner as rendered it impossible to open it by any effort from below, and it was with considerable difficulty that Captain D—— himself was able to close it so as to enable him to lift up the trap-door. The occasion of his arrival, at so critical a moment, to her deliverance, was that, after he had despatched the servant to fetch the necessary supply, he recollected some papers which were immediately necessary to be provided, and which he had not pointed out to her. He went to her apartment on his arrival, and was alarmed to find her absent, and that no one knew what was become of her. It immediately occurred to him, that some accident must have befallen her in the secret expedition, and he set out in quest of her. He arrived at the door of the turret, which she had locked from within, but he was fortunately provided with a key. The confusion in which he had found the chamber above, and not receiving any answer to his repeated calls, alarmed him extremely: he forced back the door, fastened it, lifted up the trap-door, and at the foot of the steps perceived her lying to all appearance dead, as she had lain in a fainting-fit for some hours. The air, however, soon revived her, and the open window explained the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident to an amiable and deserving woman.

This wonderful escape was related by the heroine, many years after it had happened, to a party of young people, who were relating many alarms they had met with; and she with great truth observed, that few people could relate a tale of more terror than what had happened *to herself* in the memorable year 1746.

## BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

It is observed by a modern writer, in alluding to the general ignorance of mankind respecting the wonders of creation, that the '*neglect of small things*' is the rock on which the great majority of the human race have split; and the aphorism is equally applicable to the domestic and worldly condition of very many individuals. Our readers must all, in the course of their lives, have known one or more persons, upon whose exertions for advancement in life an irremediable ban of misfortune appears to have been laid—who, with every advantage in their favour—natural ability, sober and industrious habits, advantageous situation, good connections—every quality and opportunity, in short, by which people are generally supposed to raise themselves in the world, seem, nevertheless, doomed to a life of unrelieved poverty, hardship, and discomfort. Of these people, it is charitably said by their friends and connections, that 'the world goes against them.' They are represented as the victims of an unhappy destiny, against which it is in vain for them to strive; as beings, in short, specially excluded by Providence from all the chances of worldly prosperity and success enjoyed by their fellow-creatures. Leaving out of view the somewhat heterodox nature of this doctrine, as well as the pernicious and disheartening influence which the propounding of it must have on the minds of youth just preparing for the struggle of life, we will venture to say, that nothing, generally speaking, can be more utterly hollow and fallacious than the conclusion here come to. That there are many really unfortunate people in the world, we are far from being inclined to dispute; nay, if the evil did not far outbalance the good-fortune of life, it would not be what the Almighty decreed it—one of trial, disappointment, and suffering. But where men are driven back, or prevented from getting forward in the world by



a downright series of misfortunes, these are generally so evident and palpable, as to be seen, understood, and sympathised with by their fellow-creatures. With regard to the individuals above spoken of, on the other hand—those whom the world is said to ‘go against,’ and whose lagging behind their fellows in the career of life can be traced to no particular cause—we are convinced that in nine cases out of ten, their ‘unhappy destiny’ is attributable solely to some flaw or imperfection in their own conduct or character. In short, we have great faith in the aphorism of the poet in these matters, that—

‘ We make ourselves our own distress,  
We are ourselves our happiness.’

This fatal bar to advancement in life consists sometimes in a natural inaptitude for the business of it ; but much more frequently from some mismanagement in the finance department—a miscalculation of the expenditure to the ‘ways and means ;’ and, in short, a general want of attention to those little matters of economy by which, to use a homely phrase, the two ends are made to meet. It has been frequently remarked how imperceptibly, but fatally, the giving way to a habit of laying out small sums on unnecessary matters, eats up a man’s means, and we daily see instances of families who, with very limited incomes, by dint of sheer domestic management, not only make a more respectable figure out of doors, but appear even more comfortable and contented within, than others with double or triple their income. As one fact, however, is worth a thousand arguments in what concerns the practical matters of life, we will relate an anecdote illustrative of the present subject, which was lately brought under our observation, and for the truth of which we can with safety vouch :—

In a certain burgh, which it is needless to particularise, wonned a worthy couple, who, by dint of persevering industry, had realised a handsome competency literally out of nothing. Their family consisted of one son, whose *proper settlement* in a respectable way of doing, as they

themselves had retired from the cares of business, was now almost their only earthly concern; and as they had proved, in their own persons, both the misery of poverty and the blessings of independence, they thought they could not do better than rear him to the same line of business in which they had themselves succeeded so well. In process of time, accordingly, Mr Thomas was installed in suitable premises in an excellent locality of the burgh, and an ample and valuable stock of goods was laid in: he was well connected, and still better recommended, through his father's influence; on the latter account, too, his credit stood high in the trading world. In short, no young man in his way of business could possibly start in life with fairer prospects of success. On his own part, nothing seemed wanting to fulfil the expectations entertained by his friends. He was a sober, industrious young man, regular and correct in his private habits, assiduous in attending to his business, and as his goods were both excellent and cheap, his customers every day increased, and every one thought he was rapidly and deservedly realising a fortune. Guess the astonishment, then, of all and sundry, when, in about a year and a half after his opening shop, Mr Thomas —, or rather his worthy sire, found it prudent to close it again; and the friends of the parties learned, that the paternal funds were minus a good many hundred pounds by the speculation? Here was a poser for the trading quidnuncs of the place! The matter was to them perfectly incomprehensible. It seemed like that which had hitherto been supposed an impossibility in nature—an effect without a cause. Mr Thomas had been universally reckoned a perfect pattern of what a man ought to be who wished to thrive in the world. In fact, he had been held up to all the young men in the neighbourhood as a model whereby to fashion their own conduct. Neither was he of an adventurous turn of mind, nor had he met with any serious losses in trade to account for his 'misfortune.' As there was no feasible way, therefore, of explaining the matter, the usual verdict was of course passed upon the occasion—

that, in spite of all Mr Thomas ——'s efforts and industry, '*the world had gone against him.*' He was the victim of *ill-luck*, or, to speak out plainly the meaning of their words, he was one 'doomed by Providence not to thrive in the world;' and all, therefore, agreed in the propriety of his parents withdrawing him, as they did, from the concerns of business to their little rural abode, as they said that '*doing nothing* was still better than doing *ill.*' Shortly after the event took place, a kind-hearted lady, who had been a steady customer and warm patron of Mr Thomas ever since he 'set up,' and had all along admired his exemplary conduct, had occasion to call at his parents' abode about a servant's character, or some such matter, when she took the opportunity of expressing the surprise and regret of herself and friends at what had happened.

'Deed, Mrs ——,' replied the sorrowing dame, 'I'm sure we're a' much obleeged to yersel', and other weel-wushers, for your concern about Tam; but, ye see, the world just gaed against him, and we thocht it better to keep what we had left, than rin the risk of losing a'.' As the visitor did not appear altogether satisfied with this explanation, and seemed anxious to learn in *what way* the world had gone against him, the other continued: 'Aweel, ye see, though Tam's a weel-behaved, industrious lad, he just hadna a way of managing things; and though he could *mak* siller easy enough, he wants the knack to keep it. I never could get him to understand the value o' siller, or to see that it was pence that made pounds—and the long and the short o't is, that Tam, like mony a ane, just *began the world at the wrang end!*'

As this was a mode of proceeding through life which the lady had never heard of before, she begged a more particular explanation, and received the following, to which we would beg the particular attention of all young people in Mr Thomas's situation:—'Ye see, mem, when the guidman and me began the world thegither, we were *just as bare as we weel could be—hardly as sixpence to*

rub against anither, and no a friend to gie us a helping hand. So, mem, we just suited our way o' living to our circumstances, and contented ourselves wi' a drap parritch and milk i' the morning, a herring and a potato, or sae, to our dinner, and our parritch at nicht again. By and by, as we began to mak a little, we had some guid broth and meat at dinner-time, and after that a wee, we ventured on a drap tea in the morning. As things got better wi' us, the guidman wad whiles send hame a lamb-leg for our Sunday's dinner; and od, mem, before a' was dune, we used sometimes to treat ourselves to a *chuckie*. Now, ye see, mem, our Tam took the clean contrair way o' going about things—he began wi' the *chuckie*!

We now never hear of young men, placed in an advantageous situation for getting forward in the world, but who nevertheless, and without any apparent cause for their bad success, are unable to 'get their head above water,' but we are apt to suspect that they have '*begun with the chuckie*.'

## A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we; or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity; or, at the most, belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of Providence. For every particular evil

which besets us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread?—then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth?—then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessaries of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblessed with the possession of children?—we pine to see the superabundance which characterises another family, where they are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives?—we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot, but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish, that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that, even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for beholding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the university of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who *never failed* to mark with delight the progress he had

made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness, which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe the solicitude with which a mother—and 'she a widow' (to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last-surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment, permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he comes on horseback, she hears the footfall of the animal, while it is as yet far beyond the ken of ordinary ears: if he be walking, she knows the sound of his foot upon the threshold, though confounded, to all other listeners, amidst the throng of his companions. Let him come into her room on ordinary occasions never so softly, she distinguishes him by his very breathing—his lightest respiration—and knows it is her son. Her entire being is bound up in his, and the sole gorgon thought at which she dare not look, is the idea of his following the goodly and pleasant company with whom she has already parted for the grave. Such exactly were the feelings of the Neapolitan mother respecting her noble and beloved—her *only* son.

It chanced, however, that, just when he was about to return to Naples, perfected in all the instruction which could be bestowed upon him, he was seized suddenly by a dangerous sickness, which, notwithstanding the efforts of the best physicians in Bologna, brought him in three days to the brink of the grave. Being assured that he could not survive, his only care, so far as concerned the living world, was for his mother, who, he feared, would suffer very severely from her loss, if not altogether sink

under it. It was his most anxious wish that some means should be used to prevent her being overpowered by grief; and an expedient for that purpose at length suggested itself to him. He wrote a letter to his mother, informing her of his illness, but not of its threatening character, and requesting that she would send him a shirt made by the happiest lady in all Naples, or she who appeared most free of the cares and sorrows of this world, for he had taken a fancy for such an article, and had a notion that, by wearing it, he would be speedily cured. The countess thought her son's request rather odd; but being loath to refuse anything that would give him even a visionary satisfaction, she instantly set about her inquiry after the happiest lady in Naples, with the view of requesting her kind offices after the manner described. Her inquiry was tedious and difficult; everybody she could think of, or who was pointed out to her, was found, on searching nearer, to have her own share of troubles. For some time, she almost despaired; but having nevertheless persevered, she at length was introduced to one—a middle-aged married lady—who not only appeared to have all the imaginable materials of worldly bliss, but bore every external mark of being cheerful and contented in her situation. To this fortunate dame, the countess preferred her request, making the circumstances of the case her only excuse for so strange an application. 'My dear countess,' said the lady, 'spare all apology, for, if I had really been qualified for the task, I would most gladly have undertaken it. But if you will just follow me to another room, I will prove to you that I am the most *miserable* woman in Naples.' So saying, she led the mother to a remote chamber, where there was nothing but a curtain which hung from the ceiling to the floor. This being drawn aside, she disclosed, to the horror of her visitor, a skeleton hanging from a beam! 'Oh, dreadful!' exclaimed the countess; 'what means this?' The lady looked mournfully at her, and, after a minute's silence, gave the following explanation. 'This,' she said, 'was a youth who

loved me before my marriage, and whom I was obliged to part with, when my relations compelled me to marry my present husband. We afterwards renewed our acquaintance, though with no evil intent, and my husband was so much infuriated at finding him one day in my presence, as to draw his sword and run him through the heart. Not satisfied with this, he caused him to be hung up here, and every night and morning since then, has compelled me to come and survey his remains. To the world, I may bear a cheerful aspect, and seem to be possessed of all the comforts of life; but you may judge if I can be really entitled to the reputation which you have attributed to me, or be qualified to execute your son's commission.'

The Countess Corsini readily acknowledged that her situation was most miserable, and retired to her own house, in despair of obtaining what she was in quest of, seeing that, if an apparently happy woman had such a secret sorrow as this, what were those likely to have who bore no such appearance? 'Alas,' she said to herself, 'no one is exempt from the disasters and sorrows of life—*there is a skeleton in every house!*'

When she reached home, she found a letter conveying intelligence of her son's death, which in other circumstances would have overturned her reason, or broken her heart, but, prepared as she was by the foresight of her son, produced only a rational degree of grief. When the first acute sensations were past, she said resignedly to herself, that, great as the calamity was, it was probably no greater than what her fellow-creatures were enduring every day, and she would therefore submit with tranquillity.

The application of this tale, tinged as it is with the peculiar hue of continental manners and ideas, must be easy to every one of our readers. They must see how great a fallacy it is to suppose that others are, more generally than ourselves, spared any of the common mishaps of life, or that *we*, in particular, are under the doom of a severe fate. They may be assured that,



beneath many of the most gorgeous shows of this world, there lurk terrible sores, which are not the less painful that they are unseen. The very happiest-looking men and women, the most prosperous mercantile concerns, have all their secret cankers and drawbacks. The pride of the noble, the luxury of the opulent, even the dignity and worship of the crown, all have a *something* to render them, if it were known, less enviable than they appear. We never, for our part, enter upon any glittering and magnificent scene, or hear of any person who is reputed to be singularly prosperous or happy, but we immediately think of the probability which exists, that our own humble home and condition, disposed as we sometimes may be to repine about them, comprise just as much of what is to be desired by a rational man as the other. Even in those great capitals, where affluence and luxury are so wonderfully concentrated, and all the higher orders appear so singularly well lodged and fed and attended to, we cannot help looking to the other side, and imagining for every one his own particular misery. The houses appear like palaces; but the idlest spectator may be assured of it, as one of the incontrovertible decrees of Providence, *that there is a skeleton in every one of them.*

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## D A V I E.

SOME time in the year 1832, the family of Mr Hope of Kelbank, in Perthshire, had occasion to pay a visit to the continent. Of this family it is unnecessary to say more than that it consisted, while settled in Scotland, of Mr and Mrs Hope, with one son and two daughters, all grown up. On the present occasion, the son, Mr George, was intrusted with the charge of the family, as the old gentleman was obliged by business to remain at home *for a time*, with the intention, however, of speedily joining

the rest at Rome. Mr George was an elegant and dashing young man, had spent two fashionable winters in Edinburgh, and in particular, had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Baron Damas, an official in the court of Charles X., at Holyrood House.

When Mrs Hope had determined upon the jaunt, she engaged a favourite female servant, by name Margaret, to accompany her abroad; and till a few days before the time appointed for setting out, nothing occurred to mar this arrangement. It was found, however, almost at the last, that Margaret had a 'lad,' from whom she could on no account part: good wages and foreign sights were no doubt tempting, and a bargain was a thing not to be lightly broken: but what were all these to plighted love? Margaret, in short, could not go. Mrs Hope found it impossible, in the very brief time which now remained, to engage another female servant. It occurred to her, however, as a last resource, that a certain clever little stable-boy, whom they had had for two or three years about the house, and who usually went by the familiar name of Davie, might be brushed up into a tolerably good foot-boy, provided he would consent to go. No sooner thought of than acted on. Davie was instantly called into the presence of his master and mistress, and asked if he had any objections to going abroad as a waiting-man, instead of remaining at home as only an attendant upon horses. The little fellow brightened at the very mention of such a thing. Objection!—Davie would go to the end of the world with his mistress—if his father and mother would only let him. Mr Hope dismissed the boy with commendations at once for his readiness, and his deference to the will of his parents, and immediately riding over the country to the place where Davie's friends resided, easily prevailed upon them to allow their son to go abroad.

Behold the family party, then, squired by Davie, setting out on their tour to the continent.

In order that the remainder of our story should have its proper force, we must premise that Davie was essentially

a Scotch village-boy. He was one of those little Flibbertigibbets—to use one of Sir Walter's ideas—who are always to be seen flying about small towns in Scotland, with bare feet and fluttering attire, working all kinds of mischief against cats and poultry, fishing for eels, and tying their skins by way of trophy round their ankles, darkened by the sun to the tinge of a filbert, and unconscious of any evil on earth except the Shorter Catechism. Such only, however, was Davie, previous to his being reduced to servitude under Mr Hope. He had since then been put into proper externals—had learned to do a little in the way of serving a table—could whistle the hunting-song in *Der Freischutz*, and even already had manifested a tendency to that jockeyish coxcombry which consists in turning the row of knee-buttons towards the front. In former times, Davie's sun-bleached hair was arranged above the brow in a curious radiating fashion, which bears in Scotland an equally curious vaccine name; but now he had learned to train it neatly forwards, after a manner approved of by various persons of his own rank and station in life—and, upon the whole, he was a fair good-looking boy, though as yet in no respect superior in natural or acquired gifts to the humble duties which it was his lot to perform.

At the French ambassador's office in London, the family obtained a general passport, which expressed that they were going to Rome on business, and in which the redoubtable Davie was of course included as their servant. Nothing particular occurred till they arrived at a hotel in Paris, when, as they were about to sit down to take some refreshment, Miss Hope happened to cast a glance through the window, and saw a troop of gendarmes ranked up in front of the house. 'Surely,' said she, 'there must be some unusually distinguished person in this hotel—see what a fine guard of honour he has at the door!'

At that moment two of the said gendarmes entered the room, with a low bow; and while one stood as erect

as a poker, the other, who appeared to be the commanding-officer of the party, said very politely in French: 'Sir, and ladies, I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing you, that you must consider yourselves under arrest.'

The astonishment of our honest Scotch friends may be conceived at this unexpected and unaccountable turn of affairs. 'Under arrest!' exclaimed young Mr Hope; 'for what?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' answered the Frenchman; 'it is suspected by the French government that you have brought the Duc de Bourdeaux in your party from Holyrood House. I can but do my duty by putting you all under arrest. I think, sir, you are not all here: one of the individuals described in your passport seems to be wanting. *He* must be immediately had.'

The mystery all at once flashed upon the mind of the younger Miss Hope, who exclaimed, in a transport in which mirth struggled with wonder: 'George, I declare it's Davie!'

'Davie!' said her brother; 'what of Davie?'—for the idea was so far beyond all natural likelihood and feasibility, that he could not yet comprehend it.

'Why, Davie,' replied Miss Hope, 'Davie is supposed to be the Duc de Bourdeaux in disguise.'

At this explanation, the whole party, excepting the Frenchmen, and Davie himself, who at that moment came in with a tray, burst into a fit of laughter, which hardly experienced any check even from the fear of a little temporary trouble. Davie taken for the Duc de Bourdeaux! Davie a legitimate but disinherited sovereign! Davie, who but yesterday was stable-boy at Kelbank, and is even, at this moment, all unconscious of his honours, engaged in the humble duty of marshalling vinegar and mustard-cruets! The idea was too ludicrous. It was more than the risible faculties of man could well bear; and we verily believe, that though the party had seen the muskets of the National Guard levelled at them, they must still have laughed. After their merriment had

passed the first burst, Mr Hope went up to the commandant, who was looking always graver and graver, and politely begged his pardon for what might appear to him as scarcely the conduct appropriate to the occasion. 'I must really say, however, that the notion which the French government has formed as to our poor little waiting-boy, is so *outré*—so *bizarre*—that some little mirth is hardly avoidable.'

'Pardonnez moi,' said the Frenchman; 'the description in the passport answers exactly to the Duc de Bourdeaux; it is known also to the French government that you, Monsieur Hope, was a visitor at Holyrood House. When these circumstances are taken in connection with the known intention of the ex-king to remove immediately from Scotland, it appears to me as if the probability were pretty strong.'

'Well, sir,' rejoined Mr Hope, 'here is the boy himself; take a good look at him; examine him by question or otherwise; shew him to any person who may have seen the Duc de Bourdeaux before he left France. And if this be the illustrious personage you suspect him to be, I will be happy to submit to the consequences, however disagreeable.'

Davie, who had stood for some time in a state of complete bewilderment, with a bread-knife arrested in his surprised hand, and his eye fixed alarmfully on his master—though his sensations referred rather to the gestures than the language—was now brought forward by Mr Hope, and subjected to the scrutiny of the soldiers, none of whom, however, were able to identify him.

'Comment vous appelez-vous?' said the commandant, with an evident mixture of involuntary respect in what would have otherwise been the blunt question of a person in authority.

Davie only stared, for the very good reason, that he did not understand the question. His master, however, having explained to him that the gentleman wished to know his name, the supposed duke answered, in a

strong Scotch accent: 'Davie Fairbairn, if it please ye, sir.'

'Ah, bien,' said the Frenchman in the same tone; 'et qui sont vos parens?'

This being likewise interpreted, Davie answered in all simplicity: 'My father is the sutor at Collace, and my mother keeps the public.'

When this was explained to the interrogator, he elevated his eyebrows with an incredulous expression, and asked if he had been long in the service of his present master.

'Ou, sir, I've been three year 'gain Martinmas wi' auld Mr Hope—I was the groom's right-hand man, sir; but now I'm promoted to wait on the ladies; and I'm gaun wi' them to Eetaly.'

'Mon prince,' said the commandant with a mock obeisance, 'vous avez employé bien votre temps en Ecosse. J'aperçois que vous avez appris à la perfection la langue.' [My prince, you have employed your time well in Scotland—I perceive you have learned the language to perfection.]

The gravity of the family was here once more fairly overthrown, and they laughed long and loud, notwithstanding the evidently rising wrath of the two soldiers.

At length, mastering his mirth, Mr Hope proposed to go with the supposed pretender to the throne of France, otherwise called Davie Fairbairn, under a guard to the residence of the intendant of police, where he conceived they would be sure to find some one qualified to decide the matter in question. To this the commandant consented, and they accordingly departed in a coach—Davie sitting as proud as a peacock in the back seat, between two of the soldiers, while a detachment was left to guard the ladies in the hotel. They were speedily introduced to the intendant—a very dignified-looking person—who, having been informed of the case, set it at once to rest by declaring—what he had every reason to be sure of—that *Davie was not the duke*.

Mr Hope and his man were then liberated, with many

polite expressions of regret, and conducted back to the hotel, under every mark of respect. The former was advised, however, when he called next day at the British ambassador's, to get a separate passport for Davie, for the rest of their journey, as the circumstances which had already marked him out for suspicion might operate elsewhere, and be productive of serious inconvenience to the family. Mr Hope obeyed this counsel; but it was found unnecessary. The story of the mistake at Paris had taken wind, and was known wherever they halted. Davie was, accordingly, treated all through France as a sort of lion—people seeming to feel a kind of interest in one who *might have turned out to be* Henry V.







"Sweet maiden," said the soldier, "I desist; but gold is not the god that Alaric the Goth worships." At this tremendous name, the terror-stricken maiden fell senseless to the ground.

—VOL. VIII., page 143.

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# CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.

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## MARY STUART.

THREE hundred years ago, there were two reigning queens in our island—Elizabeth Tudor in England, and Mary Stuart in Scotland—both independent sovereigns, yet each in a remarkable manner connected with the other, and concerned in events which are only now beginning to be properly understood. It may seem strange, that three centuries should have been required to clear up facts the property of history, and which have a thousand times been discussed by men of the shrewdest intelligence. The apparent wonder is explained by the tardy manner in which documentary evidence has come to light. The historians of last century had not the good-fortune to obtain access to the various stores of state-papers at home and abroad, and were almost necessarily obliged to accept the facts and conclusions of their predecessors. Besides, a number of them wrote from national or sectarian bias, and allowed their imagination to give a colour to circumstances. Only in the present day are these imperfections manifest. A rigorous search among state-papers—such as secret letters of ambassadors,

and epistolary correspondence of the parties chiefly concerned—has materially altered the aspect of the great historical events of the sixteenth century. In a word, after a world of doubting, partiality, and misapprehension, truth has come out at last; and this truth, drawn from the latest authorities, we are now going to state, for the sake of those whose unacquaintance with recent disclosures keeps them somewhat in the dark respecting certain events in the history of the two rival queens. Our concern is first and principally with the queen of Scotland.

Mary Stuart was born at Linlithgow on the 8th of December 1542, a few days previous to the death of her father, James V. Thus, Mary was a queen almost from the moment of her birth. Her relationship to the English royal family, which had such an important influence on her destiny, must be distinctly understood. Henry VII., with a view to strengthening his power, effected a marriage with his daughter Margaret and James IV. of Scotland. James V., the son of this pair, was therefore nephew of Henry VIII., and cousin of Elizabeth, to whom, consequently, the young Queen of Scots stood in the relationship of second-cousin. As the Tudor family was exhausted in the person of Elizabeth, the nearest heir to the English crown was Mary Stuart, claiming through Margaret, her grandmother. Unfortunately, as will be afterwards seen, Mary was not satisfied with being heir-presumptive of the English monarchy, but put forth an absolute claim for immediate possession, on the ground that Elizabeth was illegitimate. The question of Elizabeth's legitimacy is one of the most curious things in history. Her father, Henry VIII., had married Catherine of Aragon, widow of his brother Arthur, Prince of Wales. A dispensation from the pope was procured, in order to legalise the marriage; and if such was consistent with the law at the time, no objection can be founded on it. Some years afterwards, however, Henry, in order to marry Anne Boleyn, applied to the pope to annul this unfortunate marriage, by sanctioning a divorce. The pope long

hesitated, from a fear of giving offence to Catherine's Spanish relations; and Henry becoming impatient, annulled the marriage by his own royal will. This act, as is well known, provoked the resentment of the pope; and Henry, to cut the matter short, threw off allegiance to Rome, and declared himself head of the English church. Whether a divorce in these circumstances was strictly legal, may be gravely doubted: as far as history is concerned, it is sufficient for us to know, that by the Roman Catholics of the period the divorce was pronounced to be invalid and irregular; with this necessary consequence, that Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, was illegitimate, and that Mary Stuart was the rightful claimant of the English crown. One can now look back coolly upon these contentions, and at the same time see that it was a great misfortune for the young Queen of Scots to be placed in the false position she occupied towards her relation, Elizabeth. From her very cradle, she was flattered with the notion that she was queen of England as well as queen of Scotland; and this really became the blight of her existence—the thing which was intimately connected with her ultimate ruin.


Mary Stuart was the daughter of a most unfortunate line of kings. For hundreds of years, the Scottish sovereigns had maintained a desperate struggle against the English on the one side, and the native aristocracy on the other. Possessed of no standing army to fortify their authority, they depended on the assistance of the nobles, with their feudal retainers; and to keep their place, they were constantly under the necessity of playing off one party against the other, without gaining permanent strength by the alliance. These nobles were what we should now describe as men altogether devoid of conscientiousness. Not one of them seemed to possess anything like genuine patriotism; they were treacherous and rapacious, and kept the country in continual disorder with their crimes. With all their address, the kings could barely manage to maintain the royal succession. Two of them, James I. and III., were assassinated;



other two, James II. and IV., fell in battle; and James V. died in a stupor of despair. At a period of civil and religious distraction, Mary, the descendant of an ill-fated race, made her appearance in the world.

While a baby of nine months, Mary was crowned at Stirling by Cardinal Beaton; and shortly after this farce, as if her birth was to produce nothing but disaster, Henry VIII. proclaimed war against Scotland, because Mary's guardians would not agree to a treaty for her marriage with his son Edward, also an infant. Nothing can be more significant of the rudeness of men's nature in these times than the fact, that for no other reason than their refusal of this ridiculous match, the Scotch had their territory ravaged, and suffered enormous loss of life. Of course, this senseless war did much to create a hatred of England in the Scottish mind, and it was subsequently the cause of serious national troubles; for it led to an alliance of Scotland with France, which was long a grievance to the English monarchy. It also proved injurious to the young Queen of Scots. Fearful for her safety, she was removed from place to place; and finally, when eight years of age, she was shipped off to France, by her mother, the Queen-Regent. This lady was Mary of Lorraine, a connection of the king of France, who gladly gave refuge to the young Queen of Scots, and took charge of her education.

At the court of France, Mary grew up with many personal and mental attractions. She was tall, beautiful, intelligent, and witty; possessed a remarkable taste for poetry and music, and wrote several languages with elegance. The atmosphere of the French court was, however, decidedly vicious. Mary had constantly bad examples before her eyes, and acquired loose opinions on moral and domestic obligations. She likewise was bred up with an intense attachment to the Roman Catholic faith, and the divine right of sovereigns, and was consequently ill suited to an age which had the Reformation for its prevailing feature. While still a girl of fifteen, she was, in the month of April 1558,



married to Francis, the dauphin of France—an event that seemed likely to separate her for ever from her native country. On this occasion, she signed a written pledge to certain Scottish commissioners, that her alliance with France should in no respect infringe on the independence and integrity of Scotland; while, to her everlasting disgrace, she had only a few days previously subscribed a secret treaty with Henry II., annexing Scotland, in all time coming, to the crown of France, and that the pledge to be given to the Scottish commissioners should be considered worthless. This act of treachery may be called the first departure from rectitude of Mary Stuart.

Mary had been married only a few months, when Elizabeth ascended the throne of England; and as Elizabeth was considered to be illegitimate, and incapable of ruling, the court of France induced Mary and her husband to quarter the arms of England with those of Scotland—a circumstance which, as a matter of course, affronted Elizabeth, and put her in a state of unappeasable hostility with Mary. On the death of Henry II., in 1560, the dauphin became king, as Francis II.; and now Mary Stuart was Queen of France and Scotland, to which she added the style and title of Queen of England, and was addressed as such. But this exalted position she occupied only six months. Her husband died, and, as far as France was concerned, she was only a dowager-queen, with a pension, which in after-life appears to have been her only pocket-money.

We now approach those incidents in the life of this unfortunate princess, on which her character is mainly to be founded. Mary returned to her native country, of which she knew hardly anything from personal recollection. She landed at Leith on the 19th of August 1561, and was immediately escorted to the palace of Holyrood.

The young Queen of Scots was received with acclamations by her subjects, between whom, however, and herself there was little real sympathy. Some time

previously, the Reformation had been effected by a gust of popular sentiment, under the direction of a party among the nobility and gentry, who largely profited by a division of the church property—the poor presbyters of Knox receiving but a small share of the ecclesiastical spoil, and the people still less. In the unseemly struggle at this juncture, the successful party was opposed by a faction equally desperate in trying to recover what was in the course of passing from its hands. In short, the leading men of the time were divided; and to preserve authority between the two—state-necessity pulling one way, and prejudice another—was Mary's pressing difficulty. Then, there were jealousies on account of her retaining a few foreign domestics; and, worse than all, she adhered to the Romish ritual in despite of all remonstrances. In vain did she plead for the same liberty of worship she accorded to others. Such licence was totally irreconcilable with the notions of the period; and, to her surprise, Mary found herself criticised and rebuked for what she had been taught to consider the most innocent enjoyments. Music and dancing, and other recreations, were denounced as sinful, or worse than useless. It is clear that Mary, with her accomplishments in music and versification, was entirely out of her element in Holyrood House. Had she come to Scotland three hundred years later, all would have been well; for her successor in the present era is actually applauded for what was in her case a subject of the gravest censure.

For about three years after her arrival in Scotland, Mary led the life of a young widow—gay, as far as that was possible in the midst of a general rudeness and severity; and who should be her second husband was a subject of pretty frequent cogitation. All the young princes in Europe seem to have been talked of, one after the other; but in the end, to the astonishment of most people, the queen fixed upon an inexperienced youth of nineteen—she having arrived at the more *mature age* of twenty-three. One can hardly divine the

cause of this attachment for the young Lord Darnley. He was a raw 'long lad,' perhaps a little handsome in figure, but of no settled principle, and somewhat of a sot and a blockhead. Could it be that Darnley had the recommendation of being next heir-presumptive, after herself, to the crown of England and Scotland? He was son of the Earl of Lennox, who had married Lady Margaret Douglas, the daughter of the Earl of Angus and Margaret Tudor, widow of James IV. Darnley was thus cousin, at two removes, to Elizabeth and Mary; and, in the crooked policy of the period, the union of interests with a rival claimant of the English crown was considered a fair arrangement. The match was very much disliked; but Mary acted with resolute determination—married she would be to Darnley in spite of all opponents, and married she was to him on the 29th of July 1565.

We will not go into the political events which ensued on this unfortunate marriage, but pass on to certain tragic circumstances connected with the private life of the queen. Mary retained about her person, as private secretary for foreign correspondence, a young Italian, named David Rizzio, who had formerly served in the capacity of valet to a nobleman, but possessed qualifications for a higher post. The selection of this person as a private adviser gave immense offence to a party of nobles, and these easily induced Darnley, whose habits had already offended the queen, to enter into a conspiracy to murder Rizzio. The plot was too successful. The poor Italian was dragged from a small evening party in Mary's cabinet, and assassinated, March 9, 1566. The Earl of Morton, Lord Ruthven, and several other noblemen, with two hundred armed men, were concerned in this disgraceful outrage.

Enraged at the indignity which she had suffered, and alarmed for her own personal safety, Mary was for a moment roused to a sense of her royal authority, and proceeded to take some steps towards an investigation of the conspiracy, in which she shrewdly suspected that her

husband was concerned. To allay her suspicions, and, if possible, restore himself to favour, Darnley protested his innocence, and gave her the names of certain officers of state who had promoted the murder. This breach of faith only brought about his ruin. The conspirators, in self-defence, shewed two bonds subscribed by Darnley; determining that Rizzio should be murdered, and that Mary should be forced to confer on him the crown-matrimonial. By this revelation of Darnley's complicity, he now stood before the queen a cowardly liar, an ungrateful husband, a traitor, and an assassin. Already had he become offensive by his drunken revelries. Henceforth, therefore, Mary regarded him with feelings of horror and disgust. Banished from her presence, he now lived an exile from the court, and spent most of his time in distant parts of the country. Sunk in character, and hopeless, he for some time spoke of leaving the kingdom. A new current was given to his thoughts by Mary giving birth to a son, at Stirling, on the 19th of June 1566. The appearance of this royal infant, who afterwards became James I. of England, was not hailed as an auspicious event by Darnley; for in his own son he recognised a new and preferable heir to two crowns; and as he manifested a strong desire to obtain access to the child, it was put under careful guardianship.

On a consideration of these facts, it will appear that Mary's alienation from Darnley was not altogether justifiable. Having married him entirely to please herself, and it may be said with a knowledge of his slender mental endowments, it surely was her duty to adhere to him; to reclaim him, if possible, from his unfortunate habits; or at all events, not to render matters worse by her levity and indifference. Without extenuating the faults of Darnley, we can therefore pity him for the luckless circumstances in which he was placed. Efforts at reconciliation were made by him, without avail; and he finally retired to Glasgow, where he was attacked with small-pox, and for a time his life was despaired of.

We now enter upon a terrible and mysterious chapter in Mary's history. She had barely recovered from her confinement in the summer of 1566, when she began to entertain a fatal passion for James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, a young man of thirty years of age, and owning considerable possessions. Bothwell was a person of enterprising and unscrupulous character. Already, he was married to Lady Jane Gordon, sister of the Earl of Huntly. Neither this circumstance, however, nor that of Mary being herself a married woman, seems to have in the slightest degree checked the most unbecoming familiarities. Bothwell having been wounded in a personal encounter, while engaged in suppressing disorder on the Borders, Mary visited him in the castle of Hermitago; wrote letters to him; and lastly, so great was her sorrow for his illness, that she fell into a violent fever, and believed herself to be dying. Slowly she recovered, and Bothwell also was restored to health. There now arose an anxiety on the part of Mary to get rid of Darnley by fair means or foul. A divorce was at first thought of, but dismissed as impracticable. Relief came from an unexpected quarter. Ruthven, and other murderers of Rizzio, with a view of restoring themselves to favour, made it known to Lethington, Mary's prime minister, that they were willing to aid in any plan for ridding the queen of Darnley. This fact was communicated to Mary by Lethington, who also stated that her natural brother, the Earl of Murray, 'would look through his fingers' at any deed that might be resolved on. A plot, called in history the Craigmillar Conspiracy, was now entered into for the murder of Darnley, in which Bothwell was the moving agent, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of St Andrews, Lord Caithness, and several persons of different ranks. The part which Mary performed in this horrible affair has been thoroughly exposed by Mignet, the latest historian on the subject. No longer can there be the smallest doubt that she was the truly guilty instigator and promoter of her husband's assassination.

Poor Darnley was still an invalid in Glasgow. To his extreme surprise, he received an unexpected visit from the queen, who lavished upon him marks of strong affection, and in the fulness of his joy at being restored to favour, 'professed sincere repentance for all his errors, ascribed his faults to his youth and inexperience, and promised to act more prudently for the future. He also expressed his extreme delight at seeing her once more by his side, and begged her never to leave him again. Mary then proposed to convey him in a litter to Craigmillar [a castle near Edinburgh], as soon as he was strong enough to travel; and he declared his readiness to accompany her.' Two days after this interview, Mary wrote to Bothwell, giving an account of her deceptious proceedings, and stating that she was willing to obey him in all things. Referring to Darnley, she observes: 'If I had not known from experience that his heart is soft as wax, and mine as hard as diamond, I should almost have taken pity on him.' One cannot but be shocked with the heartless perfidy of this epistle, which indubitably demonstrates that Mary sacrificed dignity and every honourable feeling for the gratification of her wishes.

In a few days, Darnley was able to travel. Carried in a litter by easy stages to Edinburgh, he was conducted by Mary to a small country-house, situated on the sloping ground south of the city, now covered by the buildings of the University. This house, called the Kirk-of-Field, belonged to Sir James Balfour, a creature of Bothwell, and was put at the disposal of the conspirators. Darnley did not object to this change of destination. He had some misgiving as to his safety, and a dwelling near the town was, on the whole, preferred by him to Craigmillar. The selection of the Kirk-of-Field as the residence of this unfortunate being, may in itself be considered an evidence of the determination to despatch him. Although solitary, the house was accessible, and otherwise convenient for the execution of a deadly purpose. It consisted of three floors. The first, or cellar floor, was

used as a kitchen; the second was a room prepared as a bedroom for the queen; and on the third was an apartment fitted up for Darnley, and a closet for his three servants—Taylor, Nelson, and Edward Simons. Here the royal party were installed, while Bothwell made his arrangements for the murder. His scheme was soon perfected, and involved the assistance of his chamberlain, Dalgleish, his servant, Paris, his tailor, Wilson, his porter, Powrie, James, Laird of Ormiston, with his brother Robert, and two men-at-arms, Hay of Tallo, and Hepburn of Bolton. With the assistance of Paris, he got false keys made to enable him to enter the house at pleasure. The design was to blow it up with gunpowder, which should be placed in the queen's apartment, immediately beneath that part of the floor above on which stood Darnley's bed. To accommodate this diabolical design, Mary ordered her own bed to be removed to an opposite corner of the room, and caused certain articles of value to be taken away, so that they should not be destroyed.

Having now arrived at the most critical part of this dark history, we shall suffer Mignet to relate what followed. On the Sunday (February 9, 1567), the queen came to spend the evening with Darnley, 'whom she had assured that she would remain in Balfour's house during the night. Whilst she was talking familiarly with him in the room upstairs, the preparations for his death were actively going on below. On the previous evening, Hepburn had brought the barrel containing the powder into the nether hall of the lodging occupied by Bothwell in Holyrood Abbey. Before evening, on Sunday, Bothwell had assembled all his accomplices in that same room, had concerted his plan with them, and had allotted to each the part he was to perform in the nocturnal tragedy. At about ten o'clock in the evening, the sacks of powder were carried across the gardens by Wilson, Powrie, and Dalgleish, as far as the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, where they were received by Hay of Tallo, Hepburn, and Ormiston, and conveyed into Balfour's house by the assistance of Paris. As soon as the powder had been



strewed in heaps over the floor of the room, just beneath the king's bed, Ormiston went away, but Hepburn and Hay of Tallo remained with their false keys in the queen's bedchamber. When all was ready, Paris went up into the king's room, and the queen then recollected that she had promised to be present at a masquerade given in Holyrood Palace, in honour of the marriage of her servant Bastian with Margaret Carwood, one of her favourite women. She therefore took farewell of the king, left the house with her suite, including Bothwell, and proceeded by torch-light to Holyrood. Darnley beheld her departure with grief and secret fear. The unhappy prince, as though foreboding the mortal danger by which he was threatened, sought consolation in the Bible, and read the 55th psalm, which contained many passages adapted to his peculiar circumstances. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his young page, lying beside him in the same apartment.

Bothwell remained for some time at the ball, but stole away about midnight to join his confederates. He changed his rich costume of black velvet and satin for a dress of common stuff, and left his apartments, followed by Dalgleish, Paris, Wilson, and Powrie. In the hope of attracting less attention, he went down the staircase which led from Holyrood into the queen's garden, and directed his course towards the southern gate. The two sentinels on guard, seeing a party of men coming along this unusual path at so late an hour, challenged them. 'Who goes there?' 'Friends!' answered Powrie. 'Whose friends?' demanded one of the sentinels. 'Friends of Lord Bothwell!' was the answer. On this they were allowed to proceed, and going up the Canongate, found that the Netherbow gate, by which they intended to leave the city, was shut. Wilson immediately awoke John Galloway, the gatekeeper, calling to him to "open the port to friends of Lord Bothwell." Galloway, in surprise, inquired what they were doing out of their beds at that time of night. They made no answer, but passed on. Bothwell intended to have taken up Ormiston

as they passed; but the laird, though he had assisted in conveying the powder into the king's house, had gone to bed, and would not answer the summons, as he feared his participation in the murder might bring him to the scaffold, which it actually did a few years after. Continuing his route as far as Blackfriars' Wynd, Bothwell left Powrie, Wilson, and Dalgleish at this point, and proceeded with Paris alone to Kirk-of-Field, where he waited for Hepburn and Hay of Tallo in Balfour's garden.

'It was at this moment, we have every reason to believe, that the two murderers concealed within the house perpetrated their crime. By the aid of their false keys, they gained access into the king's apartment. On hearing the noise, Darnley jumped out of bed in his shirt and pelisse, and endeavoured to escape. But the assassins seized and strangled him. His page was put to death in the same manner; and their bodies were carried into a small orchard near at hand, where they were found on the next morning, unscathed by fire or powder, the king covered by his shirt only, and the pelisse lying by his side. After the execution of this dark deed, Hepburn lighted the match which communicated with the gunpowder in the lower room, and the house was blown up, in order completely to obliterate all traces of the murder. Bothwell, Hepburn, Hay of Tallo, and the other bandits, went to a little distance to await the explosion, which occurred about a quarter of an hour afterwards, between two and three o'clock in the morning, with a fearful noise. The confederates immediately ran back to Edinburgh as fast as they could; and Bothwell, having been prevented by his wounded arm from clambering over a breach in the ramparts of the city, was constrained, with most of his band, to return home through the Netherbow gate, and awake John Galloway once more. On reaching Holyrood Palace, they were again challenged by the sentinels, and suffered to pass on. Bothwell hurried to his apartments, drank some wine to calm his agitation, and hastened to bed.' Shortly afterwards, a messenger came in haste to inform him of the blowing up of the Kirk-of-Field; and

affecting extreme astonishment, he hurried to communicate the intelligence to the queen; and afterwards went with a body of soldiers to the scene of his crime. 'The people of Edinburgh,' proceeds Mignet, 'had been awakened by the explosion, and crowded to the spot at daybreak. They gathered in multitudes around the ruins of the house, beneath which Nelson had been found alive, and filled the orchard in which the bodies of the king and his page, Taylor, were lying. Bothwell dispersed the horror-stricken crowd, and conveyed his two victims into a neighbouring house, without suffering any one to approach or examine them. But it had escaped the notice of none of the spectators, that the bodies displayed no wounds, and had not been mutilated by the gunpowder; that the king's pelisse, which lay by his side, was not even scorched by the fire; and that the two corpses could not have been hurled to so great a distance by the explosion of the house, without great external injury. A few days afterwards, Darnley was buried with great privacy in the chapel of Holyrood.'

Mary affected great sorrow for the occurrence, but took no active steps to discover the murderers, and no one but Bothwell was admitted to her presence. All the courts in Europe were horror-struck when intelligence of the murder reached them, and Mary was urged to investigate the affair, and punish the perpetrators. So far from being moved by these appeals, she left Edinburgh for the residence of Lord Seton, and there Bothwell remained with her, occupying herself with gay amusements. While so engaged, the people of Edinburgh accused Bothwell of the murder, and the Earl of Lennox cried for justice. To satisfy public feeling, Bothwell was brought to trial; but the whole affair was a burlesque on the forms of law. The accused attended with a retinue of 4000 armed men; the tribunal was composed of his own accomplices; and no witnesses were called. He was of course acquitted.

After this, Mary lavished new honours on Bothwell; and to pave the way for her marriage with him, he

procured a sentence of divorce against his wife, although no offence could be alleged against that injured lady. It now appears that seven days before Bothwell's trial, the queen had signed a contract to marry him. Everything, in short, gave way before her insane passion; yet, as she could not with decency enter into marriage within three months of her husband's decease, it was arranged that she should be carried off apparently by violence, and that then marriage would be only proper and reasonable. Accordingly, while travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh, Mary and her retinue were on the 24th of April taken possession of by Bothwell, accompanied by 600 horsemen, and without opposition conducted to the castle of Dunbar. On the 15th of May following, she was married to Bothwell at Edinburgh—an alliance so revolting and unhappy, that till the present time, marriage in the month of May is deemed unlucky by the common people in Scotland.

By this fatal marriage, Mary's reputation was irretrievably sunk. Nor did she realise one day's happiness by the step she had taken. Bothwell's imperious temper and ambitious views produced constant quarrels in the royal household; and in public affairs, Mary perceived the commencement of a league which very soon overwhelmed her authority. She, in fact, did not remain with Bothwell more than a month. Her subjects, led by the confederated lords, met her forces at Carberry in the middle of June, and, as is well known, to avoid bloodshed, this miserable princess yielded herself into the hands of her enemies. Conducted to Edinburgh, and thence to the castle of Lochleven, she was from this moment a captive. The glory of her life, her honour, and her happiness were gone. The infant James, with a regency, had superseded her authority. Bothwell was a fugitive, engaged in piratical adventures, and died a few years afterwards a prisoner in Norway.

Mary remained a captive in Lochleven till May 2, 1568, when, having furtively escaped with the aid of one or two attendants, she again took the field. Fortune

declared against her. Her troops were defeated at Langside, near Glasgow, and she fled on horseback to the banks of the Solway. Fearful of falling once more into the hands of her late captors, and scarcely knowing on which side to turn for succour, she crossed the Solway, May 18, and landed on the English shore, where, by a letter, she sought an asylum from Elizabeth. Moved about from place to place, always treated with courtesy, but always as a prisoner, Mary had not mended her prospects by throwing herself on the good offices of Elizabeth. Mary ought not, indeed, to have expected anything else. She had ever persisted in her claim to the English crown, and still would not yield it up; a piece of stubbornness which fretted Elizabeth, and afforded her a reason for viewing the Queen of Scots with suspicion. At the same time, it must be said that Elizabeth assumed an authority over Mary's affairs which was in no respect justifiable. She insisted on a public investigation of Mary's complicity in the murder of Darnley—a crime which, as done in a foreign country, was beyond her jurisdiction. It is true that an affectionate wish to clear up Mary's character was the pretended cause for this interference; but as Mary declined her authority, and stood on her rights as an independent sovereign, Elizabeth was clearly in the wrong. A rejection of the overtures of the English queen on this and subsequent occasions led to the permanent confinement of Mary. Yet, this most unfortunate captive never yielded to despair, during her long period of seclusion. She amused herself with a few attendants in cultivating flowers, and in divers ingenious operations with her needle, in which she was a proficient. She was likewise fond of birds and small dogs, and had pleasure in their society.

It would have been well for Mary that she had confined herself to these harmless pursuits. Her restless mind constantly brooded over means of escape, if not of revenge, and she kept up a secret correspondence with those leaders of the Catholic party who looked longingly for her accession to the throne of England. A Catholic

rebellion, fomented by the Duke of Norfolk, actually broke out; and, for his connection with this event, that nobleman was brought to trial, condemned, and beheaded. Believing that the existence of the Queen of Scots was fraught with continual danger to his sovereign, Walsingham, the minister of Elizabeth, resolved on her destruction. The manner in which he set about this was most reprehensible. By means of spies in Mary's service, all her correspondence secretly passed through his hands. A plot formed to cause a revolution in England, liberate Mary, and take away the life of Elizabeth, was conducted by a young man of respectable connexions named Babington. A letter which this person wrote to Mary, mentioning the dark designs in view, was treacherously shewn to Walsingham by the messenger employed to deliver it. Walsingham, through the same base means, waited impatiently for a reply. It was brought to him, and contained a criminal knowledge of designs formed against the state. Eagerly seizing on it, he now felt that the Queen of Scots was in his power. Doubts have often been hazarded of Mary's connection with the conspiracy of Babington; but the recovery of her letters shews that she had a certain knowledge of the affair, and cordially approved of it. It was now believed that she had at length brought herself within the scope of the English law of high-treason.

On a charge of this kind, Mary was tried before a court specially appointed for the purpose, on the 5th of October 1586. The trial was grossly unfair. Mary was suffered to have no advocate, and to call no witnesses; neither was she allowed to produce papers vindicatory, as she alleged, of her innocence. The truth is, the English ministers were afraid that the case could not be technically sustained, although they had no doubt of Mary's guilt on moral grounds. Such, on a perusal of the proceedings, is our impression. Mary was doubtless aware of, and sanctioned Babington's conspiracy; but her trial was irregularly conducted, and she was condemned in violation of legal forms. The sentence of

death, which, as a matter of course, was recorded against her, was in these circumstances an act of tyranny. But, indeed, her whole treatment since the day she sought an asylum in England, had been oppressive. Mary was a refugee, not a prisoner of war; and that she should have been confined, and ultimately put to death on no other plea than that of state-policy, must be deemed unjust and iniquitous. For her imprudence in carrying on a secret correspondence which pointed to a revolution in England, and the overthrow of Elizabeth, there is also a degree of excuse. She was detained in prison against her will: she begged and prayed to be allowed to retire to France; and driven to extremity, she intrigued to obtain freedom by the sole means which seemed left to her to exercise. Such is the reasonable view now taken of this unhappy affair, the whole course and termination of which, while reflecting discredit on Elizabeth, softens the judgment respecting Mary's manifold errors.

With her rival prostrated at her feet, Elizabeth hesitated to send her to the scaffold. The sentence of death was not confirmed for three months, during which unavailing efforts were made by James of Scotland and others to save Mary from the block. At length, urged by her counsellors, the English queen granted a warrant for the execution, which was to take place at Fotheringay, on the morning of the 8th of February 1587. The Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury were commissioned to see the Queen of Scots put to death, and the London executioner was despatched to do the bloody deed.

Mary received the intelligence of her approaching dissolution with a calm and pious feeling, so singularly in contrast with the levities of her former life, that she scarcely seems to have been the same being. The account of her last moments is affectingly given by the authority already quoted. On the night preceding her execution, she long occupied herself in writing, and at length, 'feeling somewhat fatigued, and wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed. Her women continued praying; and

during this last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed, it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak, she arose, saying that she had only two hours to live. She picked out one of her handkerchiefs, with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she made Bourgoin read over to them her will, which she then signed; and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and presents, of which they were to be the bearers to the princes of her family, and her friends on the continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous evening, her rings, jewels, furniture, and dresses; and she now gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the five thousand crowns which remained over to her. With finished grace, and with affecting kindness, she mingled her consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them for the affliction into which her death would soon throw them. . . . These last attentions to terrestrial cares having been concluded, she repaired to her oratory, where there was an altar, on which her almoner, before he was separated from her, used to say mass to her in secret. She knelt before this altar, and read with great fervour the prayers for the dying. Before she had concluded, there was a knocking at the door; she made them understand that she would soon be ready, and continued her prayers. Shortly afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, there was a fresh knocking at the door, which this time was opened. The sheriff entered, with a white wand in his hand, advanced close to Mary, who had not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: "Madam, the lords await you, and have sent me to you." "Yes," replied Mary, rising from her knees, "let us go." Her servants having been removed from her, Mary resumed her course with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, dressed in the



widow's garb, which she used to wear on days of great solemnity, consisting of a gown of dark crimson velvet with black satin corsage, from which chaplets and scapularies were suspended, and which was surmounted by a cloak of figured satin of the same colour, with a long train lined with sable, a standing-up collar, and hanging sleeves. A white veil was thrown over her, reaching from her head to her feet. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian. Interceding that her servants might attend her, they were now allowed to do so, after some altercation. On arriving in the hall, where stood the apparatus of death, Mary addressed the assemblage in vindication of her innocence. After this, she knelt down and prayed fervently, drawing tears from many eyes. 'The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned him away, saying with a smile, that she had never had such *valets de chambre*. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking, that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would shew more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice!" she said. "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause." She then laid down her cloak, and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then, seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them; and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping.

'At the same time, she knelt down with great courage, and still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: "My God, I have hoped in you: I commit myself to your hands." She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works, perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her; yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating the blow, that the executioner struck off her head, which he held up, saying: "God save Queen Elizabeth." "Thus," added Dr Fletcher, "may all her enemies perish." A solitary voice was heard after his, saying: "Amen!" It was that of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

'A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The two earls did not leave to the executioner, according to custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplets suspended to her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death, lest these dear and venerated spoils should be redeemed by her servants, and transformed into relics. They therefore burned them. They also took great pains to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with blood, all traces of which they caused to be removed. Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the state-room of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived Mary's little favourite dog, which had slipped in beneath her cloak, between the head and the neck of his dead mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were forced to remove him. The body of the Queen of Scots was embalmed with little respect, wrapped up in wax-cloth, enclosed in a leaden coffin, and left aside

until Elizabeth should fix the place where it was to be laid.' It now lies in Westminster Abbey.

So ends the history of Mary Stuart, tragical, instructive, and affecting in no ordinary degree. With the lights thrown upon it by recent writers, it is seen that she was clearly guilty, as participator, in Darnley's murder, a crime rendered more odious by her insane passion for, and marriage with, the chief actor in that terrible drama. A leading feature in her character was impulsiveness; and this, with a disposition to levity, and a disregard for the opinion of her best friends, caused her many sorrows. Her errors, however, are almost forgotten in her misfortunes; we may condemn, but we can never help commiserating the unhappy Mary Stuart!

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#### SNAKES AND SNAKE-CHARMERS.

To new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly those of nervous temperament, snakes of various kinds constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe—as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities—wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting-place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there

sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavour to give it breath with your mouth, makes Mr Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cold, and, ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who have been long resident in it, might only smile at the new-comer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders were perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known, that all these creatures are not innoxious. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too freely overnight; at least, when he rose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volcanically, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water-bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the East. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturber's nose. 'O murder!' cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety; and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of firearms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms by order of the commanding-officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honourable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house-furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy, reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock; and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting 'an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,' when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment, he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air-hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace,

knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bedclothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bedfellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and lastly, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl, backwards and forwards, over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit

the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter.

‘When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?’ said he.

‘About nine o’clock last night,’ was Jock’s reply.

‘Why didn’t you call to the guard!’ asked the officer.

‘I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on’t, so I just lay still.’

‘But you might have been bit. Did you know that you would have died instantly!’

‘I kent that very weel,’ said Jock; ‘but they say that snakes winna meddle with you if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl as it liket.’

‘Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all; but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done.’

When the story was told, and the snake shewn to the commanding-officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose himself to the chance of passing another night with such a bedfellow.

It has frequently been asserted, that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When our Anglo-Indian army were called to the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of our soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bathe. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and in *doing so*, the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of hole. *This proved to be an old elephant-trap; that is to say,*

a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whither his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with firearms. The creature was still there, and, indeed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colours, and would have been large enough for the purpose; but it was intrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert



to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear, and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward, if he succeed in shewing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is, that the snakes and their charmer are old friends; that he hid them there, and of course knew where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth; this, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening, he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly-caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. 'I am a dead man!' he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. 'Let the creature alone,' said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; 'it may be of service to others of my trade. To me, it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me.' His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours, he was a corpse!

I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and

brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the envenomed bite which had killed him. 'No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm.' In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course, the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.

Snake-charming is not confined to India. There are some of the natives of Africa and America who possess the power of what is called 'charming,' or producing a benumbing or stupifying effect on poisonous serpents and scorpions, by handling them. This power is in some natural and hereditary, while in others it is acquired by chewing the roots or other parts of certain plants, rubbing them in their hands, or bathing their bodies in water containing an infusion of them. In that part of Africa which lies northward of the great desert of Sahara, there was formerly a tribe called the *Psylli*, who seem to have possessed this power, either from nature or art, in a degree that occasioned the name of *Psylli* to be given to all persons capable of producing similar effects. Plutarch informs us that Cato, in his march through the desert, took with him a number of these *Psylli*, to suck out the poisons from the wounds of such of his soldiers as might be bitten by the numerous serpents which infested that region. It was then ignorantly believed that this power of subduing the poison was the effect of magic, and the *Psylli*, to confirm this belief, always, when in the exercise of this

fascination, muttered spells or chanted verses over the person whom they were in the act of curing. Many have ventured to doubt the existence of this power being possessed by any class of people, but the concurrent testimony of the best-accredited travellers seems to confirm the fact. Mr Bruce distinctly states, from minute personal observation, that *all* the blacks in the kingdom of Sennaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the horned snake—there the most common, and one of the most fatal of the viper tribe—in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them at each other, as children do apples and balls, during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and if they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. The Arabs of the same country, he also observes, have not by nature this protective power, but generally acquire it, by the use of certain plants. The artificial means of rendering the person invulnerable to the bite of snakes, seems also to be practised in South America.

It is said that the cobra is fond of milk, and that a knowledge of this fact has sometimes saved the lives of persons who were on the point of being bitten. An anecdote is related of a party of gentlemen sitting at table in India, when one of them felt a cobra coiling itself round his leg. Appalled at his situation, he desired his companions, in a whisper, not to speak or make any noise, if they would save his life. All were immediately silent. He next, in a low tone, requested a servant to bring a jug of milk, and pour it cautiously on the floor near his foot. This being done, the cobra in a short time uncoiled itself, and descended to partake of the milk, when, as may be supposed, little ceremony was used in despatching it. An exemption from reptiles of this deadly class is surely one of England's greatest blessings.

## CARVER'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

WE propose to make the reader acquainted with a curious and now forgotten book—the *Travels of Jonathan Carver in North America*—in which is given by far the most interesting and rational account of the Red Men, the inhabitants of the Western Wilderness, of any traveller with whose works we are acquainted. These original inhabitants of America, it must be observed, have very stupidly, all along from the time of their first discovery in 1492, received from Europeans the denomination of Indians, although they never had anything more to do with the country called India, than they had to do with Sancho's island of Barataria, or Gulliver's island of Lilliput. This awkward mistake originated in the mere circumstance of Columbus being in search of a road to India by the west, when he found his course interrupted by the islands and continent of America; to which was given forthwith the strange denomination of the West Indies—thus confounding under one appellation two most important portions of the globe, which were, in fact, as distinct from one another in their entire nature and productions, as they happened to be in their relative geographical positions. Yet such is the inveteracy of popular custom, after it once gets a firm footing in the world, that it would now be impossible to change these denominations; and, therefore, the term Indian must henceforth always continue to be the name of every one of the original inhabitants of the whole continent and islands of America.

The different tribes of Indians, or original natives, in that extensive portion of North America called Canada, were at one time almost innumerable; but they have been observed to decrease in population where the Europeans are most numerous, owing chiefly to their immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Ardent

spirits, the most fatal present the Old World ever made to the New, was no sooner known to the Indian tribes, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed, that this liquor disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, made them furious; that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some sober Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavour to shame them out of these excesses. 'It is you,' answered they, 'who have taught us to drink this liquor; and now we cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will go and get it from the English. It is you who have done the mischief, and it cannot be repaired.'

Canada was first discovered in 1497, by John and Sebastian Cabot of Bristol, and it was settled by the French in 1608. It was conquered by the English in 1759, and confirmed to them by the French at the peace of 1763; at which time the narrative of the travels of our present author, Captain Jonathan Carver, commences. 'No sooner,' says he, 'was the late war with France concluded, and peace established by the treaty of Versailles, in the year 1763, than I began to consider—having rendered my country some services during the war—how I might continue still serviceable, and contribute as much as lay in my power to make that vast acquisition of territory, gained by Great Britain in North America, advantageous to it. It appeared to me indispensably needful, that government should be acquainted, in the first place, with the true state of the dominions they were now become possessed of. To this purpose, I determined, as the next proof of my zeal, to explore the most unknown parts of them, and to spare no trouble or expense in acquiring a knowledge that promised to be so useful to my countrymen.'\*

\* Vide *Three Years' Travels through the Interior Parts of North America, for more than Five Thousand Miles*. By Captain Jonathan Carver, of the Provincial Troops in America. Edinburgh: 1798.

With the laudable design of accomplishing these objects, Captain Carver set out from Boston, in June 1766, with the full intention of penetrating to the Pacific Ocean on the west. He proceeded by way of Albany and Niagara to Michilimakinac, a fort situated between the lakes Huron and Michigan, and distant from Boston 1300 miles. 'This,' says he, 'being the uttermost of our factories towards the north-west, I considered it as the most convenient place from whence I could begin my intended progress, and enter at once into the regions I designed to explore.'

At the entrance of a bay, about ninety miles long, called Green Bay, on the north-western extremity of Lake Michigan, are situated a string of islands described by our author under the name of the Grand Traverse. On one of these occurred his first meeting with one of the tribes of the Red Men, the primitive hunters of the West; and he gives the following interesting description of the reception he met with from the Indians:—'On the largest and best of these islands, stands a town of the Ottawas, at which I found one of the most considerable chiefs of that nation, who received me with every honour he could possibly shew to a stranger. But what appeared extremely singular to me at the time, and must do so to every person unacquainted with the customs of the Indians, was the reception I met with on landing. As our canoes approached the shore, and had reached within about threescore rods of it, the Indians began a *feu-de-joie*, in which they fired their pieces loaded with balls, but at the same time they took care to discharge them in such a manner as to fly a few yards above our heads; during this, they ran from one tree or stump to another, shouting and behaving as if they were in the heat of battle. At first, I was greatly surprised, and was on the point of ordering my attendants to return their fire, concluding that their intentions were hostile; but being undeceived by some of the traders, who informed me that this was the usual method of receiving the chiefs of other nations,

I considered it in its true light, and was pleased with the respect thus paid me.

‘I remained here one night. Among the presents I made the chiefs were some spirituous liquors, with which they made themselves merry; and all joined in a dance that lasted the greatest part of the night. In the morning, when I departed, the chief attended me to the shore; and as soon as I had embarked, offered up, in an audible voice, and with great solemnity, a fervent prayer in my behalf. He prayed “that the Great Spirit would favour me with a prosperous voyage; that he would give me an unclouded sky and smooth waters by day; and that I might lie down by night on a beaver blanket, enjoying uninterrupted sleep and pleasant dreams; and also that I might find continual protection under the great pipe of peace.” In this manner, he continued his petitions till I could no longer hear them.

‘I must here observe that, notwithstanding the inhabitants of Europe are apt to entertain horrid ideas of the ferocity of these savages, as they are termed, I received from every tribe of them in the interior parts the most hospitable and courteous treatment; and am convinced, that, till they are contaminated by the example and spirituous liquors of their more refined neighbours, they retain this friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers. Their inveteracy and cruelty to their enemies I acknowledge to be a great abatement of the favourable opinion I would wish to entertain of them, but this failing is hereditary, and, having received the sanction of immemorial custom, has taken too deep root in their minds to be easily extirpated.

‘Among these people, I ate of a very uncommon kind of bread. The Indians in general use but little of this nutritious food. Whilst their corn is in the milk, as they term it—that is, just before it begins to ripen—they slice off the kernels from the cob to which they grow, and knead them into a paste. This they are enabled to do *without* the addition of any liquid, by the milk that flows

from them; and when it is effected, they parcel it out into cakes, and, enclosing them in leaves of the basswood-tree, place them in hot embers, where they are soon baked. And better flavoured bread I never ate in any country.

Notwithstanding the primitive simplicity of these wanderers of the wilderness, and their friendly and inoffensive conduct towards strangers, yet, from the remains of a regular *fortification* which Captain Carver saw, or at least thinks he saw, amidst the prairies of the Mississippi, it would appear that, in former ages, there must have been a population of remarkably scientific warriors *located* in this quarter. The following is our author's account of this important discovery:—'One day, having landed on the shore of the Mississippi, some miles below Lake Pepin, whilst my attendants were preparing my dinner, I walked out to take a view of the adjacent country. I had not proceeded far before I came to a fine, level, open plain, on which I perceived at a little distance a partial elevation, that had the appearance of an intrenchment. On a nearer inspection, I had greater reason to suppose that it had really been intended for this many centuries ago. Notwithstanding it was now covered with grass, I could plainly discern that it had once been a breast-work of about four feet in height, extending the best part of a mile, and sufficiently capacious to cover 5000 men. Its form was somewhat circular, and its flanks reached to the river. Though much defaced by time, every angle was distinguishable, and appeared as regular, and fashioned with as much military skill, as if planned by Vauban himself. The ditch was not visible, but I thought, on examining more curiously, that I could perceive there certainly had been one. From its situation, also, I am convinced that it must have been designed for this purpose. It fronted the country, and the rear was covered by the river; nor was there any rising-ground for a considerable way that commanded it; a few straggling oaks were alone to be seen near it. In many places, small tracks were worn across



it by the feet of the elks and deer, and, from the depth of the bed of earth by which it was covered, I was able to draw certain conclusions of its great antiquity. I examined all the angles and every part with great attention, and have often blamed myself since for not encamping on the spot, and drawing an exact plan of it. To shew that this description is not the offspring of a heated imagination, or the chimerical tale of a mistaken traveller, I find on inquiry, since my return, that M. St Pierre and several traders have at different times taken notice of similar appearances, on which they have formed the same conjectures, but without examining them so minutely as I did. How a work of this kind could exist in a country that has hitherto—according to the general received opinion—been the seat of war to untutored Indians alone, whose whole stock of military knowledge has only, till within two centuries, amounted to drawing the bow, and whose only breast-work, even at present, is the thicket, I know not. I have given as exact an account as possible of this singular appearance, and I leave to future explorers of these distant regions, to discover whether it is a production of nature or art.’

We must confess that our philosophy is completely at fault here, and all the antiquarian lore of which we are possessed will not enable us to solve this difficult problem. It is a pity that the redoubted Edie Ochiltree is now no more, as, perhaps, he might have been able to clear up the mystery of this matter in as easy a way as he did that of Monkbarns’s celebrated intrenchment.

The furthest point of Captain Carver’s peregrination to the north-west was at the river St Francis, about sixty miles beyond the Falls of St Anthony on the Mississippi, which are situated in latitude 46° north, longitude 95° west from London, and at the distance of nearly 2000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These Falls, which, till of late, formed the furthest limit to which Europeans had penetrated into the wilderness in that direction, received their name from Father Louis Hennepin, a *French* missionary, who travelled into these parts about

the year 1680, and was the first European ever seen by the natives. The body of waters which forms the fall is above 250 yards in breadth, producing a most beautiful cataract; it falls perpendicularly about thirty feet; and the rapids below, in the space of 300 yards more, render the descent considerably greater; so that, when viewed at a distance, the Falls appear to be much higher than they really are. The country around them is extremely beautiful. It is not an uninterrupted plain, where the eye finds no relief, but it is composed of many gentle ascents, which, in the summer, are covered with the finest verdure, and interspersed with little groves, that give a charming variety to the prospect. 'On the whole,' says our traveller, 'when the Falls are included, which may be seen at the distance of four miles, a more pleasing and picturesque view cannot, I believe, be found throughout the universe.'

The following description given by Carver of the behaviour of a young Indian prince, who went in company with him to view this celebrated place for the first time, presents a most interesting picture of the power which the natural, sublime, and beautiful are capable of exercising over the human mind in its unsophisticated state:— 'We could distinctly hear the noise of the water full fifteen miles before we reached the Falls; and I was greatly pleased and surprised when I approached this astonishing work of nature; but I was not long at liberty to indulge these emotions, my attention being called off by the behaviour of my companion.

'The prince had no sooner gained the point that overlooks this wonderful cascade, than he began with an audible voice to address the Great Spirit, one of whose places of residence he imagined this to be. He told him that he had come a long way to pay his adorations to him, and now would make him the best offering in his power. He accordingly first threw his pipe into the stream; then the roll that contained his tobacco; after these, the bracelets he wore on his arms and wrists; next, an ornament that encircled his neck, composed of

beads and wires; and at last the ear-rings from his ears; in short, he presented to his god every part of his dress that was valuable. During this, he frequently smote his breast with great violence, threw his arms about, and appeared to be much agitated.

‘All this while he continued his adorations, and at length concluded them with fervent petitions, that the Great Spirit would constantly afford us his protection on our travels, giving us a bright sun, a blue sky, and clear and untroubled waters; nor would he leave the place till we had smoked together with my pipe, in honour of the Great Spirit.

‘I was greatly surprised at beholding an instance of such elevated devotion in so young an Indian; and instead of ridiculing the ceremonies attending it, as I observed my Catholic servant tacitly did, I looked on the prince with a greater degree of respect for these sincere proofs he gave of his piety; and I doubt not but that his offerings and prayers were as acceptable to the universal Parent of mankind, as if they had been made with greater pomp, or in a consecrated place.’

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## THE OUTCAST:

### A TALE.

SUCH of our Scottish readers as were personally familiar with the transactions and incidents during the late war, may remember a small building that stood at the end of one of the streets of Leith, at the door of which the union jack was seen flying from morning till night. It was the rendezvous of the press-gang, whilst employed in their revolting occupation ashore, and where they were regularly locked in every night, to prevent the risk of collision *between them and the citizens, to whom they were, as a matter of course, particularly obnoxious.*

The commanding-officer on the station, at the period of the following incident, was a man peculiarly unfitted, by *inclination* at least, for the duties imposed on him in the impressment proceedings, being of a most humane and kind disposition. He was, besides, a native of Leith, where he resided in a house of his own, unless when his presence was necessarily required on board. He had also a private room in the round-house, as it may be termed, above mentioned, where he attended with great punctuality, in order that his presence might prove a check to the brutal and licentious natures of the press-gang—the most reckless and desperate characters amongst the crew being, as is well known, always selected for the worse than slave-traffic in which they were employed.

In the above room, then, Captain Gillespie was seated one evening, when he was informed that a gentleman desired to speak with him, and, at his desire, the stranger was introduced. He was evidently a mere youth, slightly and elegantly made, and was very fashionably dressed. Captain Gillespie was particularly struck with the handsome, and, as he thought, feminine cast of his features—a peculiarity that corresponded well with the soft and silvery tones of his voice, when, after considerable hesitation, he stated the purpose of his visit. This was no other, than to request that he might be taken on board a man-of-war, to serve as a common sailor! Captain Gillespie expressed no little astonishment at one of his tender age and elegant appearance having adopted so strange a resolution, and begged to question him as to his motives for so doing—whether he had reflected sufficiently on the consequences of such a step, the hardships he must endure, and so forth. The youth declined giving any explanation on these points, and merely reiterated his determination of entering the navy. The worthy officer was exceedingly moved at the youth's situation. He was evidently of a superior rank in life, had been carefully and delicately brought up; and his replies shewed that he knew nothing at all of the world. The captain, however, secretly felt

more compassion than surprise at the circumstance. He knew that instances were then of frequent occurrence, of young men of the very best families, whose ardent and untutored imaginations were blown into enthusiasm by the inflated and high-coloured accounts every day put forth of our splendid naval triumphs, and with heads filled with visions of glory, and hearts with patriotism, leaving all the comforts and elegances of home behind, little dreaming of the rough ordeal they must undergo in the path to eminence or glory.

Such an instance did the kind-hearted officer conclude was now before him; and knowing from experience all the rough realities of his profession, he endeavoured to persuade the young enthusiast to abandon, or at least postpone, his resolution; but finding all his arguments unavailing, he determined to give him a foretaste, at least, of the sort of company he would have to associate with on board. When the junior officer, therefore, came on shore to relieve him for the night, he ordered him to lock the young man into the same apartment with the rascals of the press-gang; and directed, also, that he should be brought to his house next morning at break-fast-time.

The youth, accordingly, appeared at the appointed hour, and Captain Gillespie saw, at a glance, that the experiment he had tried had not been without its effect, or rather, that it had succeeded much beyond what he had intended. In fact, he was shocked at the alteration which he saw in the young man's features since the preceding evening, and almost repented the plan he had put in practice. He shook him kindly by the hand, and then, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, requested to know if he still adhered to his determination of becoming a sailor. For a while the young man sat mute and rigid as marble, and seemed totally unconscious of the meaning of the words addressed to him, but at last fell on his knees before Captain Gillespie, and in a passion of tears and sobs, so violent as seemed almost to rend his frame, *disclosed*, what his compassionate hearer had already begun

distantly to suspect, that the unhappy young creature before him was—a female !

Captain Gillespie raised the suppliant before him, and endeavoured to soothe her by all the persuasion he was master of ; but it was long before he succeeded. When at length she became composed enough to speak, she frankly told her short and simple tale :—She was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of considerable property in a neighbouring county. About six months previous to the indiscretion of which she had been guilty, a young relative, a lieutenant in the navy, had obtained leave for a short visit to her father's house. The young officer had but lately obtained his commission, was consequently in high spirits, and being quite an enthusiast in his profession, could speak of nothing else but the scenes and battles—for he had already seen a deal of hard fighting—in which he had been engaged, depicting them, of course, in the most glowing colours that a young and ardent imagination could suggest. In these details, although listened to with due attention, and perhaps interest, by the rest of the family, the young sailor found none who evidently sympathised, as it were, with his own feelings, but the youngest of his cousins, of whom there were four, all daughters. It was natural, therefore, that he should shew a preference to her company in comparison with her sisters, although his predilection arose solely from the vainglorious pleasure of having a ready, a delighted listener. Anything like love-addresses he had never once offered to her—and it afterwards, indeed, appeared that his affections were pre-engaged—but his buoyant spirits and joyous language—his aspirations after naval fame—his handsome and animated countenance, together with the decided partiality he displayed for her society—all these wrought upon the young and simple girl's imagination, to a degree of which she was not herself conscious until he was gone. It was then, and for the first time, she felt how much her happiness was at the disposal of another, and what a dreary blank the world appeared without his presence. Time, perhaps, might have enabled

her to regain her equanimity, but she was subjected to distress from other sources. Her father—a cold, austere man, a stern disciplinarian in his family, and who regarded any unbending from that rigid demeanour of stately and ceremonious reserve which was the rule of his own deportment, as alike an infraction of moral propriety and a derogation from his rank—had observed with swelling indignation his daughter's artless admiration of her cousin, and, at the departure of the latter, let loose the full measure of his wrath upon her. Her sisters, too, whose minds were formed on their father's model, and burned, moreover, with spite and jealousy at the preference shewn by any eligible and marriageable man to one younger than themselves, persecuted her without mercy. The poor girl's life soon became so wretched, between her domestic troubles and her love for her absent cousin, that she at last determined to fly from her father's house, and follow her lover to sea. So ignorant was she of worldly matters, that, hearing that a 'frigate of war' was lying in Leith Roads, the name of which she never had heard of except from the lips of her cousin, she simply concluded he must be there, and had accordingly applied, as we have seen, to be accepted as his shipmate.

Such was the simple story of the poor girl, who seemed overwhelmed with shame and remorse at her folly, and with despair at the probable consequences of it. Captain Gillespie said all he could to console her; promised to write to her father for his forgiveness, which he was sure she would obtain; and tried to cheer her, by saying that her foolish prank would soon be forgotten. But her agitation and distress only broke out afresh. She knew, she said, her father too well to think there was any hope of his mercy; and even if he did forgive her, her sisters would break her heart with their taunts and reproaches. No other course, however, was left to her new and kind-hearted friend; and he accordingly wrote off the same day to Mr Hume—for such was his name—informing him of his daughter's situation, and urging all he could to deprecate his indignation, and palliate his daughter's

conduct, which, he assured him, she most deeply repented. He also had the weeping runaway removed immediately to the house of a female relation in the neighbourhood, where every attention was paid her.

Captain Gillespie waited anxiously for a reply to his letter, which he felt quite confident would be in the person of Mr Hume himself, rejoiced to discover and to take back his erring daughter to his arms. The answer, indeed, came punctually by return of post—his own letter enclosed in a blank cover! Captain Gillespie was thunder-struck. His honest and unsophisticated mind was quite unable to comprehend the possibility of such a thing. It presented human nature to him in a light which was perfectly new to him; and he examined his own letter and the envelope more than once, to make sure that the fact was really true. A parent to refuse forgiveness to a penitent child for such a mere act of youthful folly! Was it in the heart of erring man to do it? It was impossible. There must be some mistake—some misconception: he would write again. He wrote again accordingly, repeating what he had stated in his former letter, and adding everything else he could think of in mitigation of his fair charge's indiscretion. He concluded by remarking—which was the fact—that she seemed fast sinking under her misery; and begged him, as a Christian and a parent, to hasten to her relief, and save her life by pronouncing his forgiveness. It was in vain. His letter was again returned to him as before, with, however, the following laconic note in the envelope: 'Mr Hume knows no such individual as that referred to in the enclosed, and begs that no more communications may be sent to him regarding that individual.' Captain Gillespie was staggered at this epistle, and certain suspicions began to arise in his mind. Could she be an impostor? Was it possible that one so young, so modest, and so heart-broken, could be deceiving him with a fabricated story? This he could not bring his mind to believe; but, on the other hand, reckoned it still more improbable that a parent could thus abandon his child to



starvation or infamy. Was it that she had been guilty of some worse indiscretion than she had confessed, and was afraid to reveal it to him? He was puzzled for some time what to do or think, but he felt he had proceeded too far to let the matter rest where it was; and he concluded by determining to sift it to the bottom, and that without delay. He immediately made arrangements, therefore, for a day's absence from duty, and set out in a postchaise for Mr Hume's residence.

He found that gentleman at home, and was received by him with that cold civility of aspect and manner with which he would have welcomed equally his warmest friend and his bitterest foe.

'My name is Captain Gillespie, of his majesty's frigate the *Wasp*, stationed at Leith.'

'Ah!—pray be seated, sir.'

'I have written to you twice within the last week, upon a very painful subject to you, I daresay, Mr Hume. May I ask if you received my letters?'

'I did, sir.'

'And pray, sir, may I beg to know what answer you have to make to them?'

'I have already answered them, sir.'

'A blank sheet of paper is no answer, Mr Hume.'

'There was something more than that accompanying your last returned epistle, sir.'

'Then am I to understand that this young person has been imposing on me, and that you are really not her parent?'

'That I *was* her father, sir, I grieve to acknowledge; but I now disclaim the title. She is no longer a daughter of mine.'

'Sir! Why, that is strange doctrine, and quite beyond my understanding. Pray, sir, if she *was* your daughter, how do you make out that she is not so *now*?'

'Her own conduct, sir, is a sufficient explanation of the paradox.'

'Then it is her conduct, Mr Hume, that I wish to get explained. Let us understand one another, sir, on that

point, before saying another word, and allow me, in the first place, to relate to you the statement made to me by the unhappy girl herself of the circumstances which induced her to act so indiscreetly as she has done.'

The worthy officer then recapitulated faithfully the story told him by Miss Hume, softening nothing that related to her own thoughtlessness or folly, but touching as slightly as possible on her statements respecting her father's severe reproaches for her partiality to her cousin, in order not to irritate his auditor. He concluded by asking if the narrative were true or false.

'It seems to be all very correct, sir,' was the cold reply.

'And was there no aggravating circumstance connected with it, previous to her leaving your house?'

'None, sir, that I am aware of.'

'Had she not previously been guilty of any flagrant misconduct to call down your anger?'

'Never, sir; she had always behaved as a daughter ought to do.'

'And, in the name of all that is sacred, do you consider yourself warranted, by this single act of youthful imprudence, to cast off your own child for ever?'

'She cast *me* off, sir, and may, therefore, find a home and a father where she may. But, sir,' continued Mr Hume, rising from his seat, 'I will not submit to have my conduct questioned by any one, far less by a stranger. If your visit had reference to nothing else but this topic, I have to beg that it may terminate.'

'Do you not consider yourself bound, sir,' pursued Captain Gillespie, also rising, but with a swelling heart and a glowing cheek—'are you not bound, sir, by the ties of nature, by the mere sense of decency, to take back your erring child to your heart? Should you not reflect, sir, that her present folly may perhaps be owing to some neglect on your part in the training of her young mind, and that it is only the more imperative upon you, from what has now happened, to endeavour to instruct her understanding, confirm her principles, and, by parents

lenity and kindness, to make her penitence for her error more lasting and salutary! She is yet pure and unspotted as when she left her mother's bosom. Surely, surely, sir, you make some distinction between folly and crime!

'You have my answer, sir,' was the only reply.

'And do you really mean to abandon her thus to the mercy—to the cruelty and villainy rather—of the world, without protection, without subsistence?'

'I see every reason for believing,' replied the other, in a significant tone, 'that she will be at no loss for either.'

The honest-hearted sailor started at the insinuation conveyed by these words, as if a shell had exploded at his feet.

'Sir,' said he, unable to repress his indignation, 'but for these gray hairs, I would strike you beneath my feet! But you say right, sir,' continued he, recovering himself: 'yon poor mourner shall not suffer for the cruelty of her unnatural parent. While it is in my power, she shall neither want assistance nor protection; nor shall it be my fault if she does not cease to forget that she owed her being to so callous-hearted a monster as you have proved yourself to be!'

And he kept his word. Upon his return home, he imparted the result of his interview to the unfortunate girl in as gentle terms as possible, and begged her, at the same time, to look to him as her future parent. The poor outcast could but sob her gratitude.

Captain Gillespie in a few weeks received orders to proceed to a foreign station; and seeing the daily decreasing health of his charge, he sought out a residence for her in a respectable family in a country-town not many miles from the metropolis; and, at the same time, aware of the uncertainty of life in a profession like *his*, he deposited sufficient funds to secure the unfortunate a comfortable maintenance for life. He set sail, and *never saw her more*, having, subsequently to his return from *abroad*, married, and settled in England. The object

of his benevolence lived for many years afterwards, but gradually declined, and at last sank into the grave, there can be little doubt, from the effects of a broken heart. Not one of her relatives had ever deigned to inquire after her; and they even carried their vindictiveness beyond the grave. Upon being informed of her death, her generous benefactor hastened down to Scotland, for the purpose of seeing the last rites paid to her remains, and thought it but his duty to send a notification of the event to her parent, who was still alive; but no notice was taken of the intimation. Captain Gillespie, therefore, laid her head in the grave himself, assisted by a few friends, who were aware of all the circumstances that originated the connection between them, and who pitied the dead no less than they honoured the living.

It was from one of these mourners that we learned the particulars of this mournful tale, which in every part is related exactly as it reached us. In saying so, we are not practising one of those arts by which the writers of narratives, probable and otherwise, so often attempt to abuse the confidence of their readers. The story is positively true, and such, in our opinion, is its chief value, as its publicity in this place may perhaps raise a feeling of repentance in *THAT UNNATURAL HEART*, hitherto so obdurate. Such an anecdote cannot fail to suggest in every mind a reflection upon the guilt which may occasionally attach to a character, in every common respect held as above impeachment. A man may be, in the sense of the world, respectable, for the discharge of almost every obligation of life — may be, in fact, both moral and religious to the full degree required by the eye of the world; and yet he may, in a mere excess of certain feelings, which, in a moderate degree, might be laudable and beneficial, do that which all ordinary men would shudder at, or, as in the present case, make such omissions of duty, as, in a later and better state of heart, are fit to raise within him the most exquisite tortures of remorse and despair. At the same time, the moral may be fitly drawn by the young and inexperienced—that one

false step in life, one trifling aberration from the strictest rules of propriety, may be visited with a degree of punishment which no previous calculation could have anticipated, and which even on general principles of justice may be condemned.

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## ADVENTURE OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BY HIMSELF.

It is now many years since, being informed by the people at the Castleton of Braemar, that no Lowlander, and perhaps no human being, had ever explored the sources of the Dee, I resolved to confer upon myself, if possible, the honour which Bruce obtained in his famous expedition to the head of the Nile, and for that purpose arose one morning before daylight, and having breakfasted, and loaded a guide with victuals, set off on my singular adventure. My guide's name was John Finlayson, a shrewd, clever fellow, and one who really knew the mountains well, having been an incorrigible deer-stalker, of which the greater part of his discourse consisted.

We passed up by Mar Lodge, through the forest, and up by the linns of the Dee; beyond this point, the pines become thin and straggling, and stunted in their growth, and at length utter desolation reigns. We came to a farmhouse, the last in the glen, inhabited by a Mr Fletcher, who was very kind to us, and we got our dinner there.

I asked him how far we were from the sources of the Dee. He said he did not believe that any living man knew where the outermost sources of the Dee sprang but that it could not be less than ten miles' distance. The day being remarkably fine, we pushed on, but rather uncertain how our adventure was to terminate, Finlayson assuring me from the beginning, that I little knew the

task I was undertaking. As far as I remember, we walked for an hour; but I had drunk some of Fletcher's whisky-toddy, and may be wrong; I think it was at least four miles further up the glen, that we came to a shepherd's bothy, the last inhabited place in that wilderness, where we got some milk. The shepherd could not speak English; but he told Finlayson, that no man alive knew where the sources of the Dee were, for they had never been seen, and were inaccessible, but that we were at least twenty miles from them. This was staggering news. I made Finlayson ask him, as there was no house nor bothy beyond that, if we could not go from his cot early in the morning, reach the sources of the Dee, and the tops of the Grampian mountains surrounding it, and reach the Castleton of Braemar that night. He answered, that it was out of the power of man, and Finlayson coincided in the opinion.

Resolved not to be foiled, we posted on until we came to the place where two mountain-streams met, the one named by Finlayson the Guisachan, and the other the Garchary, as near as I can spell them. At this place, the two sister-streams conjoining, take the name of the Dee, so that nominally I was at the head of the Dee. But no; that was not what I wanted. I yearned to see its very outermost springs on the heights of the Grampians, and was resolved to accomplish that at any risk.

Where these two mountain-streams meet, and the Dee nominally begins, it is a very considerable river, as large as the Yarrow—pure as crystal, and very rugged and rapid; and I thought it a strange thing to see such a river swarming with fish, and not a human habitation nor a living creaturo within view, save a few straggling lean deer. As the Garchary keeps the line of the main river, straight N.N.W., I looked on that as the main source, and resolved to investigate that to its springs, the more particularly, as the same far surpassed all that I had ever seen for horrid grandeur. You say the hills are

some miles asunder, but in the Garchary, which is at least five miles in length, they are in many places not above a bow-shot asunder. The east side is not far from perpendicular, the western side more than perpendicular, in many places overhanging the torrent. The bottom of the glen is crammed full of rocks, which have tumbled down for ages—ay, for thousands of years before the Mosaic creation—and over these the torrent roars, as white as snow, and a large torrent it is. I wondered to see the streams so large so near the tops of the mountains; but the everlasting clouds of rain and mist which shroud the Grampian *depôts*, keep the rivers always full.

In one place, the Garchary tumbles over a waterfall, which is at least a thousand feet high. It is not a perpendicular fall, like those of Foyers and Gray Mare's-tail, but it seemed to me to fall, at an average, about one foot in two. It is, indeed, a terrible scene. But as I described it in poetry on the spot, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I shall present you with that instead of plain prose, and I hope you will acknowledge that Child Harold himself never excelled it.

Well, the bottom of the Garchary being impervious my guide carried me over the eastern branch with some difficulty, and taking a sweep to the right, we began to ascend the steep brows of Ben-Muicdhu; for the afternoon being uncommonly fine, and we having still some hours of sunshine before us, I resolved to avail myself of the rare opportunity, and gain the height—for at that time I cared not how much I walked, but rejoiced in it; and the more difficult the undertaking, I liked it the better. Long before we reached the top, we lost sight of vegetation, and got among small whitish stones while the ptarmigans were croaking around us in huddles, like as many puddocks, and often fluttering over from amongst our feet. How Finlayson did curse there in his broken dialect, between the Gaelic and the Aberdonian! for I had absolutely refused to let him take his gun with him—a huge family-piece, like a carbine, the

had been taken by his grandfather on the field of Tranent; and, moreover, I had neither game-licence nor liberty to shoot, and I could not think of being taken for a poacher in my friend the Earl of Fife's forests, with whom I was to dine at Mar Lodge one of the following days.

Well, to the top of Ben-Muicdhu we got, not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, before sunset. What a glorious evening! and what a glorious scene for my enraptured eye! I saw every principal mountain in Scotland, from Ben-More, in Balquhiddy, to Ben-Wyvis, in Ross-shire—every one of which I knew as well as the hills of Ettrick Forest. But the Grampian Muse herself shall describe the scene, for it is far above the capabilities of the Ettrick Shepherd of the present day.

On gray M'Dhul's upmost verge I stood,  
The loftiest cone of all that desert dun;  
The seas afar were streamered o'er with blood,  
Dark forests waved, and winding waters run;  
For nature glowed beneath the evening sun,  
The western shadows darkening every dale,  
Where dens of gloom, the sight of man to shun,  
Lay shrouded in impervious magic veil,  
While o'er them poured the rays of light so lovely pale.

But, oh, what bard could sing the onward sight,  
The piles that frowned, the gulfs that yawned beneath,  
Downward a thousand fathoms from the height,  
Grim as the caverns in the land of death!  
Like mountains shattered in the Eternal's wrath,  
When fiends their banners 'gainst his reign unfurled—  
A grizzly wilderness—a land of scath!  
Rocks upon rocks in dire confusion hurled—  
A rent and formless mass, the ruins of a world.

As if by lost pre-eminence abased,  
Hill behind hill erected locks of gray,  
And every misty morion was upraised  
To speak their farewell to the god of day;  
When tempests rave along their polar way,  
Not closer rear the billows of the deep,  
Shining with silver foam, and marred with spray,  
As up the midway heaven they war and sweep,  
Then foiled, and chafed to rage, roll down the broken steep.



First died upon the peaks the golden hue,  
 And o'er them spread a beauteous purple screen ;  
 Then rose a shade of pale cerulean blue,  
 Softening the hills and hazy vales between—  
 Deeper and deeper grew the magic scene,  
 As darker shades of the night-heaven came on ;  
 No star along the firmament was seen,  
 But solemn majesty prevailed alone  
 Around the brows of eve, upon her Grampian throne.

Whenever I reached the top of Ben-Muicdhu, I saw decidedly that I stood upon the highest land in Britain. I had suspected as much for ten years previous to that, for I had often seen it from north, south, east, and west ; and although it rose in the middle of the very highest range of the Grampians, I observed, from all quarters, that it still peered considerably above the rest—not much, but still so much as to shew that it was the sovereign of them all. I affirmed from that day forth, that it was the highest hill in Britain, and it is now proved by the trigonometrical survey, that my conjecture was right. I did, however, think that it was more elevated above Ben-Nevis, in Lochaber, than it has turned out to be.

This was the sole survey that I got of ‘ the infant rill of Highland Dee.’ I think I saw them all which form that branch which is the main one, and the one which keeps the line with the river. I saw no crystal lake such as you describe. None. Before Glen Garchary begins to form between the two mountains, there is a long rivulet comes from the west, which I thought rose near to the sources of the Tilt, in Atholl. It is joined by five or six smaller ones, and their united waters pour together into the chasm of the Garchary. The springs of Glen Aven likewise lay below our feet, and we had a good view of about one-half of that horrible wilderness. I saw no lake and Finlayson did not mention any, and I think it must have been a very small one indeed, if I had not seen it in such an evening. But it may perhaps be the source of the eastern branch, Glen Guisachan, which I did not see for reasons which I shall make perfectly obvious. The wildness of the scene had such charms for me, that I

remained on the top of this sovereign of the Grampians till the close of evening.

At length, night coming on, Finlayson led me into a cavern, which he had known when a deer-stalking. It could scarcely be called a cavern, for it was merely a little level spot overhung by a rock. It was bedded with fresh heather, and seemed to have been very lately occupied. We took a hearty and plentiful supper, and there being a stream close by, we drank plenty of grog of the very best. I thought I never tasted any grog or toddy so good in all my life; and it not having been the first of many hundreds of times that I had slept upon the mountains in worse circumstances, I wrapped myself well up in my shepherd's plaid, and slept as sound as I had been in a feather-bed, resolved to see the sun rise from the top of Ben-Muicdhu.

When we awoke early next morning, the tops of the mountains were all shrouded in a dark cloud of mist, and a drizzly rain had begun to fall, so that further investigation in that elevated region was impracticable. We then stretched our course eastward, and crossed the Guisachan high up, keeping always high on the hills along by the fringes of the mist, for I had determined, if the mist cleared up before mid-day, that I would visit the top of Beinnie-Boord, a great mountain which rises above the Mar Forest; for I had a strange propensity, when young and able, that I could never pass by a very high mountain without being on the top of it; and, what you may think as strange, the sensations of pleasure I have always felt on being thus elevated on a fine day, have been about the highest I ever experienced. I believe it is generally allowed, that the depression or elevation of a man's mind is in a great measure conformable to the disposition of his bodily frame. What, then, can contribute so much to the elevation of his sentiments, as placing him on the top of a very high mountain? for the body being the throne of the mind, who can deny that a mind so highly elevated as to be placed on the summit of Ben-Muicdhu, is not far exalted above all the grovelling creatures beneath? I

felt that I was far above a king, and would not have changed stations with one on earth. I was placed above huge masses of eternal snow, above the habitations of the fox and the eagle, and looking down on some of the most shaggy and stupendous ravines of nature.

Well, on we walked, and on and on, through as rough and rugged a country as can well be conceived, till at length we came into the head of a stream called Glenquoich, which we followed, until near the confluence with the Dee, we came to the house of Mr James Stewart factor to the Earl of Fife, who received me with great kindness, I having been there with a friend once before. There I remained several days, experiencing the utmost hospitality; but I was greatly mortified to find, that he did not know that I was a poet: indeed, I am not very sure if he knew what a poet was; he was, nevertheless a kind-hearted gentlemanly Highlander, one of the Athol Stewarts. He introduced me to his lord, Earl Fife, who had just newly come to the Forest Lodge, along with his brother, and a foreigner. We dined with them one day, but even *they* did not know or discover that I was a poet notwithstanding I was introduced to them by name. I was received and entertained by them merely as Mr Hogg, a friend of Mr Stewart. This was very galling; but I have noted it a hundred times, both in Edinburgh and London, that, when introduced to any family merely as Mr Hogg, I remained and went away without any one having the least idea who I was. I have often got apologies made to me afterwards; but never one recognised me as the Ettrick Shepherd, when so introduced, in my life. I have often wondered what sort of being they had supposed me to be. Knowing this to have been uniformly the case, I need not have been surprised at my reception on this more than at other times. I certainly would have liked to have been recognised by the earl, and his brother General Duff—whom I liked exceedingly—as the Ettrick Shepherd; but I durst not for my life tell them, lest they should never have heard of my name.

On the third day that I was with Stewart, who seemed

to have imbibed a real attachment to me, he furnished me with a nice pony, well accoutred, to ride to the top of Beinnie-Boord, giving my guide directions as to the route he was to take, which, if he followed, I would never need to alight. I never did; for though I gave him the pony time about, one of us rode all the way, and we reached the great broad top of Beinnie-Boord before mid-day; but we could see nothing; for though there was no mist, there was a sort of blue haze pervading the mountains, so that we could not see the very hills that were nearest to us. We saw plenty of red-deer that day, and some fine stupendous fellows among them. We saw seventeen in one herd on the side of Beinnie-Boord, all walking deliberately in a string. We saw also a few eagles, some scores of ptarmigans, and whole fields on the height trenched in search of the Cairngorm topazes.

I left Mr Stewart's house on the Saturday, and retired again to my inn, Mr Watson's, in the Castleton of Braemar. Mr Watson had one very fine sister, Katharine, into whose good graces I tried, with all my sassenach cloquence, to get, but could make nothing of her: she thought it excellent sport, but only laughed at it.

On the Monday morning, I rose very early, and again took the hills with my guide, to visit the top of Ben-Aven, which, being in my opinion the highest next to Ben-Muicdhu, and the easternmost of the range, if we except Loch-na-gar, which can hardly be called on the same range, I expected a grand view to the east and north-east. This was the most fatiguing day's march of all; for we could not get up any glen, but across a district, down one steep precipitous hill and up another, till at last we arrived on the summit of Ben-Aven, a little after mid-day. After all my toil, I could see nothing; the same dim haze still wrapped the mountains as on the Friday before, so that we could only once see dimly the great mountain of Cairngorm, right overagainst us on the other side of the glen. It was, however, a curious and interesting scene; the ptarmigans were altogether without number—I think I may say thousands of them; and we

found twenty-five men digging on the height for Cairngorm topazes and rock-crystals of various kinds. We came to a cottage almost on the very height, thickly covered over with pitch, in which fifteen of them lodged the rest shifted for themselves elsewhere. In one place we came to a field on the height, where there were upwards of twenty acres all trenched to a great depth and it is well known that over all Scotland there are great blocks of granite lying, as if dropped down from heaven. Around all these, on the heights, the quarriers had digged to a great depth, until they met below then. They digged on two sides till they met, and then they propped these sides up with stones, and digged below the other two; and under and around these masses, the crystals were always found plentiest and richest. The overseer and receiver, who was rather a sensible fellow and an Englishman, said that he knew perfectly well from the part of the stone that was above ground, what water the crystals would be of below it. It was his opinion that these Cairngorm crystals were what he called stalactites of granite, and had been distilled out of these rocks for ages, for that there was always a part of the granite adhering to their hinder part. He shewed me a great number of various colours. They were regular hexagonal prisms, tapering to a very narrow point. He shewed me, likewise, sundry specimens of a curious long irregular fossil, of a hazel colour, which he called asbestos, or some such ridiculous name. He was very proud of having got so many of them; and alleged that no man in the country knew where to find them but himself. He assured me, further, that they were indissoluble either by fire or water, and that they could be converted into cloth, over which the fire had no power. I always think he must have been lying.

We reached Castleton at a late hour, very wearied, and loaded with grand Cairngorm stones, which we had gathered in the ravines of the mountains. I found Mr Stewart come down there to meet me, and take a parting glass with me; and he and Mr Watson laughed heartily

at my hoard of rich crystals, and made me throw them all into the Clunie, save six or seven, which I absolutely refused to part with. Thus terminated my only expedition to the springs of the Dee; but there was one view which I got of Glen Garchary which has left an impression of horrid grandeur on my mind never to be effaced.

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### STORY OF THE COUNTESS OF STAIR.

IN a short alley leading between the Lawnmarket and the Earthen Mound, and called *Lady Stair's Close*, there is a substantial old mansion, presenting, in a sculptured stone over the doorway, a small coat-armorial, with the initials W. G. and G. S., and the date 1622. The letters refer to Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, the original proprietor of the house, and his wife. Within, there are marks of good style, particularly in the lofty ceiling, and an inner stair apart from the common one; but all has long been turned to common purposes; while it must be left to the imagination to realise the terraced garden which formerly descended towards the North Loch.

This was the last residence of a lady conspicuous in Scottish society in the early part of the last century—the widow of the celebrated commander and diplomatist, John, Earl of Stair. Lady Eleanor Campbell was, by paternal descent, nearly related to one of the greatest historical figures of the preceding century, being the grand-daughter of the Chancellor Earl of Loudon, whose talents and influence on the Covenantee side were at one time believed to have nearly procured him the honour of a secret death, at the command of Charles I. Her ladyship's first adventure in matrimony led to a series of circumstances of a marvellous nature, which I shall set down exactly as they used to be related by friends of the lady fifty or sixty years ago. It was her lot, at an early age, to be united to James, Viscount Primrose, a man of

the worst temper and most dissolute manners. Her ladyship, who had no small share of the old chancellor in her constitution, could have managed most men with ease, by dint of superior intellect and force of character; but the cruelty of Lord Primrose was too much for her. He treated her so barbarously, that she had even reason to fear that he would some day put an end to her life. One morning, she was dressing herself in her chamber, near an open window, when his lordship entered the room behind her with a drawn sword in his hand. He had opened the door softly, and although his face indicated a resolution of the most horrible nature, he still had the presence of mind to approach her with caution. Had she not caught a glimpse of his face and figure in the glass, he would, in all probability, have come near enough to execute his bloody purpose, before she was aware, or could have taken any measures to save herself. Fortunately, she perceived him in time to leap out of the open window into the street. Half dressed as she was, she immediately, by a very laudable exertion of her natural good sense, went to the house of Lord Primrose's mother, where she told her story, and demanded protection. That protection was at once extended; and it being now thought vain to attempt a reconciliation, they never afterwards lived together. Lord Primrose soon afterwards went abroad. During his absence, a foreign conjurer, or fortune-teller, came to Edinburgh, professing, among many other wonderful accomplishments, to be able to inform any person of the present condition or situation of any other person, at whatever distance, in whom the applicant might be interested. Lady Primrose was incited by curiosity to go, with a female friend, to the lodgings of the wise man in the Canongate, for the purpose of inquiring regarding the motions of her husband, of whom she had not heard for a considerable time. It was at night; and the two ladies went, with the tartan *screens* or *plaid*s of their servants drawn over their faces by way of disguise. Lady Primrose having described the individual in whose

fate she was interested, and having expressed a desire to know what he was at present doing, the conjuror led her to a large mirror, in which she distinctly perceived the appearance of the inside of a church, with a marriage-party arranged near the altar. To her astonishment, she recognised in the shadowy bridegroom no other than her husband. The magical scene was not exactly like a picture; or if so, it was rather like the live pictures of the stage, than the dead and immovable delineations of the pencil. It admitted of additions to the persons represented, and of a progress of action. As the lady gazed on it, the ceremonial of the marriage seemed to proceed. The necessary arrangements had at last been made; the priest seemed to have pronounced the preliminary service; he was just on the point of bidding the bride and bridegroom join hands, when suddenly a gentleman, for whom the rest seemed to have waited a considerable time, and in whom Lady Primrose thought she recognised a brother of her own then abroad, entered the church, and advanced hurriedly towards the party. The aspect of this person was at first only that of a friend, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, and who had come too late; but as he advanced, the expression of his countenance and figure was altered. He stopped short; his face assumed a wrathful expression; he drew his sword, and rushed up to the bridegroom, who prepared to defend himself. The whole scene then became tumultuous and indistinct, and soon after vanished entirely away.\*

\* 'Grace, Countess of Aboyne and Moray, in her early youth, had the weakness to consult a celebrated fortune-teller, inhabiting an obscure close in Edinburgh. The sibyl predicted that she would become the wife of two earls, and how many children she was to bear; but withal assured her, that if she should see a new coach of a certain colour driven up to her door as belonging to herself, her hearse must speedily follow. Many years afterwards, Lord Moray, who was not aware of this prediction, resolved to surprise his wife with the present of a new equipage; but when Lady Moray beheld from a window a carriage of the ominous colour arrive at the door of Tarnaway, and heard that it was to be her own property, she sank down, exclaiming that she was a dead woman, and actually expired in a short time after: November 17, 1738.'—*Notes to Law's Memorials*, p. xcii.



When Lady Primrose reached home, she wrote a minute narrative of the whole transaction, to which she appended the day of the month on which she had seen the mysterious vision. This narrative she sealed up in the presence of a witness, and then deposited it in one of her drawers. Soon afterwards, her brother returned from his travels, and came to visit her. She asked him in the course of his wanderings, he had happened to see or hear anything of Lord Primrose. The young man only answered by saying, that he wished he might never again hear the name of that detested personage mentioned. Lady Primrose, however, questioned him so closely that he at last confessed having met his lordship, and that under very strange circumstances. Having spent some time at one of the Dutch cities—it was either Amsterdam or Rotterdam—he had become acquainted with a rich merchant, who had a very beautiful daughter, his only child, and the heiress of his large fortune. One day, his friend the merchant informed him that his daughter was about to be married to a Scottish gentleman, who had lately come to reside there. The nuptials were to take place in the course of a few days, and as he was a countryman of the bridegroom, he was invited to the wedding. He went accordingly, was a little too late for the commencement of the ceremony, but fortunately came in time to prevent the sacrifice of an amiable young lady to the greatest monster alive in human shape—his own brother-in-law, Lord Primrose!

The story proceeds to say that, although Lady Primrose had proved her willingness to believe in the magical delineations of the mirror, by writing down an account of them, yet she was so much surprised by discovering them to be the representation of actual fact, that she almost fainted. Something, however, yet remained to be ascertained. Did Lord Primrose's attempted marriage take place exactly at the same time with her visit to the conjuror? She asked her brother on what day the circumstance which he related took place. Having been informed she took out her key, and requested him to go to her

chamber, to open a drawer which she described, and to bring her a sealed packet which he would find in that drawer. On the packet being opened, it was discovered that Lady Primrose had seen the shadowy representation of her husband's abortive nuptials on the very evening when they were transacted in reality.

Lord Primrose died in 1706, leaving a widow, who could scarcely be expected to mourn for him. She was still a young and beautiful woman, and might have procured her choice among twenty better matches. Such, however, was the idea she had formed of the married state from her first husband, that she made a resolution never again to become a wife. She kept her resolution for many years, and probably would have done so till the last but for a singular circumstance. The celebrated Earl of Stair, who resided in Edinburgh during the greater part of twenty years, which he spent in retirement from all official employments, became deeply smitten with her ladyship, and earnestly sued for her hand. If she could have relented in favour of any man, it would have been for one who had acquired so much public honour, and whose private character was also, in general respects, so estimable. But to him also she declared her resolution of remaining unmarried. In his desperation, he resolved upon an expedient which strongly marks the character of the age in respect of delicacy. By dint of bribes to her domestics, he got himself insinuated, over night, into a small room in her ladyship's house, where she used to say her prayers every morning, and the window of which looked out upon the principal street of the city. At this window, when the morning was a little advanced, he shewed himself, *en déshabille*, to the people passing along the street; an exhibition which threatened to have such an effect upon her ladyship's reputation, that she saw fit to accept of him for a husband.

She was more happy as Countess of Stair than she had been as Lady Primrose. Yet her new husband had one failing, which occasioned her no small uneasiness. Like most other gentlemen at that period, he sometimes

indulged too much in the bottle. When elevated with liquor, his temper, contrary to the general case, was by no means improved. Thus, on reaching home after a debauch, he generally had a quarrel with his wife, and sometimes even treated her with violence. On one occasion, when quite transported beyond the bounds of reason, he gave her so severe a blow upon the upper part of the face, as to occasion the effusion of blood. He immediately after fell asleep, unconscious of what he had done. Lady Stair was so overwhelmed by a tumult of bitter and poignant feeling, that she made no attempt to bind up her wound. She sat down on a sofa near her torpid husband, and wept and bled till morning. When his lordship awoke, and perceived her dishevelled and bloody figure, he was surprised to the last degree, and eagerly inquired how she came to be in such an unusual condition? She answered by detailing to him the whole history of his conduct on the preceding evening, which stung him so deeply with regret—for he naturally possessed the most generous feelings—that he instantly vowed to his wife never afterwards to take any species of drink, except what was first passed through her hands. This vow he kept most scrupulously till the day of his death. He never afterwards sat in any convivial company where his lady could not attend to sanction his potations. Whenever he gave any entertainment, she always sat next him, and filled his wine, till it was necessary for her to retire; after which, he drank only from a certain quantity which she had first laid aside.

This venerable lady, after being long at the head of society in Edinburgh, died in November 1759, having survived her second husband twelve years.

## THE DEFAULTER.

Lost to the world in the recesses of a Canadian wilderness, where he is alike secure and miserable, a man of originally good intentions, but perverted from them by overpowering temptations, sits down to make all the amends he can to society, for the injuries he inflicted upon it, by fixing his history before its eyes, as a warning to prevent others from falling into the like errors.

I was the only son of a gentleman in the south-west district of Scotland, whose estate, from various causes, had almost entirely vanished just about the time when I entered into life. My father was an aged man, who, having lost his wife soon after my birth, had centered all his affections, and almost all his hopes, upon me alone. I received the best education that the country could afford, and, throughout my school and college years, associated with that class of minor gentry to which my father and a long line of respected ancestors belonged. Even in the midst of rapidly increasing embarrassments, my father formed the warmest hopes of me; 'for,' said he to his friends, 'if I should not be able to leave my son a penny, he evidently has talents to advance himself in any profession he may adopt.' At eighteen, I was placed in the office of a country law practitioner, to ground myself in the practice of that profession, previous to my passing as an advocate at the Scottish bar. This latter step, however, I was prevented from taking, by my father having obtained, from a political ally, the promise of a confidential situation for me in a government office in Edinburgh. In due time, this was obtained, and I was transferred accordingly to the capital, to undertake its duties.

In Edinburgh there lived, during the winter months, many families with whom I had been reared on terms of intimacy; and as the duties of my place, though inferior

to my original expectations, were neither servile nor of great severity, I was able to mingle still in this agreeable society. I entered into it much too freely. I devoted too much of my time to the show and parades of gay life. There were, I must say, in my own defence, great temptations. I had all my life been in contact with gay and pleasant things. I had never known the pressure or the pain of mean circumstances. Persons of my father's order had always been around me, and to have descended from them to friends of an humbler rank, never seemed to me necessary, or, if it had appeared otherwise, would perhaps have been impracticable. In short, I was a person who had a name to support, genteel acquaintances to keep up with, and high tastes to be gratified, and yet was unprovided with a half of that share of the goods of fortune which would have been necessary to an individual so circumstanced. To make up the deficiencies of my salary, I applied to my father, but was informed by him, that his affairs were in such a state as to preclude the possibility of his assisting me. He recommended me to make my income go as far as possible, and to endeavour, by diligence and exemplary behaviour, to get it increased; 'for,' said he, 'the old estate, burdened as it is, cannot much longer survive these declining markets and reduced rents; and I fear that your own industry and talents must eventually be your only portion. I am deeply grieved,' he added, 'to convey this information to you; but it is consolatory to reflect, that my distresses can hardly be traced to any imprudences of mine, and that I have a son who possesses the ability, if he be inspired with the will, to redeem the fortunes of our family.'

At this period, I was so much buoyed up with the light and gay ideas of youth, that I suffered comparatively little from the narrowness of my income. I was advancing in the confidence of my superiors, and prospects of promotion and increase of salary were held out to me. Friends, also, were not wanting to tell me, that, with my *address, figure, and ancient name*, I might be expected, *even though destitute of fortune*, to make what is called

'a good match.' Thus I went on, enjoying both the present and the future, till at length I did obtain a considerable elevation in my department. At the same time that I was increasing my income, I was lessening my expenditure, for I had become tired of the frivolities of gay life, and addicted myself to the more economical and more profitable enjoyments of study. As for the good match, I never permitted myself to think of it. The affections always appeared to me too delicate and valuable a portion of our natural property, to be pledged away for mere lucre. I was rather inclined to the opposite extreme, of marrying for personal considerations alone, even though these, perhaps, could only be indulged in defiance of certain worldly maxims which bear the aspect of prudence. I thought it a noble thing to have it in one's power to select some gentle and amiable, though perhaps penniless being, who, from the very assurance that no drossy motive mingled with my preference, would be the more truly, the more purely, the more devotedly, attached to me.

It would have been very proper to have exercised a privilege of this kind under circumstances which rendered it prudent. Had I waited for a considerable number of years, until my income was such as to enable me to indulge in the luxury of a generous choice, no one could have blamed, though many might have sneered at me. Unfortunately, long ere this prudential period arrived, my affections became fixed upon a young lady who appeared to me as possessed of almost every personal and mental charm—the youngest of a large family which moved in a very respectable circle, and several of the female members of which were already well married. Though an object of very general admiration, this young person retained all the simplicity which adds so much to the grace of the female character; and I soon perceived that her heart, though sought by many others, was reserved for me. It was madness in one so poor to bid for a jewel of such high price. Bid, however, I did, and in no long time the precious object was mine.

My wife had respectable connections, but no fortune. Her friends could hardly but be aware that my resources were not adequate to support her in the style of life to which she had been accustomed; and I afterwards learned, that some demurring had taken place amongst them on this very account. The respectability, however, of my birth—the prospect of my further promotion—and perhaps the largeness of the unprovided family to which she belonged—formed reasons for their assent; and our marriage, accordingly, took place with the full sanction of all who had any interest in my spouse's welfare.

The great range of new relations and connections to which I thus became allied, while it might have been of much advantage to a young man entering upon a profession, was of material detriment to me. To have denied ourselves society, was almost the only means by which we could hope to neutralise in any measure the imprudence of our union. In order to escape the doom which lay before us, we would have required to live entirely by ourselves; we would have required to be all in all to each other, and to have forgotten that a world existed around us. It was, indeed, upon some romantic calculation of this kind, that I had reconciled myself, against many misgivings, to so early a marriage. It soon appeared how vain were all such anticipations. At the very time when, if our own taste had been consulted, we would have sat for whole evenings together—speechless—voiceless—dreaming only of the happiness of being for ever devoted to each other—we were hurried, by the irresistible calls of custom, into festive assemblies, where we had no pleasure—save when, through long vistas in the throng, our eyes happened to rest on the beloved form—never to be mistaken—in which we mutually contemplated something better than all the world beside. In proper time, these assemblies had to be repeated in our own quiet home; and we gradually became involved, in spite of every resolution to the contrary, in the same *system* of visiting and entertaining which prevailed amongst our friends. Nor, I must confess, was this

altogether unsanctioned by my own feelings and temper. As I loved my wife beyond all earthly objects, I also had kindly feelings for her numerous kindred. One and all, they were welcome to my house and heart; at least they always were so when they were in my presence, however convinced I might be, in moments of private reflection, of the imprudence of entertaining them so frequently, and in such numbers. There was, moreover, a multitude of other persons, including my own personal friends, who sought our society, and whom my good-nature could not reject. All this was wrong—was even in some measure criminal; but it was in compliance with customs and feelings which are not easily put aside. I was disposed, as much as any man, to shudder at the idea of contracting debts which I could not honourably discharge; yet a man may be in circumstances—and such were mine—where the remote consequences of debt, however dreadful, make a much fainter impression on the mind, than the smaller but *immediate* pain of assuming a cold or churlish air to an individual who happens, through the merest accident, to be in the way of claiming his hospitality.

So far as our happiness depended on ourselves, we were happy. My wife, gentle, affectionate, and intellectual, proved all that I had expected. I, on the other hand, devoted to her the whole of my leisure, and endeavoured, by every means, to deserve and secure her attachment. Our life—for it was *one*—was an uninterrupted series of kind offices and mild words. How rich, I often thought, am I in possessing the love of this generous and gracious being! Oh! rich beyond all expression—but, alas! I would again reflect, it is a luxury to which I am not entitled; I am indulging in happiness which I have not means to purchase; I am fraudulently taking that which should have fallen to the lot of some other and wealthier man. Thus, her very kindness, which in distresses of another kind would have operated as a relief, too frequently awakened only the pang of conscience, and the dread of some awful, though as yet



undefined, catastrophe. In time, two beautiful infants were added to our little household; and new joys, accompanied, however, by new miseries, were opened to me. What, under other circumstances, would have given pleasure inexpressible, now chiefly raised only the most gloomy forebodings. Debt had now hung its leaden chains around me. I was tormented daily by claims which I possessed no means of satisfying, and which were always becoming more and more vexatious. The instalments of my salary, as they periodically fell into my hands, were abandoned without reserve to my creditors, who were always very ready to accept of any sum, however small; but while I was thus left destitute of all means of meeting my current expenses, the evil was only put off, not overcome. For awhile I was supported under my distresses by the hope of a more lucrative appointment; but, through some oblique influence, another obtained the place.

In an evil hour, and under the pressure of a pecuniary obligation which threatened me with the loss of even my present office, as well as my station in society, I persuaded myself to borrow—as I mentally phrased it—a part of the government funds then in my hands; fully believing that I should be able to replace the money before the next day of settlement. Painful and alarming as the expedient was—for I could not conceal that it was so—it gave me for the time so agreeable a feeling of relief, that I must have been more than mortal if I had not soon become reconciled to it. Another draft was made—and another—and another!—and long before the balance-day arrived, I had contrived a means of eluding detection. Immediate troubles were thus neutralised. My home once more became one of comfort. But oh the bolts of remorse and terror which occasionally shot through my soul, as I reflected on my guilt! Often have I sat in the midst of a hundred comforts, during the prevalence of those biting storms which give domestic enjoyments so *high a relish*, and yet there did not wander through the *flooded street* a wretch so forlorn and wretched, but I

would not have exchanged my fate with his, provided he were more innocent than I. The most squalid and shelterless object, who, lame, diseased, and despised, shivered from door to door, picking up a miserable subsistence from the garbage of kitchens, appeared in my eyes as incomparably happier, if he only could reflect upon deeds less guilty than mine.

Though my errors were not at first nearly so great as they afterwards became, my sufferings were then far more severe than afterwards. In time, I was able to apologise in some measure for my turpitude, by calling up the vision of my necessities, and by convincing myself, that since no *individual* lost by my peculations, they were of comparatively little moment. He who has once been tempted into crime, is never in want of sophistical arguments for its extenuation. To deaden my mind the more to a sense of guilt, I launched more freely than ever into the tide of fashionable gaieties, and, above all things, became remarkably beneficent to my inferiors, and to every kind of needy applicant. It might have been supposed, that an individual under such circumstances would have rather been disposed to live as sparingly as possible: I am persuaded, from my own feelings, that the natural tendency is exactly the reverse. Social converse is demanded by such a wretch, as a kind of relief from his own gloomy thoughts; and the exercise of benevolent feelings appears to him as a palliation of his offences.

The means which I had contrived for escaping detection were of such a nature, that, though I might have proceeded for many years in the same course, an accident at any time would make all clear to my superiors. I therefore lived in a state of perpetual fear; insoinuch, that an unusual noise, or even the sound of a rapid foot behind me, invariably communicated a certain degree of alarm. During this period, my conduct at the office was so obliging, so quiet, and so inoffensive, that, by superiors, equals, and inferiors, I was alike beloved. My domestic behaviour was also of the most exemplary kind. My wife was pointed to by her friends as the

happiest of women; and our children were famed for the excellent nurture which they received. Our household was looked upon by all who ever entered it as the home of prosperity and peace; and I was envied by many, whose feet I could have licked with transport, if I could have been made as guiltless as they. The whole strain of my behaviour I can now trace to an unconscious desire of laying up good opinions against the evil day which was to denounce me as a wretch and an outcast.

That evil day at length came, as I knew it must. It came in the midst of domestic calamity and wo. My wife had been confined a few days before; and she and her child were in that state where death is looked upon as equally probable with life. Two of our other children, including one on whom I doted to distraction, were suffering under one of the severest of the whole range of infantine diseases. Late one evening, when I was about to leave the office, a letter was received from the superior board in the metropolis, expressing some doubt about our accounts, and requesting certain information which might elucidate them. As the error, if error it was, appeared to have occurred in my department, orders were given that I should next day apply myself, with several of the junior clerks, to an investigation of the matter! It never occurred to my superiors that the mistake could be a wilful one, or connected with any act of defaulture. This entire absence of suspicion enabled me to hear the intelligence with serenity; and after expressing a matter-of-course acquiescence in the order, I left the office in my usual manner. My bosom, however, was already a prey to the most dire sensations. I reached home I know not how—for blindness was in my eyes, and doubt and terror in my steps. The servant who opened the door to admit me was in tears: this was the first thing which recalled the power of reflection. 'Is it your mistress?' I hurriedly inquired. 'O no, sir,' answered the girl, and she sobbed out the name of my beloved child. I was rushing forward, when she seized me by the arm, and told me, as well as her sobs would permit, that, by the request of the surgeon

in attendance, the death of the child was to be concealed from the mother; and that the latter, who had just fallen into a sleep, was to be kept quiet, if we valued her life. I was cooled in an instant. I approached the chamber where my dear infant lay—took but one kiss of his scarcely cold lips, and shed but one bright tear on his marble forehead. The other, which lay at no great distance, I pressed to my bosom, as if I could have hoped to shelter him *there* from the stroke of death too evidently impending. I then passed to my own room, possessed myself of all the money I had about me, and wrote a letter to a friend at the distance of a day's journey from town, informing him of the reason of my departure from the country, and beseeching him to come instantly to the succour of my family—if he still could retain any interest in a wretch who deserved the worst that he and the rest of the world could award. My next movement was towards the room occupied by my wife. She slept profoundly. Within the gentle flexure of her arm lay her infant, also asleep. Upon her pale cheek, sat the placid expression of a mind at ease with itself, though perhaps soon to pass through the dreadful scene of death. How different the emotions of that gentle and resigned bosom from those which possessed my own! Guilt, remorse, and despair were approaching the bower of innocence and repose—repose, alas! soon to be changed for anguish not to be conceived! For one minute I gazed on that blessed countenance, with an intenseness of contemplation that confessed my slender hopes of ever seeing it again. A lifetime was compressed into that space. Much as I wished to press my lips to her face, I dared not—for it might have awakened her, and exposed me to a scene I would have died rather than encounter. With one parting look, in which the grief of years was concentrated, I tore myself away, and left the house.

In a few weeks, I had reached a country where my person was secure from the consequences of my guilt. I immediately wrote to my friend, informing him of my place of refuge, and entreating that he would convey

the intelligence to Maria, if she still lived, and inform me in return of every circumstance of any interest that had taken place in consequence of my departure. In due time, I received a letter—and, oh, joy of joys! it was from my wife. Notwithstanding the distress into which she was plunged by the detection of my criminality, she had recovered from her illness, which, in reality, had passed the crisis on the evening of my departure. She expressed a just sense of the enormity of my offence, but, knowing that my nature was originally good, she had been able to pardon me in her own mind, and was now desirous of rejoining me, in whatever part of the world, or in whatever sphere of life, I might be placed. I read the letter with transports, and fondly trusted that happiness, though I never could deserve it, might again be mine.

Wretched dreamer that I was! ere six months had elapsed, my wife and her surviving children, for whom I had provided a kind of home in the wilderness, perished on their passage to America, together with scores of fellow-creatures, all of whom no doubt left many hearts to mourn for their loss, but no one to feel the mortal anguish of mine. On hearing of the fate of the vessel and its passengers—for not a soul survived to afford the possibility of a doubt—I shrunk, abashed and horror-struck, from human converse, as if the intelligence had taxed me with the murder of those dearest to me on earth. About the same time, I learned that my aged father had not long survived the intelligence of my infamy, which had covered not only him but the whole circle of my friends and connections with shame. The old man had always cherished the most extravagant hopes respecting his only and beloved son. After being informed of my sudden and disgraceful departure, he had hardly spoken a word to a living being, but sat dull and forlorn in his room, neglecting even those books of piety, from which, when consolation was less required, he had never failed, according to his own frequent declaration, to derive it. The conscience-stricken

murderer of all who held me dear, I have now lived for many years apart from my kind—despised by all who ever think of me, but, alas ! unable to despise in return, for I am only too deeply sensible of the errors I have committed. My fellow-creatures give nothing, and take nothing from me. I ask nature only for the means of supporting life, and content myself with what she readily gives. But vain is every effort of busy self-love to excuse the crimes which have driven me from society. They wring my heart by day and by night, and, even thus far from accusing faces, I ever feel the dread scorn of the world, and acknowledge the justice of its infliction.

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## A N A G R A M S.

ANAGRAMS are now hardly known as efforts of wit, but in ancient times they formed the subject of learned disquisition, and were ranked among the cabalistic sciences. The paltry process of anagramatising sentences and proper names was also extremely fashionable in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, occupying that place now enjoyed by conundrums, and other small means of amusement among the idle. The French are reputed to have been exceedingly fond of anagrams. On one occasion, an anagram was made on the mistress of Charles IX., which threw the nation into an ecstasy of delight. The name of the lady was Marie Touchet, the letters of which words were transformed into *Je charme tout* (or, *I charm all*)—an anagram said to be historically just. But this anagram was perhaps surpassed by the following : The assassin of Henry III. was Frere Jacques Clement, and it was soon discovered that the letters of these three words could form the appalling sentence : *C'est l'enfer qui m'a créé* (or, *It is hell which created me*.)

Various anagrams were appropriately formed on the name and titles of our own King James VI., one of which

was, *James Stuart—A just master*. One on the same monarch, but referring to his complete name, was, *Charles James Steuart—Claims Arthur's Seat*. Of the poet Waller it was said—

His brows need not with laurel to be bound,  
Since in his name with *Laurel* he is crowned.

And Randle Holmes, a person who wrote a book on heraldry, was complimented by the expressive anagram, *Lo Men's Herald!* Perhaps the happiest of all anagrams, says D'Israeli, 'was produced on a singular person and occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character: she was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her productions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the Court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name, *Eleanor Davies—to Reveal O Daniel*. The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*; yet *Daniel* and *Reveal* were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text. One of the Deans of the Arches, says Heylin, took up a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram: *Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad a ladie!* The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state. No more was heard of the prophetess.'

## THE PEGHLER.

It is long since the natural history of such creatures as the lion, the horse, and the elephant, was ascertained and understood. Zoology is now mainly occupied with the lower fields of creation. Accordingly, it would be quite in vain that you busied yourself in the East Indies in the amiable task of catching and stuffing tigers, in order that you might send them home to some native museum; for, on their arrival, it is ten to one that they would not be allowed house-room. But mark the eyes of a naturalist when you tell him of some new marine creature, half vegetable, half animal, which springs up in the shape of a tumbler, with something like an umbrella and stalk in the middle; or only speak of a new holothuria, original in the number of its tentacula! In the same way have the ordinary characters of society fallen into a kind of contempt in our literature. It was very well for Homer to describe heroes like Achilles and Agamemnon; and for the *Spectator* to talk of such men as Will Honeycomb or Sir Roger de Coverley. These personages were like the horse and the lion in the infancy of natural history. But anything like a full-grown, healthy, natural man, is now of no use. Everybody knew all about him ages ago. If you want proper subjects for the moral museum, you must poke into the holes and corners of human nature. It will not do now-a-days to describe anything but nondescripts.

Acting under this impression, I take leave to introduce the genus *Peghler* to the notice of the world—a creature who, neither in town nor country, is anything very decidedly, but yet may be described, I doubt not, in such terms as to awaken a full recollection of him in the mind of many readers.

The Peghler is a person in humble life, who acquires this name because he is always going about muddling



and panting after something.\* He assumes no distinct profession, but contrives to live a curious irregular life by means of all kinds of out-of-the-way bargainings, and contracts for work; his habits being generally in a considerable degree determined by the accident of his living in a city or in the country. He is usually a short, active-looking man, with coarse gray stockings, corduroy breeches, and a seven-days' beard. His neckcloth is one hard roll of red or blue cotton, enclosing a collar, which, evidently, has never yet been made acquainted with the mysterious process invented by Brummel. His watch is a little spherical silver one, with Roman numerals; its chain is steel, and consists of a series or congeries of chains, interrupted every two or three inches by little flat plates, and garnished at the end with an old-fashioned pebble seal, a George-the-Second sixpence, a small Indian shell, and a key formed on three angles, like the human figure when sitting. The residence of the town Peghler is always suburban. He has generally a concern in some grass park in the neighbourhood, where he keeps a cow or horse when he happens to buy one. He is always a married man, with a vast number of children, whom he is rigorous in setting to work as soon almost as they are able to walk. Though invariably rather wealthy than otherwise, he is a great economist in his household. He buys the most of his provisions in a growing or living state. In June, you find him attending a sale of standing grain, where, if he does not bid largely in a wholesale capacity, he at least purchases an acre or two for his own meal. This is reaped by his own children—put into sheaves by himself (for he is a first-rate bandster)—thrashed also by himself—ground at a mill in which he has some concern—and brought home by his own horse and cart. In October, you see him attending a sale of growing potatoes—perhaps he buys a whole field on speculation—possibly only an acre for his family. At the very worst, he sees how potatoes are

\* To peghle—Anglicè, to pant, to be short-winded.


going—enjoys the honour of having his advice asked by the less experienced, and partakes, however fruitlessly, of the bottle which has been paraded for the purpose of encouraging the sale. The Peghler frequents all kinds of markets. At Dalkeith, he goes like a bee from flower to flower. He thrusts his hand deep into every bag—feels the contents with a knowing air, between his finger and thumb—tastes it with an air still more knowing—and, after asking the price, remarks, if he does not mean to buy, that it is ‘a good meal.’ When he has made a purchase, he pays for it either in notes drawn from a huge worn pocket-book, which seems almost in itself a bank, or by what he calls ‘a bit cheque on Sir Willie.’\*

In his capacity of corn-factor upon a small scale, the Peghler is a great adept in all matters connected with farm produce, and whatever may increase or depress its value. Not a cloud crosses the horizon, but he knows what effect it is to have next Friday at Haddington. He will, by a mysterious algebra peculiar to himself, weigh off the depth of water at the Observatory; or, what is more in his way, the pools which he finds in the morning before his door, against the scale of prices at Dalkeith; and you would be astonished at the accuracy of the calculation. I once encountered a Peghler in the course of a country walk. He was leaning over the gate of a barley-field; and if he had not borne all the external marks of a declared and licensed Peghler, I could have known him by the considerate calculating air with which he marked the rising braird. Entering into conversation with him, I remarked that that was a fine field of barley. ‘Yes,’ he said drily; ‘it’s gude beare; but, man, ye dinna ken *hoo* it’s gude.’ The Peghler approved of the grain, by virtue of his intimate and actual acquaintance with the subject: he knew it to be good, perhaps, from his certainty as to the goodness of the soil, the sufficiency of the manure, the excellent labour which had been bestowed upon it,

\* Sir William Forbes & Co., a banking-house of old standing in Edinburgh, still eminent, but formerly enjoying an exclusive kind of veneration among the rural classes in Scotland.

Besides a minute examination of all the outward symptoms. But he saw, from my city aspect, that I only thought it good because the field bore a verdant appearance; and his conscious skill could not respond even to my humble remark, without letting me see that he did so upon different and deeper principles. Verily, there is no department of knowledge without its pride of skill.

But the Peghler is a person of multiform appearance, and endless varieties of employment. Sometimes he steps into a place where turnpikes are rousing; and if the thought strikes him, he will take a few tolls, into which, next week, he has planted off an equal number of sons, cousins, and nephews. You have perhaps left off acquaintance with a particular Peghler, as contractor for building a dike near your residence in the country; and the next time you see him, he is ascending from a hole in the street, being busied in forming a new drain. Some days afterwards, when you are in quest of a house against next Whitsuntide, you find yourself waited upon by this identical Peghler, as an emissary of the landlord. It is a great employment of the Peghler to let houses. This is just one of those irregular kinds of business which the city Peghler rejoices in. He is, indeed, so fond of it, that he often sinks his own gains in house property. You find him at a sale of what are called 'old materials'—namely, the stone and woodwork of a house about to be taken down, to admit, perhaps, of some public work. He is flying along crazy joists, while pulverised lime wraps him all round—a sort of dust-fiend! He buys the whole for a few pounds, and, some weeks after, a house, perhaps occupied in former times by lords and ladies gay, rises in a new shape in the suburbs for the accommodation of humble artisans. The Peghler, in his capacity of landlord, becomes acquainted with a property in human nature, which has hitherto been supposed to reside exclusively in certain classes of birds. This is a disposition to migrate, which prevails among his tenants at particular seasons, generally about three weeks previous to the 25th of May and the 22d of November. It is incalculable the trouble



which he and his whole race and kindred have, about those periods, in watching the motions of the tenantry. He wanders nightly like a ghost about the Property, and the smallest light in a window after midnight becomes to him an object of suspicion. His children rise at different periods of the night to relieve guard; but even while he sleeps, he thinks he sees his vassals taking wing with their goods and chattels. If all keeps fair till term-day, he goes his rounds with a gracious countenance, mumbling to every tenant some complimentary speeches, in which the word 'convenient' is alone heard, but, in being heard, is enough. Perhaps, instead of rent, he is met with some complaint as to the want of repairs; but unless he receives payment, he turns a deaf ear to all such memorialists. If this be duly rendered, then he makes it his endeavour to soothe the complainants as much as possible. There is no black so very black, nor no white so very white, but he will make the one look a little whiter and the other a little blacker. The roof may shew a breach through which the tenant can see ten degrees of the blue empyrean; but, in the Peghler's mind, everything may be cured by a little plaster. A little plaster is his catholicon for all evils; and that he will come and apply himself some day very soon. He will never admit any fault in his property, which it is beyond his own personal skill to correct; no more than Dr Poppleton would acknowledge the existence of any disease which might not be cured by his own pill. He has been heard, in extraordinary cases, to speak of such a thing as a barrowful of bricks, but so very rarely, that it is not entitled to enter into the estimate of his character and habits. He has also been known to have the art of thatching houses, and even, on an emergency, when in the last day of his shirt, to sweep a chimney, either for the benefit of himself, or one of his neighbours.

The Peghler is sure to be prosperous, so long as things depend upon his own immediate exertions and sagacity, and while his children are still so young as to be obliged to conform to his rules. But the unhappy man is almost

invariably ruined by his family. He has been all his life a severe disciplinarian. Every Sunday, twice in the day, has he marched his flock of Johnnies and Jennies to Mr Lothian's, in the Vennel, besides taking care that he doth,

‘ Morning, nichtly,  
On the *questions* targe them tichtly.’

But all is as nought when the young folk arrive at ripe age. Jockies are then set up as meal-dealers or builders, and Jennies are married to grocers and tanners. The boys carry *higher* heads than their father, but not so *long*, and the sons-in-law—as blood, according to the kindly Scotch adage, is thicker than water—obtain his scratchy, but effective signature, to bills and other obligations. The gains of wisdom and parsimony are then squandered by folly and self-indulgence. Even while the family is still domiciled with him, he is in danger of having his good old system broken in upon. The youngsters see finer style in the dwellings of their playmates, and begin to discover that their father is not the poor man he seems. The Peghler is thunder-struck, some fine morning, at finding his household convulsed by a rebellion, to which the very wife of his bosom is evidently not ill affected, against further breakfasts of porridge. The ancient *dine-astly* of potatoes is tumbled from its throne; and tea, hitherto a thing only enjoyed clandestinely when he was from home, sets up its unblushing front every evening, as if it had a title of a thousand years' standing. It is in vain that he struggles against these innovations. Like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, he is brought to submission by the very multitude of his enemies. He might seize a Jock or a Jenny, as Gulliver could have done by half a score of his minute foes, but whatever punishment he could inflict, would be revenged twentyfold by the myriad shafts of ridicule, and remonstrance, and complaint which would instantly be directed against him. At length, the poor Peghler, after a manful resistance, is obliged to give in with a good grace; and TEA, the arch-fiend of *his dreams*, reigns supreme.

From such causes as these, the Peghler often ends where he commenced — a very poor man; but yet the case is often far otherwise. Perhaps his eldest son is reared a baker. The youth is steady and active. The moment he is out of his apprenticeship he marries his master's daughter, and the two swarm off to set up in some new street about the outskirts of the New Town. Little stock is required to set up a baker. Two pounds buy a bag of flour, and no more is required to begin with. The wife is established in a small back-room, with a window of two panes looking into the front-shop; and there she sits, looking through her loophole of retreat on the passing world, unless when called upon to attend to her customers. In the evenings, if you happen to drop in to buy anything for your children, you get a peep through that loophole, unless it be altogether covered by its curtain of green baize, of such a comfortable tea-table, as makes you envy the happy lot of the son of the Peghler. Or perhaps the honest baker himself appears in his door, with his red cowl pushed back from his brow, and is engaged in discussing, amidst a crowd of neighbours, some knotty subject that has just been started by the *Scotsman*. His broad hearty laugh, the expression of a mind at ease with itself, and happy with all around it, is heard occasionally over the debate; and if a customer chances to enter, the transaction is in general so simple, that it does not interrupt his argument, but he continues speaking to his friends at the door from the far recesses of the shop, till he is enabled, by the conclusion of the business, to resume his station in the threshold. The Peghler watches and rejoices over the good behaviour of this worthy son, with great gratulation of spirit. He loves the children far better than do their father or mother; and they, in their turn, would not give their grandfather for twenty of their more immediate parents. As they sit on his knee, they ask him innumerable questions about his watch, and its many chains, and its seal, and its sixpence, and its little shell; and occasionally, when they are 'guid bairns,' he will even allow them to

see the inside of the wonderful machine. They entertain a most reverential respect for a particular pocket in his large spotted woollen vest, in which they know he keeps halfpence. That pocket seems to them the most estimable object in the whole world; and they cannot see him bring his hand so much as near it, without a tremor of delicious expectation. Such is the happy closing phase of a Peghler's life. At length, he is quietly translated out of time, leaving the fruits of his many hard-working days to a new generation, by whom he is gratefully recorded not as a shrewd, industrious man, which he really was, but as a kind husband and indulgent parent, which he was not. And so I leave the Peghler to his repose.\*

R. C.

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#### ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

THE Mauritius, an island in the Indian Ocean, at one time belonging to the French, but now forming one of the British colonial possessions, is extremely mountainous, and exhibits in every part of it the marks of volcanic action. Some of the mountains are between 2000 and 3000 feet in height, and are covered with snow during a great part of the year. Among them are several that assume the most singular and fantastic shapes; but the most extraordinary in its appearance, is that which bears the name of Peter Botte, from a person who is said by tradition to have climbed to its summit many years ago, and to have lost his life in coming down again. The attempt has been several times made by our own countrymen since the island became a British possession, but always till now in vain. The exploit, however, was at length accomplished in 1833. The account of its successful performance is given in a letter from one of the parties in the enterprise, which was communicated to the

\* This paper, by one of the editors of the present volume, appeared originally in the first number of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, 1832.

Geographical Society by Mr Barrow. 'From most points of view,' says the writer, 'the mountain seems to rise out of the range which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea-coast which forms the Bay of Port Louis—the capital, situated on the west side of the island—but on arriving at its base, you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth.' The mountain appears from the account to be about 1800 feet high.

Captain Lloyd, chief civil-engineer, accompanied by Mr Dawkins, had made an attempt in 1831 to ascend the mountain, and had reached what is called the Neck, where they planted a ladder, which did not, however, reach half-way up the perpendicular face of rock beyond. Still, Captain Lloyd was convinced that, with proper preparation, the feat might be accomplished. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th September 1833, this gentleman, along with Lieutenant Phillpotts of the 29th Regiment, Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., and Lieutenant Taylor, the writer of the letter, set out on the bold and perilous adventure. 'All our preparations being made,' says the narrative, 'we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty sepoy, in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes carrying our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which, having loosened all the stones, made it anything but pleasant: those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle.'

Along this path, which was not a foot broad, they picked their way for about 400 yards, the negroes keeping their footing firm under their loads, by catching hold as they proceeded of the shrubs above them. We must allow Lieutenant Taylor to continue the story in his own words:—

'On rising to the shoulder, a view burst upon us which defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little



narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had passed up; while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down 1500 feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about 300 or 350 feet above us; and on the very pinnacle, old Peter Botte frowned in all his glory.


'After a short rest, we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, about half-way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot, which was spiked, rested on a ledge, with barely three inches on each side. A grapnel-line had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle; and it was fearful to see the cool steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down into the abyss; however, he fearlessly scrambled away, till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck: "All right!" These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four "shinned" in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places, the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad; and I could, as I held on, half sitting, half kneeling across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning; but gradually I got *so* excited and determined to succeed, that I could look

down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head; nevertheless, I held on uncommonly hard, and felt very well satisfied when I was safe under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock, about thirty feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded everywhere by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot, the head, though overhanging *its* base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up. A communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *material*—Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crowbars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, with thongs, to fire over; and having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part: had the line broke, he would have fallen 1800 feet. Twice this failed, and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead-line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan. Several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave us a shift of wind for about a minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. Hurrah, my lads! "steady's the word!" Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge; a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up; and, finally, a two-inch rope, to the extremity of which we lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently

over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below. "All right; now hoist away!" and up went the ladder till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it fast: a line was passed over by the lead-line to hold on, and up went Lloyd, screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The union-jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and Old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted Peter Botte. No sooner was it seen flying, than the *Undaunted* frigate saluted in the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look-out, as we afterwards learned. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it "King William's Peak," and drank his majesty's health hands round the Jack, and then "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

'I certainly never felt anything like the excitement of that moment: even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs; and we could hear far below the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below; and about four P.M. we descended our ticklish path, to partake of the portable soup, preserved salmon, &c. Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the *Talbot*, to whom we had written, informing them of our hopes of success; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or neck. After dinner, as it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood, and made a fire in a cleft under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass of

brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting-waistcoat, jacket, and a huge Flushing jacket over that, a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets; and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour of our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from that giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, over the fire of some sugar-manufactory; but not a sound of any sort reached us, except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder—we four being the only ones above. At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and, after a long interval, the sullen boom of the evening-gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and whiz went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burned a blue-light, and nothing can be conceived more perfectly beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all quite distinctly shewn; while many of the tropical birds, frightened at our vagaries, glanced by in the light, and then swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below; for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burned another blue-light, and threw up two more rockets, when, our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking, insulted moon had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, having lashed Phillpotts, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep; but it blew strong before the morning, and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept tucking in the blankets the whole night without success. At daybreak, we rose, stiff, cold, and hungry; and I shall conclude briefly by saying, that after about four or five hours' hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sunk the foot of our twelve-



foot ladder deep in this, lashing a water-barrel, as a landmark, at the top, and, above all, a long staff, with the union-jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder, to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again; and, bidding adieu to the scene of our toil and triumph, descended the ladder to the neck, and casting off the guys and hauling-lines, cut off all communication with the top.'

We have only to add to this animated description, that, more fortunate than Peter Botte, Lieutenant Taylor and his friends effected their descent in perfect safety. The warm congratulations of their countrymen greeted them on their return from what our readers will probably agree with us in regarding as one of the most brilliant enterprises of this sort which have ever been recorded.

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### THE SUTORS OF SELKIRK.

TRADITION and history concur in celebrating the devoted bravery of the citizens of Selkirk at the fatal battle of Flodden, in 1514; and it is related that of one hundred who followed James IV. to the field, only a few survived. A standard taken from the English on the occasion, by a member of the incorporation of weavers, is still in the possession of his descendant, an inhabitant of the town. The English were so exasperated at the bravery of that band of citizens, that they laid Selkirk in ashes. James V., however, in reward of their eminent services, granted them a thousand acres of Selkirk Forest, which are now worth about L.1500 a year. In the annual survey of this tract of land, or riding of the marches, the English standard is still carried before the incorporation of weavers. It is recorded by tradition, that, on the return of the few survivors from Flodden, they found, by the side of Lady-Wood-Edge, the corpse of a female, wife to one of their fellow-comrades, with a

child sucking at her breast. In memory of this latter event, continues the tradition, the present arms of the burgh bear a female holding a child in her arms, and seated on a sarcophagus, decorated with the Scottish lion; in the background, a wood. In connection with the story of the bravery of the men of Selkirk at Flodden, tradition has handed down the following rhyme, which has been the subject of much literary contest:—

‘ Up wi’ the sutors of Selkirk,  
And down wi’ the Earl of Hume;  
And up wi’ a’ the bra’ lads  
That sew the single-soled shoon.’

Whether this rhyme be as old as the battle of Flodden; whether it refer to the conduct of Lord Hume on that occasion, in comparison with the bravery of the burgesses of Selkirk; or whether it applies to a more modern incident—a match at football betwixt the men of the Merse, or Earl of Hume’s country, and those of Selkirk, it seems now difficult to decide. Although the words of the song, of which the above is the first verse, be not very ancient, and although there was no *Earl of Home* till the year 1604, antiquaries have generally found reason to believe that they allude to the conflict at Flodden. It is related, that the principal trade carried on at the time of the battle, and for centuries afterwards, was that of manufacturing thin or *single-soled* shoes. Hence the glory of the above enterprise is wholly appropriated by what are called ‘the Sutors of Selkirk,’ though the great trophy of the day was won by a person of a very different profession. It seems evident that the shoemakers have only become conspicuous in the story by their numbers, and by the predominance of the craft over all others, in remote as well as in recent times. This has proceeded to such a length, that to be made a sutor of Selkirk is the ordinary phrase for being created a burgess; and the ceremony gone through on such occasions seems to set the matter at rest. The candidate for burgal honours, at the festivity which always attends these ceremonies, is compelled to lick or pass through his mouth a small bunch

of bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, which has previously been licked or mouthed by all the members of the town-council who may be present. This is called *licking the birse*, and is said to imply allegiance or respect to the craft who rule the roast in Selkirk. The late distinguished sheriff-depute of the county, Sir Walter Scott, Bart., who supplied part of this information, on being made a *sutor*, used the precaution of washing the beslabbered birse in his wine, but was compelled, *nolens volens*, to atone for that act of disrespect by drinking off the polluted liquor. Nor was the custom ever dispensed with in any case on record, except that of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, who visited Selkirk in 1819.

The game of football, above alluded to, was anciently a very favourite sport throughout Scotland, but especially upon the Borders. Sir John Carmichael of Carmichael, warden of the middle marches, was killed in 1600 by a band of Armstrongs returning from a football match. Sir Robert Carey, in his *Memoirs of Border Transactions*, mentions a great meeting, appointed by the Scottish riders to be held at Kelso, for the purpose of playing at football, but which terminated in an incursion upon England. At present, the football is often played by the inhabitants of adjacent parishes, or of the opposite banks of a stream. The victory is contested with the utmost fury, and very serious accidents have sometimes taken place in the struggles.

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#### LOSS OF THE SHIP LADY HOBART.

A NARRATIVE of the loss of his majesty's packet the *Lady Hobart*, on an island of ice in the Atlantic Ocean, on the 28th of June 1803, with a particular account of the providential escape of the crew in two open boats, has been published by William Dorset Fellowes, Esq., her commander. Of this highly interesting narrative—interesting not only on account of the intensity of suffering

endured by Captain Fellowes and his associates in danger, but of the extraordinary heroism displayed by the sufferers—we shall here present an abstract.

‘On the 22d of June 1803, we sailed from Halifax for England, steering a course to the southward and eastward, to clear Sable Island. On the 26th, took a French schooner, the captain of which, with the mate and one boy, was retained on board the packet.

‘*Tuesday, 28th June.*—About one in the morning, the ship then going by the log at the rate of seven miles an hour, struck against an island of ice with such violence that several of the crew were pitched out of their hammocks. Being roused out of my sleep by the suddenness of the shock, I instantly ran upon deck. The helm being put hard a-port, the ship struck again about the chest-tree, and then swung round on her heel, her stern-post being stove in, and her rudder carried away, before we could succeed in our attempts to haul her off. At this time, the island of ice appeared to hang quite over the ship, forming a high peak, which must have been at least twice the height of our mast-head; and we supposed the length of the island to have been from a quarter to half a mile.

‘The sea was now breaking over the ice in a dreadful manner, the water rushing in so fast as to fill the hold in a few minutes. Made every possible exertion to prevent the vessel from sinking, but in less than a quarter of an hour, she settled down to her fore-chains in the water.

‘Our situation was now become most perilous. Aware of the danger of a moment’s delay in hoisting out the boats, I consulted Captain Thomas of the navy, and Mr Bargus, my master, as to the propriety of making any further efforts to save the ship, or any attempt to preserve the mail. These gentlemen agreed with me, that no time was to be lost in hoisting it out; and that, as the vessel was then settling fast, our first and only consideration was to endeavour to preserve the crew.

‘And here I must pay that tribute of praise which the steady discipline and good conduct of every one on board



so justly merit. From the first moment of the ship's striking, not a word was uttered expressive of a desire to leave the wreck: my orders were promptly obeyed; and though the danger of perishing was every instant increasing, each man waited for his turn to get into the boats with a coolness and composure that could not be surpassed.

‘Having fortunately succeeded in hoisting out the cutter and jolly-boat, the sea then running high, we placed the ladies in the former. One of them, Miss Cotenham, was so terrified, that she sprang from the gunwale, and pitched into the bottom of the boat with considerable violence. This accident, which might have been productive of fatal consequences to herself, as well as to us all, was unattended by any bad effects. The few provisions which had been saved from the men's berths were then put into the boats. By this time, the main-deck forward was under water, and nothing but the quarter-deck appeared: I then ordered my men into the boats, and having lashed iron pigs of ballast to the mail, it was thrown overboard.

‘I now perceived that the ship was sinking fast, and called out to the men to haul up and receive me, intending to drop myself into the cutter from the end of the trysail-boom; and I desired Mr Bargus, who continued with me on the wreck, to go over first. In this instance, he replied, that he begged leave to disobey my orders; that he must see me safe over before he attempted to go himself. Such conduct, and at such a moment, requires no comment.

‘The sea was running so high at the time we hoisted out the boats, that I scarcely flattered myself we should get them out in safety; and, indeed, nothing but the steady and orderly conduct of the crew, could have enabled us to effect so difficult and hazardous an undertaking; and it is but justice to them to observe, that not a man in the ship attempted to make use of the liquor, *which* every one had in his power. While the cutter *was getting out*, I perceived one of the seamen—John

Tipper—emptying a demijohn, or bottle, containing five gallons, which on inquiry I found to be rum. He said that he was emptying it for the purpose of filling it with water from the scuttle-cask on the quarter-deck, which had been generally filled overnight, and which was then the only fresh water to be got at : it became afterwards our principal supply. I relate this circumstance as highly creditable to the character of a British sailor.

‘We had scarcely quitted the ship, when she suddenly gave a heavy lurch to port, and then went down head foremost. I had ordered the colours to be hoisted at the main-top-gallant mast-head, with the union downwards, as a signal of distress, in case any vessel should happen to be near to us at the dawn of day.

‘At this awful crisis of the ship sinking, when it is natural to suppose that fear would be the predominant principle of the human mind, the coolness of a British seaman—John Andrews—was very conspicuously manifested, by his exclaiming : “There, my brave fellows, there goes the pride of Old England !”

‘I cannot attempt to describe my own feelings, or the sensations of my people. Exposed as we were in two small open boats upon the great Atlantic Ocean, bereft of all assistance but that which our own exertions could afford us, we narrowly escaped being swallowed up in the vortex. Men used to vicissitudes are not easily dejected, but there are trials which human nature alone cannot surmount. The consciousness of having done our duty, and a reliance upon a good Providence, enabled us to endure our calamity ; and we animated each other with the hope of a better fate.

‘While we were employed in deliberating about our future arrangements, at the moment the ship was sinking, she was surrounded by an incalculable number of whales. We were extremely apprehensive, from their near approach to the boats, that they might strike and materially damage them : we therefore shouted, and used every effort to drive them away, but without effect ; they continued to pursue us, and remained about the

boats for the space of half an hour, when they disappeared, without having done us any injury.

‘Having at length surmounted dangers and difficulties which baffle all description, we rigged the foremast, and prepared to shape our course in the best manner that circumstances would admit of, the wind blowing from the precise point on which it was necessary to sail to reach the nearest land. An hour had scarcely elapsed from the time the ship struck, till she foundered. The distribution of the crew was made in the following order: in the cutter, twenty feet long, six feet four inches broad, and two feet six inches deep, were embarked, including three ladies—Mrs Fellowes, Mrs Scott, and Miss Cotenham—Captain Thomas and myself, eighteen people, which, together with the provisions, brought the boat’s gunwale down to within six or seven inches of the water. From this confined space, some idea may be formed of our crowded state; but it is scarcely possible for the imagination to conceive the extent of our sufferings in consequence of it. In the jolly-boat, fourteen feet long, five feet three inches broad, and two feet deep, were embarked Mr Bargus, Lieutenant-Colonel Cook of the Guards, and nine others.

‘The only provisions we were enabled to save consisted of about fifty pounds of biscuit, five or six gallons of water, part of a barrel of spruce-beer, one demijohn of rum, a few bottles of port-wine, with two compasses, a quadrant, a spy-glass, a small tin mug, and a wine-glass. The deck-lantern, with a few spare candles, had been thrown into the boat, and the cook having secured his tinder-box and some matches, we were afterwards enabled to steer by night.

‘The wind was now blowing strong from the westward, with a heavy sea, and the day had just dawned. Estimating ourselves to be at the distance of 350 miles from St John’s, in Newfoundland, I represented to my companions in distress, that we must begin by suffering privations, which I foresaw would be greater than I ventured to explain. To each person, therefore, were served out

half a biscuit and a glass of wine, which was the only allowance for the ensuing twenty-four hours, all agreeing to leave the water untouched as long as possible. Soon after daylight, we made sail, with the jolly-boat in tow, and stood close-hauled to the northward and westward. We now said prayers, and returned thanks to God for our deliverance.

*Wednesday, 29th.*—This day was ushered in with light variable winds from the southward and eastward. We had passed a long and sleepless night, and I found myself, at the dawn of day, with twenty-eight persons looking up to me with anxiety for the direction of our course, as well as for the distribution of their scanty allowance. On examining our provisions, we found the bag of biscuit much damaged by salt water; it therefore became necessary to curtail the allowance, to which precaution all cheerfully assented.

A thick fog soon after came on, with heavy rain, which we had no means of collecting. Our crowded and exposed situation was now rendered more distressing from being thoroughly wet. At noon, served a quarter of a biscuit and a glass of rum to each person.

*Thursday, 30th.*—At daybreak, we were all so benumbed with wet and extreme cold, that half a glass of rum and a mouthful of biscuit were served out to each person; the ladies, who had hitherto refused to taste the spirits, were now prevailed upon to take the stated allowance, which afforded them immediate relief. The sea was mostly calm, with thick fog and sleet; the air raw and cold: we had kept at our oars all night, and we continued to row during the whole of this day. At noon, we judged ourselves to be distant 246 miles from St John's.

*Friday, 1st July.*—During the greater part of the last twenty-four hours, it blew a hard gale of wind from the west-south-west, with a heavy sea; thick fog and sleet; the weather excessively cold, for the spray, freezing as it flew over us, rendered our situation truly deplorable. We all felt a most painful depression of spirits; the want of nourishment, and the continued cold and wet weather

had rendered us almost incapable of exertion. The very confined space in the boat would not allow of our stretching our limbs, and several of the men, whose feet were considerably swelled, repeatedly called for water. On my reminding them of the resolution we had made, and of the absolute necessity of our persevering in it, they acknowledged the justice and propriety of my refusal, and the water remained untouched.

‘At the commencement of the gale, we stood to the northward and westward; but the cutter was so low in the water, and had shipped so much sea, that we were obliged to cast off the jolly-boat’s tow-rope, and we very soon lost sight of her in the fog. This unlucky circumstance was productive of the utmost distress to us all. To add to the misery of our situation, we lost with the boat not only a considerable part of our stores, but with them our quadrant and spy-glass.

‘In the course of this day, there were repeated exclamations of a strange sail, although I knew it was next to an impossibility to discern anything, owing to the thickness of the fog; yet they were urged from the several seamen with such apparent certainty of their object, that I was induced to put the boat before the wind, to convince them of their error; and as I then saw in a strong point of view the consequence of such deviations, I represented, with all the force of which I was capable, that the depression arising from disappointment infinitely overbalanced the momentary relief proceeding from such delusive expectation, and I exhorted them not to allow such fancies to break out into expression. Under all these circumstances, the ladies particularly, with a heroism that no words can describe, afforded to us the best examples of patience and fortitude.

‘*Saturday, 2d.*—It rained hard during the night, and the cold became so severe, that almost every one in the boat was unable to move. At daybreak, I served out about the third of a wine-glass of rum to each person, with a quarter of a biscuit, and before noon, a small quantity of spruce-beer, which afforded us great relief.

‘At half-past eleven A.M., a sail was discovered to the eastward, standing to the north-west. Our joy at such a sight, with the immediate hope of deliverance, gave us all new life. Having hauled close to the wind, we neared each other fast, and in less than a quarter of an hour, we perceived the jolly-boat. I cannot attempt to describe the various sensations of joy and disappointment which were by turns expressed on all our countenances. As soon as we approached the jolly-boat, we threw out to her a tow-rope, and bore away to the north-west.

‘Our hopes of deliverance had now been buoyed up to the highest pitch. The excitement arising from our joy began perceptibly to lose its effect; and to a state of artificial strength succeeded such a despondency, that no entreaty nor argument could rouse some of the men even to the common exertions of making sail.

‘To the French captain, and several of the people who appeared to have suffered most, I now, for the first time, served out a wine-glassful of water. I had earnestly cautioned the crew not to taste the salt water, but some of the unhappy men had, nevertheless, taken large draughts of it, and became delirious; some were seized with violent cramps and twitching of the stomach and bowels. I again took occasion to point out to the rest of them the extreme danger of such indiscretion.

‘*Sunday, 3d.*—The cold, wet, hunger, and thirst, which we now experienced, are not to be described, and made our situation very deplorable. At eight P.M., having a strong breeze from the southward, we stood on under all the canvas we could spread. The French captain, who for some days had laboured under a despondency which admitted of no consolation, jumped overboard in a fit of delirium, and instantly sank. One of the other prisoners in the jolly-boat became so outrageous, that it was found necessary to lash him to the bottom of the boat.

‘There being every reason to conclude ourselves well in with the land, the few that were able to move were now called upon to make a last effort to save

their lives by rowing, and taking advantage of the little breeze we then had. We had now been six days and nights constantly wet and cold, without any other sustenance than a quarter of a biscuit and one wine-glass of fluid for twenty-four hours. The men, who had appeared totally indifferent as to their fate, summoned up resolution; and as many as were capable of moving from the bottom of the boats, applied to the oars.

*'Monday, 4th.*—As the day dawned, the fog became so thick that we could not see very far from the boat. During the night, we had been under the necessity of casting off the jolly-boat's tow-rope, to induce her crew to exert themselves by rowing. We again lost sight of her, and I perceived that this unlucky accident was beginning to excite great uneasiness among us.

'Soon after daylight, the sun rose in view for the second time since we quitted the wreck. It is worthy of remark, that during the period of seven days that we were in the boats, we never had an opportunity of taking an observation, either of the sun, moon, or stars, nor of drying our clothes. The fog at length beginning to disappear, we instantly caught a glimpse of the land, within a mile's distance, between Kettle Cove and Island Cove, in Conception Bay, fourteen leagues from the harbour of St John's. Almost at the same moment, we had the inexpressible satisfaction to discover the jolly-boat, and a schooner in-shore standing off towards us.

'I wish it were possible for me to describe our sensations at this interesting moment. From the constant watching and fatigue, and from the languor and depression arising from our exhausted state, such accumulated irritability was brought on, that the joy of a speedy relief affected us all in a most remarkable way: many burst into tears; some looked at each other with a stupid stare, as if doubtful of the reality of what they saw; several were in such a lethargic state, that no consolation, no animating language, could rouse them to exertion.

*'The schooner being now within hail, and having made our situation known, she hove-to, and received us on board,*

our boats being taken in tow. The wind having blown with great violence from off the coast, we did not reach the landing-place at Island Cove till four o'clock in the evening. All the women and children in the village, with two or three fishermen—the rest of the men being absent—came down to the beach, and appearing deeply affected at our wretched situation, assisted in lifting us out of the vessel, and afterwards in carrying us up the craggy rocks, over which we were obliged to pass to get to their habitations. This small village afforded neither medical aid nor fresh provisions, of which we stood so much in need; potatoes and salt fish being the only food of the inhabitants. I determined, therefore, to lose no time in proceeding to St John's, where we arrived on the 8th of July. Thence I proceeded to England, where I arrived on the 3d of August.'

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## RICHARD ANDREWS.

RICHARD ANDREWS, mayor of Southampton, is essentially the constructor of his own fortune; and his exertions to advance himself in life, his self-denial, and his fortitude in certain trying difficulties, cannot be too widely known. The following sketch of the life of this enterprising and public-spirited person, appeared some time since in the *Globe* newspaper:—

Richard Andrews was born at Bishop Sutton, in Hampshire, in the December of 1798. His father, Thomas Andrews, was a working-wheelwright in the village of Bramdean, in Hampshire, a trade to which he was apprenticed by the kindness of Madame Venables, of Woodart House. The earnings of the father in those times, when schools were few and provisions dear, barely enabled him to send his first son, Richard, from about five until he was eight or nine years of age, to a dame-school, at twopence a week. Thus slenderly provided for with



education, his mother's father, an agricultural labourer, took him to work at ploughing, turnip-hoeing, thatching, and all the other usual odds-and-ends of a farm-boy's hard work, at the magnificent wages of threepence a day, for which he laboured away for nearly three years. He was always, however, on the look-out for something better; and when a little more than twelve years old, a chance turned up for him of employment as an under-sawyer, at the village of Hitchen Stoke, where, for about two years, he worked in the saw-pit at 1s. a day. For this he laboured twelve hours; and having to walk to and from Hitchen Stoke, ten miles, was on foot or in the saw-pit from four o'clock in the morning until nine at night.

The saw-pit led to a better trade. He used to go to the forge to get the tools put in order, and there it might be from the flying sparks, or the free swing and ring of the hammer, or the warm look of comfort of the forge fire on a winter day, or the pleasure of seeing the iron beaten out to any shape, that the wish took hold of him to be a smith; and whilst waiting for the tools, he used to amuse himself trying his hand at heel and toe-tips and hobnails, at which he soon became an adept, and shewed such skill at iron, and spoke with such desire to learn the trade, that Mr Beaumont, then a great stage-coachmaker, gave him employment as hammerman, under one of his smiths. Here he soon gained the approbation of his master and fellow-workmen, had his wages raised from 5s. to 6s., 7s., 8s., and 9s. a week, and in three years, being four years before the end of his apprenticeship—and a most unusual thing—had a fire to himself, and a hammerman under him.

During the last four years of his apprenticeship, Andrews was considered the first hand in the shop. He made all the heavy coach-axles, which in those days were wrought from well-used wheel-tyres; and he made, too, the whole of the tyres for that immense stage-coach factory, which employed at the time upwards of 100 men.

At a dance at Tichbourne Down, Andrews, then nearly out of his time, met his future wife, who was living at Alresford. She soon, however, went home to Hounslow. Those were not days of railways or excursion-trains; Hounslow was forty-seven miles from where Andrews lived; but he walked the distance in a day, and in about a week walked back on one of the hottest days in summer. Three or four months afterwards, his seven years being ended, he rewalked the distance to be married. To this day, Hampshire Dick's wedding is remembered in Hounslow, for he put down the immemorial usage on such occasions of setting up a hideous din of pokers and tongs, tin kettles, and cows' horns.

The apprenticeship over, the mystery of smithcraft thoroughly mastered, and Andrews twenty-one years of age and married, his employer offered him a guinea a week. He knew he was worth more, so he left the shop to seek better fortune. It was the depth of winter when, on a Thursday, Andrews and a companion workman set off for Chichester at two in the morning. The distance was thirty miles, but they arrived in time to breakfast in the city at half-past nine. His companion fainted at the breakfast-table. There was no work to be had at Chichester; so next day Andrews walked back the thirty miles. His former master then offered 23s. a week, to engage him for a year; but he had too recently got over his apprenticeship to wish to bind himself again; so the very next day, Saturday, he started at four in the morning, and by nine had walked the twenty miles to Southampton. This was in 1821; and he had in all the world just 2s. 6d. in his pocket. He, however, got work at Jones's coach factory, at 24s. a week; and having in three weeks saved L.2, he returned to Hitchen Stoke, to bring his wife and child home to Southampton.

For seven years, he worked at the same factory, and got on from the 24s. to earning two guineas a week. He resolved, and kept to it—though his family increased rapidly—to put something, little or much, into the savings-bank *every week*; and at length, having gathered L.75, he

started in a little back street, on the 1st of October 1832, as a master coachmaker, with two workmen. In three weeks, the L.75 were gone in first expenses, but repair jobs came in fast, were well and punctually done—a name was earned, and trade grew. In the same year came on the general election, at which the Tories fought their great battle against reform. The most influential canvassers came to Andrews. They promised him, that he should make his fortune by the support of the surrounding gentry, if the Tory had his vote. They urged that his was a business depending solely on the gentry, and that if he went against them, he must look for ruin. Southampton was then but a fashionable and invalid watering-place, a whole day's fast stage-coach journey from London: it had neither dock nor warehouses; the Peninsular and Oriental Company was not formed; there was no railway, no West-India steam-boats; no one thought, then, of such a town of trade and manufacture as is now increasing every day in Southampton Water. The odds seemed dead against the man who should go against the gentry. 'Give me,' said Andrews, 'an hour to make up my mind. Come back then, and you shall have your answer.' They came, expecting to tick the vote against reform. Andrews looked up from the forge: 'I believe,' he said, 'reform to be right, and I will vote for it. I have so far worked my own way without any other help than my skill as a workman, and I have no doubt of getting on in the same way without selling my conscience.'

There were abundant grumblings and threats against him, but his first year in business for himself brought him in over L.2000; and within ten years of that election, he had laid out L.10,000 on the ground and buildings of his factory; and in a single year (1845) he earned more than L.22,000, selling upwards of 300 new and second-hand carriages. Travellers by Overland route to India cross the desert in Andrews's omnibuses. He built the state-carriages for the late Mehemet Ali and the sultan; has a large trade with the colonies, Mexico, Valparaiso, and Porto Rico; carries on every part of the manufacture of

carriages, with the exception of patent axles, on his own premises; and employs upwards of 200 men, a majority of whom are electors of the borough.

But it was not only on the reform occasion that Andrews stood by his opinions against his apparent interest. He was one of the first members of the Anti-corn-law League; belonged to its council; gave a handsome pony-carriage to the League Bazaar in 1844; and in 1842, when the mayor refused the Town-Hall, and a public meeting was violently broken up, Andrews cleared out his carriage bazaar, which held from 2000 to 3000 persons; his workmen mounted guard at the entrance, wheel-spokes in hand; and so free-trade had a place for its advocacy in the home of a business said to depend solely on the favour of those who were strong monopolists. Threats again there were, in abundance, of supporting others, and setting up fresh opposition in coach-making; to all of which Andrews used to reply: 'Set up as many as you please; coach-building has already grown to be the staple business of the town; the more makers, the more name the place will have for carriage-building; and I am certain of getting as good a share of it as I deserve.' Nor has this been mere talk. Andrews has been always ready to help others into business with both material and patterns.

In 1848, he was elected sheriff of Southampton; in 1849, by a great majority, mayor, and again in 1850 and 1851; and he goes by the name now of the 'People's Mayor.' His love of liberty, and the inherent energy of his character, of which we have given so many instances in his memoir, have made his name widely and favourably known. May this short narrative not prove useless in inspiring the young to contend with circumstances, and, if possible, improve their condition. We have shewn what, by God's blessing, can be done.

## THE SEPULCHRE OF AN ARMY:

A SEQUEL TO THE 'PASS OF KHOORD-CABOOL.'

THE disastrous retreat of the British army through the Pass of Khoord - Cabool, in Afghanistan, is matter of history, and generally known, for it occurred so lately as January 1842. A brief account of the retreat was given in a previous volume of the present MISCELLANY, in narrating the sufferings of a humble pair—Sergeant Frederick Maitland, and Mary his wife, along with a young orphan, whom they picked up from a dying mother—the party being escorted by a Kuzzilbash, or native chief, who owed the sergeant some acts of kindness.

This small party escaped in a marvellous manner through the Pass, and at nightfall bivouacked in a state of the utmost wretchedness—fatigue, cold, hunger, and overwrought feelings conspiring to render the situation as deplorable as could well be conceived. What followed remains to be stated.

It is the 16th of January 1842, and the morning sun is peeping over mountainous clouds that rear their bulk between the orb and the earth. The few feeble rays that struggle through cannot penetrate the lower stratum of vapour, and only diffuse a faint sickly beam over the frozen snow that clothes hill and dale. The locality is wild and savage. A rugged rock rises abruptly from a vast level waste otherwise unbroken—not a shrub, not a living creature, dotting its desert aspect for many miles. At the foot of this rock, in the shade of one of its angles, was a striking group. On the ground sat Mary Maitland, attenuated in form, her lips parched, her cheek-bones prominent, her eyes sunken, her hair dishevelled, her dress torn. By her side was the little orphan, Willy Ross, with a small bone in his hands, which the poor child was eagerly sucking. With his back against the

rock stood Frederick Maitland. Where are the handsome manly features, the erect gallant bearing, of the young sergeant of the 44th? His cheeks are hollow, his lips shrivelled, his brow wrinkled, his eyes lustreless, and fixed with a hopeless gaze on his wife. A little apart, seated on a piece of rock, with his knees drawn up, and his heavy rifle laid across them, was the Kuzzilbash chieftain, Chinga Zung. His face was only partially revealed, for his elbows rested on his knees, his head being upborne by his hands, but evidently fearful inroads had been made on even his iron constitution. Occasionally his lips parted, and he murmured a few half-audible words to himself; then a muscle or two would quiver, and the prominent veins of his temple throb and swell. The light helmet which had protected his head was gone, and in its stead he wore a shawl, turban-fashion. His belt yet contained the pistols; but they, as well as his rifle and yataghan, were rusted and stained with blood.

A few words will furnish a key to all this. During three days, the party had been hunted like wild beasts, and for eight-and-forty hours, had tasted nothing but a few crusts moistened in the snow.

Suddenly, Chinga Zung raised his head in a listening attitude, paused a moment in suspense, and started to his feet. Frederick snatched his gun from the ground, and both of them hurried from beyond the shade of the rock to learn the cause of their alarm. They instantly beheld what they feared—the near approach of a prowling foe. He was a single Afghan horseman, completely armed, and mounted on a powerful steed, on the back of which was a bulky package. His own surprise was such, that he involuntarily jerked his bridle, and the startled horse plunged so violently, that the unprepared rider was precipitated on the snow. Quick as thought, Chinga Zung seized him, and Frederick made a snatch at the bridle of the horse, but the animal eluded his grasp with a disdainful snort. However, a minute afterwards, finding his master remained on the ground, the docile

creature came snorting and snuffing to the side of the fallen man.

Weakened as the chieftain was, it yet proved a ludicrous struggle on the part of the Afghan to get away, for Chinga held him as though in a vice. Frederick then took the girth off the horse, and gave it to Chinga, who coolly turned the Afghan face downwards, and tied his wrists together behind his back. During the operation, the captive gnashed his teeth with rage and terror, for he fully believed he was about to be deliberately put to death—an act he was conscious he himself would have performed towards his captors, had they fallen into his hands. Chinga Zung seemed to understand what was passing in the Afghan's mind, for he drew his yataghan, and gave it a meaning flourish. The swarthy lineaments of the prisoner changed to a pallid hue, and he shudderingly closed his eyes.

'Afghan,' hoarsely cried the chieftain, 'your people have shewn mine less mercy than the tiger of the jungle, and you have fallen into our hands in the act of hunting us down. But fear not for your life—it is spared!'

He re-sheathed his yataghan, and as much reassured by the act as by the accompanying words, the Afghan looked up, and a wild gleam of joy shot athwart his visage, while he gave rapid utterance to his gratitude in broken English.

Meanwhile, Frederick took away his arms, consisting of a juzail, a brace of pistols, and a sabre. The blade of the latter was smeared with blood, and to the hilt of the weapon a tuft of iron-gray hair stuck—rendering it probable that the Afghan had cleft the skull of some enfeebled veteran that very day. Frederick led the horse of the Afghan within shade of the rock, and was relating what had occurred to his wife, when the chieftain led in the captive. Pointing to the package on the horse, he demanded of the latter: 'What does that contain?'

'Food—deenk—blank't—wode.'

'Food—drink!' echoed the famishing hearers in *ecstasy*, and in an instant the package was opened, and

its contents displayed. The Afghan had spoken the truth, for there was good bread, raw bullocks' flesh, and the canteen of some poor fellow of the 44th, filled with excellent brandy, and also a blanket, and some pieces of resinous wood.

'Let us thank the Almighty for this relief!' ejaculated the young sergeant, and he himself instantly bent the knee—an example which was followed by the others, including even the little orphan. And when all heads were bowed, and all hearts uplifted, perchance if the All-Sustainer deigned to regard any one of these out-pourings with peculiar satisfaction, it was the simple, innocent lisplings of that little child.

Each of the party then gratified the immediate cravings of hunger with a piece of dry bread, although their sore and swollen throats rendered swallowing difficult and painful.

'See how Providence provides for us at the eleventh hour!' cried the full-hearted chieftain, as he piled some loose stones, and spread upon them the firewood, while Frederick tore a handful of dry moss from the rock, and prepared to ignite it by flashing some powder in the pan of a pistol.

'We shall soon have a nice broil for you!' said he to his wife, who drew near to catch the first warmth of the fire—a luxury she had not enjoyed for a week.

The captive watched these preparations, and once or twice seemed anxious to speak. At length he cried: 'Know place dere—plenty wode—warm!' and as he could not point, he jerked his head towards a dark nook of the rock opposite.

Astonished at his words, they examined the place indicated, and found an opening to a natural cave in the body of the rock, about a dozen feet square. In one corner was a large bundle of firewood, which had evidently been stored by the Afghans, who are in many parts of their country almost destitute of fuel. They at once removed the captive into the cave, which was quite dry, and speedily kindled a good fire, the smoke of which



found ready egress by a fissure overhead. The horse was secured to a fragment of rock at the entrance.

The broiled flesh proved excellent, but they had the prudence to eat slowly and sparingly, and a little brandy, diluted with melted snow, rendered the meal a positive feast. Their physical wants were satisfied; the blood once more chased healthfully through their veins; and there was a prospect of a night of unbroken rest before them. As to the little orphan, no sooner was his hunger satiated, than he rolled over on the bare ground, and fell into a slumber almost as deep and still as its prototype—death.

Prompted by his own generous nature, Chinga Zung loosed the bonds of the captive, so that they might not give him needless pain, and asked whether he were hungry.

‘Mahmoud no eat since last day,’ was the touching reply.

The chieftain instantly released his right hand, and gave him bread and meat. The Afghan ate greedily, and then said with sudden emphasis: ‘Englis’ not all bad; Mahmoud will tell his people so!’ Then he added: ‘You give Mahmoud life; he be your friend.’

‘Will you guide us to Jelalabad?’

‘Mahmoud will. Ride all morrow—come at night to Cabool.’

‘What! are we nearer Cabool than Khoord-Cabool?’

‘Khoord - Cabool here; Cabool dere!’—indicating their position by pointing.


‘Then we have miserably lost our way!’

After further conversation, arrangements were made for passing the night; and after many hours of uninterrupted repose, the party awoke at daybreak, and prepared for their departure. After a repast, in which Mahmoud shared, they left the friendly cave. The horse proved an invaluable boon, for they mounted Mary and Willy Ross, and the ‘gentle ones’ thus journeyed easily. The remaining provisions and firewood were strapped on the *animal’s* back. The air was thick, and the sun resembled

a huge, dim ball of fire, and never grew more distinct all day.

Mahmoud walked, or rather glided, at a very rapid pace. The horse, like its master, found little impediment in the deep snow, through which it picked its way, avoiding the loose drifts in hollows with surprising sagacity. The guide seemed to know his route by instinct. His lithe figure never paused for a moment, for the minutest landmark to him seemed familiar and sufficient. Towards the day's decline, they evidently approached a more mountainous part of the country. Mahmoud said he knew of another cavern in a rock, which he pointed out, dimly discernible in the horizon, and in which he proposed to pass the night. This was accordingly done, and they all slept peacefully and soundly; so soundly, that the wind which swept in savage gusts round the solitary rock, roused them no more than the wild waves disturb the mariner swinging in his hammock.

The next morning was clear and sunshiny, and, as Mahmoud had asserted, they were in the vicinity of the awful Pass of Khoord-Cabool once more, and he asserted that they must absolutely go through it. Frozen corpses were scattered on both sides the route long before they entered the defile; and thence, until they were finally out, it was a lane of dead bodies through which they passed! The wind had blown the greater portion of the light snow off the dead, although some were yet wholly covered, and others partially. All were frozen, and there was no symptom of decomposition as yet. The Afghans had rifled the dead of all they esteemed of any value, and evidently had done this in many instances while the victims were yet alive and capable of struggling with their murderers. One figure especially attracted notice. He was a man of gigantic mould, and lay on his back, with his knees drawn up, and both his rigid arms held straight out, grasping in his clenched fists part of a Giljyes dress that he had torn off in his dying clutch. Close by him was a woman, whose attenuated frame evidenced the privations she had undergone prior to her



death, and in her arms was an infant, with its lips still closed on the nipple of her breast. Mother-like, she had clasped it to her while dying, and it had pressed and suckled at the congealed source of life, until its feeble breath departed also!

Officer and private—the horse and its rider—lay side by side in the grim repose of death. It was impossible to move along without treading upon scores of unburied corpses, and in many a distorted face did Frederick recognise a friend or a comrade. The bodies presented every variety of posture; and in particular places, where they choked the way in upheaped piles, Frederick and Chinga had to remove them—Mahmoud never offering to assist—to obtain a passage for the horse. Hardly a word did either utter, but stern were their brows, and sick their hearts, as they traversed the hideous defile. The Afghan, who led the way, bore himself erect, and trod with a proud energy on and over the mortal remains of his foes. His glittering eye glanced from side to side, up and down, from the dead to the living; and at length, on reaching a spot where the massacre had been thickest, he gradually slackened his pace, until he came to a full stop, and the party likewise.

The Kuzzilbash chieftain and the young English sergeant perhaps equally felt at heart the astounding sensations their position impressed. They involuntarily looked up to the heights, and almost felt surprised at not encountering bands of yelling Giljyes—for the past scenes seemed yet about to be re-enacted to their excited fancy. Yet what a contrast it was! Then, they were distracted by murderous volleys, yells, groans, cries, screams, curses, prayers, all intermingled in one undistinguishable din—

‘As though men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air!’

Now, there was not a sound, not a whisper to break the brooding silence of the ‘solitude accursed.’ Then, their comrades were maddened by despair, and falling on all sides; now, those comrades were motionless around them.

Struck with awe, nothing was said until they emerged from the Pass, which was like exchanging the poisonous air of a charnel-vault for the fresh breeze and sunshine.

The place where they passed the ensuing night was on the brow of a small hill, surmounted by a cluster of large stones, which afforded some shelter from the cutting wind that occasionally varied its melancholy moan by bursting forth into a shrill whistle. Here they made a fire, and cowering over it, ate the remnant of their provisions. This night, Chinga Zung insisted that Mahmoud should be left quite at liberty, much to the dissatisfaction of Frederick, who was unwilling to be at the mercy of one who had lately been their deadly foe, and whom he could not believe was so suddenly transformed into a friend by whose side they could sleep in safety. But the chieftain inflexibly carried his point, and the Afghan expressively testified his gratitude at this further proof of their confidence in his honour; and then coiling himself up like a mountain-cat, was apparently soon asleep. One by one, they followed his example, and, wearied as they were, soon slumbered heavily.

Just as day was dawning, their sleep was abruptly broken by war-cries close upon them. Mary screamed, and her husband and the chieftain leaped up, arms in hand, and at once saw they were surrounded by a numerous band of Afghans. Frederick's first thought was, that Mahmoud had treacherously stolen away in the night, and conducted this party of his countrymen to surprise and immolate them. But he did their guide injustice, for Mahmoud had not stirred from their side; and the Afghans had been attracted to the spot by seeing some sparks from the smouldering fire wafted into the air by eddying gusts of wind.

Had Chinga Zung been alone, so fearful was his arm in combat, and so great his presence of mind, that probably he would have cut his way through the circle of foes, and escaped in the darkness. But he now felt that resistance would deprive his friends of even the remote possibility of meeting mercy, and therefore yielded himself a passive

captive. The Afghans clamorously prepared to put the whole party to death, but Mahmoud flung himself in the midst, arrested the uplifted weapons, and commenced a vehement expostulation in his native tongue, imploring his countrymen to spare them for his sake, as, said he, 'they gave me life, and trusted me.'

Needless were it to dwell on the exciting scene that ensued. Let it suffice, that on the leader of the enemy recognising in Mahmoud his own brother, he acceded to the fervent prayer of the latter, and restrained his people from injuring the English. He wished, however, Mahmoud to leave them to their fate; but the guide nobly refused. And so the mortal foes of the English departed, yet not till they had, at Mahmoud's entreaty, given a quantity of provisions sufficient to support the fugitives for several days. The moment his countrymen had disappeared, Mahmoud said, in the quiet, dignified manner which seemed natural to him: 'Now, English, has Mahmoud proved friend?'

The chieftain and the sergeant made warm acknowledgments, and Mary Maitland laid her hand on the Afghan's arm, and cried: 'The God of both English and Afghans will reward Mahmoud Khan for what he has done this night!'

The Afghan bent his head with more than Eastern solemnity, and pressing her attenuated hand, uttered the touching words: 'Mahmoud's heart is glad.'

What further hardships and hairbreadth 'scapes befell the residue of their perilous flight, must remain unchronicled. Mahmoud guided them, with extraordinary skill, safely to Jelalabad, and there took his final leave. They felt like parting with an invaluable friend—which, indeed, the poor Afghan had latterly been.

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## SCOTTISH PERSEVERANCE.

A PERSON in the west of Scotland, who had engaged in the manufacture of a certain description of goods, then recently introduced into that part of the country, found it necessary, or conjectured it might be profitable, to establish a permanent connection with some respectable mercantile house in London. With this design, he packed up a quantity of goods, equipped himself for the journey, and departed. He travelled on foot to the metropolis. Upon his arrival, he made diligent inquiry as to those who were likely to prove his best customers; and, accordingly, proceeded to call upon one of the most opulent drapers, with whom he resolved to establish a regular correspondence. When Saunders entered the draper's shop, he found it crowded with purchasers, and the clerks all bustling busily at the back of the counter, handing out their several wares to their respective customers. Saunders waited, what he thought, a reasonable length of time, then laid down his pack, his bonnet, and staff, upon the counter, and inquired, in his broad Scotch dialect, for 'the head o' the hoose.' One of the clerks asked what he wanted. The Scotchman's answer was, as usual, a question: 'Want ye ought i' my line, sir?'

'No!' was the prompt reply of the person interrogated, who accompanied his monosyllabic negative with a look of contempt for the mean appearance of the itinerant Scotch merchant.

'Wull ye no tak a look o' the gudes, sir?' was Saunders's next query.

'No, not at all: I have not time,' replied the clerk. 'Take them away—take them away!'

'Ye'll aiblins [perhaps] find them worth your while; and I doubtna but ye'll bny,' said Saunders, as he coolly proceeded to untie and unstrip his burden.

'Go away—go away!' was reiterated half-a-dozen times

with great impatience; but the persevering Scotchman still persisted. 'Get along, you old Scotch fool!' cried the clerk, completely out of temper, as he pushed the already exposed contents of the pack off the counter; 'get along.'

Saunders looked up in the individual's face with a wide mouth and an enlarged pair of eyes, then looked down to his estate, that lay scattered among his feet; looked up again, and exclaimed: 'And wull ye no really buy ought? But ye dinna ken; ye haena seen the gudes yet;' and so saying, he slowly gathered them up, and replaced them on the counter.

'Get out of the shop, sir!' was the peremptory and angry command that followed his last appeal.

Saunders, with great gravity and self-possession, said: 'Are ye in earnest, frien'?'

'Yes, certainly,' was the reply; and that reply was succeeded by an unequivocal proof of sincerity on the part of the person who made it, when he picked up Saunders's bonnet, and whirled it out into the street.

The cool Scotchman stalked deliberately and gravely in quest of his Stewarton 'head-gear.' After giving it two or three hearty slaps upon the wall without the door, he re-entered, very composedly wringing the moisture out of it, looked over to the person who had served him so, and said, with a genuine Scotch smile: 'Yon was but an ill-faured turn, man: ye'll surely tak a look o' the gudes noo.' The master-draper himself, who was standing all the while in the shop, admiring the patience and perseverance of the old man, and feeling a little compunction for the unceremonious manner in which he had been treated, examined the contents of the pack, found them to be articles he stood in need of, purchased them, ordered an additional regular supply, and thus laid the foundation of an opulent mercantile house, that has now flourished for some generations.

## SHIPWRECKED SAILORS.

## ABSTINENCE.

WE remember having once read a dreadful story of the shipwreck of a large East India vessel off the coast of Africa. The greater part of the crew was happily saved from the raging ocean, but it was only to encounter unheard-of privations, toils, and dangers, in making the best of their way across the deserts towards a civilised settlement. Having saved some provisions and arms from the wreck, they set out in tolerably good spirits, expecting to reach Mogadore in a certain space of time before their store of food was exhausted. They were, however, as the event proved, completely mistaken in their calculations. Besides the miseries arising from toiling across sandy plains, so hot that their feet could not touch the ground without pain, they were continually harassed by parties of hostile savages, who hung like a cloud sometimes on their rear, and sometimes on their advance; and at nights they laid themselves down in a narrow circle, not to enjoy repose, but to keep watch lest they should be destroyed one and all by wild beasts. Their stock of provisions was also approaching a close. Flesh and blood could not endure such bodily fatigue and mental horrors. The party gradually decreased in numbers. Every day, one or more of the little band dropped off, and their survivors were called on by a sense of humanity to put their corpses beneath the withering sands, although well aware that they would next night, in all likelihood, be torn up to be devoured by beasts of prey. At last, all the party died but two; and these, sympathising deeply in each other's fate, became doubly attached as friends. With hardly a rag to cover them, not a shoe upon their lacerated feet, and depending chiefly on the herbs which they could pick up for their subsistence,



did these two miserable beings, for some weeks, pursue their weary way. At night, they had still to protect themselves from the tigers and lions; and in executing this necessary duty, they were obliged to light a fire of dried leaves or grass, beside which one lay down to sleep while the other watched. At length, one declined so much in strength, that he could proceed no further. He endeavoured to walk, but his power was utterly gone; and he laid himself down to die, with all the resignation and manliness of feeling which characterises our British seamen. The case of the hapless survivor was perhaps not more enviable than that of his exhausted companion. To remain beside his apparently dying friend would have served no good purpose, and to pursue his way alone was a task of imminent danger. He waited beside the person of his prostrate shipmate for some hours, endeavouring to soothe his fate by any little attention he could bestow, conversing with him till his power of utterance had ceased; and it was only when he was beckoned by the feeble waving of the hand to leave him to his certain fate, that he slowly departed from the spot, and pursued his path through the wilderness. This day's march of the last remnant of the wreck was one of peculiar sorrow, but the intrepid tar pushed on with what activity he could muster, in the hope of reaching the settlements of the Europeans, which he believed could not now be far distant. As the sun slowly descended in the west, and admonished by his slanting beams the solitary wayfarer to seek out a place where he might securely pass the approaching night, a terrific thought darted through his mind. Had he the flint and steel necessary to produce a light to kindle his midnight fire? No. He recollected with anguish that these implements were carried in the pocket of his companion, and that he had altogether forgot to bring them with him. Without a moment's delay, he turned back on his route, fully resolving, if possible, to reach the body of his deceased friend before *he stopped*. The exertions put forth on this occasion, it *seems*, were more than could have been expected from a

human being; but what will the instinctive love of life not overcome? The deep shades of evening had fallen over the scene before this determined man found himself beside the recumbent body of his late fellow-traveller. The story becomes now painfully interesting. The precious flint and steel were secured; but in searching for them, the limbs moved slightly, still shewing that animation had not left the frame. A light was struck, and a fire was kindled, which yielded a protection to the weary mariner till he procured a few hours' slumber. When the morn again dawned, the wayworn traveller once more bade adieu to the body of his friend, which now lay stiff on the soil, and, as he supposed, dead; and, for the second time, directed his steps towards the settlements. To bring this distressing recital to a conclusion, the surviving sailor, in a few days after, reached Mogadore, where he was kindly received by a European consul, who relieved his distresses, and interested himself in his case. On hearing the story of the shipwreck, and the travels of the party through the desert, it occurred to him that, after all, the man might not yet be dead, who had been left, as we have just stated, by his companion; and impressed with this notion, he despatched a small band to examine the body, with directions, if it were still alive, to bring it along with them. It was about the eighth day after the body had been given up as dead, that it was reached by the consul's party; yet, incredible as it may appear, it was discovered, on careful investigation, that the principle of life was still in the unfortunate man. His person, nevertheless, exhibited a shocking spectacle. He lay with his face immersed in the sand, while his almost naked back was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, which had literally roasted his flesh. Everything was done which humanity could point out under the circumstances to preserve the life of the luckless individual. He was carefully borne on a litter to the house of the friendly consul, who, by due attention, restored him to health and to his companion; and, in a short time, an opportunity occurring, both were sent in a vessel to England.

This remarkable instance of the possibility of life being preserved under the most severe difficulties, and an abstinence from food of many days' duration, is not more interesting than another, which appeared in the newspapers for August 1822, and was entitled the *SKELETON OF THE WRECK*.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the *Amethyst* frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale; but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving, whom the help of his fellow-men might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the drifting mast, and, while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea close alongside, the crew shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object resembling in appearance a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cub-house against the lee-shrouds of the mast. With the end of a boat-hook, they managed to get hold of it, and had hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, and so wasted away, as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the *Amethyst* with this remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it shewed, for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of remaining life: he tried to move, and next moment muttered, in a hollow, sepulchral tone: 'There is another man!' The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the

boat to shove off again for the wreck. The sea having now become smoother, they succeeded this time in boarding the wreck; and, on looking into the cub-house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they had saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from his nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! They had lived on their scanty store till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by the efforts made to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed just to have life enough to breathe the remembrance, that there was still 'another man,' his companion in suffering, to be saved. Captain Seymour committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest, to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow-creature, whom famine had stripped of almost every energy. For three weeks, he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the 'skeleton of the wreck' was seen walking on the deck of the *Amethyst*; and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin-boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

It seems that death from hunger occurs soonest in the young and robust, their vital organs being accustomed to greater action than those of persons past the adult age. In the foregoing cases, the lives of the sufferers may be said to have been in a dormant state, the natural functions being in a great measure suspended, and the exhausted condition of the frame, as in a state of disease, not permitting the action of the stomachic juices. When death

from hunger occurs in persons of good health of body, the pangs they endure are truly dreadful. Hunger and intense thirst are felt at an early period; the nervous system becomes disordered; the conservative power of the constitution, distressed by the want of nourishment, urges the absorbents to prey upon the intestine, and delirium and madness often conclude the scene.

In the Lectures of Charles Turner Thackrah on Diet, &c., we are presented with some interesting cases of persons dying from extreme abstinence, one of which was that of a German merchant, which has been well authenticated. This unfortunate individual, at the age of thirty-two years, being depressed by severe reverses of fortune, and the consequent slights of his relations, formed the unhallowed resolution of destroying himself by abstinence. With this view he repaired, on the 15th of September 1818, to an unfrequented wood, where he constructed a hut of boughs, and remained without food till the 3d of October following. At this period he was found by the landlord of a neighbouring pot-house, still alive, but very feeble, speechless, and insensible. Broth, with the yolk of an egg, was given him. He swallowed it with difficulty, and died immediately. In the pocket of this miserable man was found a journal, written in pencil, singular in its kind, and remarkable as a narrative of his feelings and sentiments. It begins thus:—

‘The generous philanthropist who shall one day find me here after my death, is requested to inter me, and, in consideration of this service, to keep my clothes, purse, knife, and letter-case. I moreover observe, that I am no suicide, but have died of hunger, because, through wicked men, I have lost the whole of my very considerable property, and am unwilling to become a burden to my friends.’ The ensuing remark is dated September 17, the second day of abstinence: ‘I yet live; but how have I been soaked during the night, and how cold has it been! O God! when will my sufferings terminate? No human being has for three days been seen here; only some birds.’ *The next extract continues:* ‘And again, three days, and

I have been so soaked during the night, that my clothes to-day are not yet dry. How hard is this, no one knows; and my last hour must soon arrive. Doubtless, during the heavy rain, a little water has got into my throat, but the thirst is not to be slaked with water: moreover, I have had none even of this for six days, since I am no longer able to move from the place. Yesterday, for the first time during the eternity, which, alas! I have already passed here, a man approached me within the distance of eight or ten paces. He was certainly a shepherd. I saluted him in silence, and he returned it in the same manner. Probably he will find me after my death!

‘Finally, I here protest, before the all-wise God, that, notwithstanding all the misfortunes which I have suffered from my youth, I yet die very unwillingly, although necessity has imperiously driven me to it. Nevertheless, I pray for it. Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does! More can I not write, for faintness and spasms; and this will be the last.—Dated near Forest, by the side of the Goat Public-house, Sept. 29, 1818.—J. F. N.’

‘It is hence evident,’ says Mr Thackrah, ‘that consciousness and the power of writing remained till the *fourteenth day* of abstinence. The operation of famine was aggravated by mental distress, and still more by exposure to the weather. This, indeed, seems to have produced his most urgent sufferings. Subsequent to the common cravings and debility of hunger, his first physical distress seems to have been the sensation of cold; then cold and thirst; lastly, faintness and spasms. In this case, we find no symptoms of inflammation. A want of nervous energy, arising from the reduction in the quantity or quality of the blood, appears to have been the principal disease. The effort of swallowing, and the oppression of food on the exhausted stomach, completed the catastrophe. Perhaps the unhappy man might have recovered had he been more judiciously treated—had some nutritious fluid been injected into the intestines, a gentle heat applied to the body, ammonia cautiously administered,

and, lastly, on the rise of the pulse, and not till then, soup or broth given by the mouth; but these several means employed with the least possible annoyance to the exhausted sufferer.'

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### STORY OF LADISLAS PAGORSKI

**DURING** the Polish insurrection, Ladislav Pagorski served as captain in a regiment of lancers. He took part in the combats of 1830 and 1831, and was made a colonel at the age of twenty-six. After the surrender of Warsaw, he took refuge in France. Ladislav Pagorski was not a man to waste his time in idleness. Residing in an upper room in the Rue de la Bienfaisance, in that mean, obscure quarter of Paris formerly called Little Poland, he passed his leisure in the study of politics and philosophy, both physical and mental.

The conspiracy of 1834 recalled him from his studious pursuits. He thought the decisive moment was come, and, despite of the advice of some friends, he resolved to return to Poland. He travelled in disguise, and reached the frontiers of Galicia without detection, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Russian spies. He took refuge in a castle belonging to an old friend of his family, Count Wislinski, and determined to await the signal for rising in arms.

But for his restless anxiety of mind, Ladislav would have spent a pleasant time in the dwelling of his friend. It was one of those ancient Polish manor-houses, where are preserved and transmitted from father to son, traditions of patriotism and national glory. Religious duties and the chase occupied the day, while the evenings were passed in social intercourse around the wide hearth, seasoned by a pipe of tobacco and a glass of hydromel. Count Wislinski had an only daughter, named Wanda. *Beneath* this young girl's gentle and lovely exterior,

glowed the vigorous soul of a patriot. She had often heard of the brave Colonel Pagorski, but scarcely expected to find in him a man of twenty-nine, possessing a handsome figure and a highly-cultivated mind. The young people were mutually pleased with each other, and under existing circumstances, the tedious formalities preliminary to a Polish courtship under the old régime were dispensed with. Ladislas Pagorski promised to marry Wanda Wislinski after the approaching campaign: she gave him a like pledge. They clasped each other's hands, and parted.

The colonel hastened to join the insurgent forces, which assembled at Warsaw. The result of the enterprise is well known: the insurrection was prematurely discovered, and it totally failed. A great part of the Poles were arrested; the remainder fled. Ladislas was one of the first to be taken, and cast into the Russian fortress of Zamosz. There he was tried by martial law, and sentenced to be exiled in Siberia. At one stroke, he lost everything, save that one blessed gleam of hope which nothing can extinguish in the bosom of a true Pole, and which makes him repeat with undying fervour the burden of the national war-song—

‘No, Poland ! thou shalt never perish !’

Mademoiselle Wislinski learned all. She left her home, went to Zamosz, succeeded in gaining admittance to the citadel, and placed her hand in that of Pagorski: ‘You promised to marry me at the end of the campaign,’ she said, ‘and I come to claim that promise.’

‘Can you think of it?’ cried Ladislas. ‘Do you know what an exile in Siberia’——

‘I know it all. My resolution is unshaken.’

Her lover's soul was deeply moved by this sublime devotion. Paskievitch, Prince of Warsaw, authorised the marriage. It was celebrated within the walls of a dungeon; and Wanda then obtained permission to follow her husband to Siberia.

The exiled party to which they belonged, was sent to



the colony of Yakoutsck, in the south of Siberia. This was a small snow-girt village on the banks of the Lena. During the whole journey, which occupied four months, Wanda uttered not the slightest complaint. A young bride, taking the honeymoon excursion with her husband, could not appear more happy in the present, or more hopeful for the future.

They took possession of a cottage destined for them; and Wanda applied herself to the discharge of the humblest household duties, as cheerfully as though she had never known any other occupation. Ladislav, on his part, had learned that most useful lesson, 'to make the best of everything,' and sought by his industry to improve their condition. The rules of the colony permitted him to engage in any traffic practicable in that rigorous climate.

Being a skilful marksman, he followed the chase with much success. These northern regions abound with animals whose fur is greatly prized—such as the zibeline, the blue-fox, the white-hare, and the marten. Adroit and indefatigable, Pagorski was soon engaged in a lucrative traffic in furs. He was enabled to procure for himself and his wife as comfortable an existence as the climate and their exiled condition would admit. Generous to the poor, and prudent in never uttering a word which bore allusion to the past, he obtained not only the friendship of his companions in misfortune, but also the respect of the governor and officers of the colony.

In his domestic life he used the same reserve; even in conversing with Wanda, he never alluded to politics. He seemed to have forgotten Poland, and, indeed, the whole world, save that one barren spot to which the vengeance of the czar confined him. Wanda did not comprehend this silence, but she respected it. 'If he has forgotten,' thought she, 'wherefore should I recall to his mind the cruel memory of the past?'

Years passed on, and domestic trials visited the humble dwelling of Pagorski. Of three children born to him, the rigour of the climate carried off two; but both

he and Wanda learned to submit to their bereavement with true Christian resignation. Yet secret grief preyed on the faithful wife. Sometimes she looked at her husband until the tears flowed down her cheeks. 'Can,' she thought, 'the spirit of a patriot have died within him? Has he quite forgotten the country of his birth?' Yet, seeing him so active in business, so affectionate towards herself and their remaining child, and so exemplary in all his conduct, she knew not what to think.

In the year 1839, a new party of exiles arrived at Yakoutsk. Amongst them was an old soldier, who had served as sergeant in the insurrectionary army of 1831. Ladislas recognised him, and received him as a brother, but asked him nothing about what was passing in Poland. Wanda anxiously expected some question—at least a word, a sign. Ladislas was silent, or spoke only of the affairs of the colony, the adventures of the chase, and the price of furs. The soldier listened with a downcast air. At length, seizing the arm of his colonel, he exclaimed: 'Ladislas Pagorski, hast thou ceased to be a man?'

'What mean you by that?'

'You have not asked me a single question respecting the affairs of Poland.'

'Wherefore should we speak of a country which we shall never see again?'

The veteran turned to depart, but Wanda detained him. Ladislas seemed quite unable to comprehend his susceptibility. The old man's brow crimsoned with indignation, and, reproaching Pagorski for his apathetic indifference, he began to describe the *pansclavonian* idea, which during the past year had made great progress in Poland. He spoke of the hundred millions of men of Slavonic extraction, who, scarcely known in Europe, are dispersed amongst various nations, over an immense surface. Poland, he said, might become their deliverer, and consolidate them into one powerful people.

Wanda listened with breathless interest, while her husband, apparently unmoved, played with the handle of his hunting-knife. The veteran, wrought up to the

highest pitch of enthusiasm, at length took leave, exclaiming: 'No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!' and closed the door with a gesture of contempt for his former colonel.

The eyes of Wanda turned towards Ladislas. He was cutting thongs of leather on a board placed between his knees, and seemed quite absorbed in his occupation. This was too much for the patriotic soul of Wanda. She clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed: 'My God! what hast thou done with the soul of Ladislas Pagorski?'

Suddenly she felt herself encircled in a close embrace; and looking up, she saw her husband's countenance beaming with that light of mingled love and valour which had dazzled her when she first beheld him in her father's castle.

'Foolish woman!' murmured Ladislas; 'didst thou, then, think that a Pole can ever resign *hope*?'

'Ah, God be praised!' she cried; 'my husband is restored to me!'

He led her into the court, and shewed her a deep double box or well in the bottom of the *kibitka*, in which he travelled during his hunting excursions. 'All is prepared,' said he. 'Three months since, I heard of the Polish pansclavonian movement from the officers of the garrison. Not a lance shall stir in Poland without mine being raised in its aid. This evening, thou shalt know my plans; but one thing thou shalt never know—the intensity of pain it has cost me to conceal from thee my feelings during so many years.'

At midnight, the husband and the wife left their cottage, and took the road towards the cemetery. They would not abandon to that inhospitable soil the mortal remains of their children. They walked by the light of the stars reflected from the snow, and were followed by their faithful dog, which now and again howled plaintively when the keen wind penetrated his shaggy fur.

They entered the lonely burial-ground. Wanda knelt, and prayed by the side of the grave, which Ladislas

uncovered, and the dog watched like a sentinel. Suddenly, a soft, rose-coloured light was shed over the melancholy scene; then the whole sky became purple, and golden rays darted from it: the aurora borealis had risen. Ladislav raised in his arms the coffin that contained his children's remains, and returned with Wanda to their cottage. In the outer room, used for domestic purposes, and named *pickarnia*, they lighted a pile of wood around the coffin. Ladislav then recited the funeral-service, and Wanda answered the responses. When the bodies were consumed, the parents collected their ashes, and enclosed them in a silver urn.

Ladislav then turned his whole attention to accomplishing his project of escape. He commenced by excavating beneath his bed a sort of cavern, in which he could live and breathe freely. This done, he walked out one evening, and passing through the village, took care to stop and converse with the persons whom he met; he then repaired to the river, carrying a water-jug.

At one part of the Lena, not far from Yakoutsk, the ice was broken every day. Ladislav approached it, threw his pitcher into the water, left on the bank his sheepskin-cap and cloak; and after nightfall, returned to the village without being seen. He then took refuge in his cave, and his wife carefully replaced the boards that covered its opening. About midnight, Wanda went out, and knocking at every door in the village, sought tidings of her husband. No one knew what had become of him. At daybreak, she returned home in despair. Her cottage was speedily filled with people, all anxiously speculating on the fate of Ladislav.

'He must have been eaten by the wolves,' said one.

'Or strangled by a bear,' added another.

'He could not have gone far,' remarked a third, 'for I met him in the village last night. He was going towards the river to draw water.'

This threw some light on the business, and all the neighbours hastened towards the Lena. There they found the cap and mantle of Ladislav, close to the spot where

the ice was broken. 'The poor fellow is drowned!' cried they.

And while some attributed his death to accident, others maintained that he had committed suicide. Meantime, Wanda filled the air with her shrieks. She clasped her child to her bosom, and invoked pathetically her dear Ladislas. Their mutual love was well known, and the whole neighbourhood sympathised in the bereaved widow's affliction; even the governor condescended to convey to her a message of condolence.

She hastened to collect as many of her possessions as were portable, declaring her anxious and very natural wish to return with her child to her native land. No one had authority, or indeed inclination, to oppose her departure. The kibitka was loaded; and Ladislas quitted his cave at night, and ensconced himself in the well he had constructed. It was sufficiently roomy to allow him to breathe, and remain in a sitting posture; there was also a space between it and the driving-seat, which Wanda filled with provisions. Just as she was ready to set out, a Russian officer arrived at the cottage, charged with a message from the governor. In eight days, a detachment from the garrison was to depart for Warsaw, and his excellency, touched by the forlorn condition of Wanda, offered to allow her to travel under its escort. What pretext had the widow for refusing? She was forced to accept the unwelcome kindness with thanks. When the officer had taken leave, Wanda shed tears of despair. Eight days more of such painful confinement for Ladislas, accustomed as he was to the active life of a hunter! The weary time crept on, embittered by terrible anxiety.

At length the detachment set out; and the journey from Yakoutsk to Warsaw occupied nearly four months. During this long period, the sufferings of Pagorski were dreadful. Cramped up and jolted in his narrow cell, he must have died, but for his occasional liberation at night, when his wife saw that he might come forth with safety for a few minutes. Yet all was endured with patience.

At length the party reached Modlin, a village but a few leagues distant from Warsaw. Wanda's heart beat quick with joy, as she inwardly and fervently thanked God. Suddenly, a crash was heard—the hinder spring of the kibitka was broken; the false flooring gave way, and a meagre, death-like spectre fell prostrate on the road. It was the once gay and gallant Ladislas Pagorski. He tried to rise, but his enfeebled limbs refused to sustain him: he drew his poniard, but the cruel host of Russian soldiers fell upon and seized him with shouts and maledictions.

Not only he, but his wife and child were treated with unrelenting barbarity. They gave them the knout, and threw them into a dungeon. Some time afterwards, Wanda received permission to depart with her child, but she chose to follow her husband, who was condemned to labour in the mines. They were accordingly sent to the Oural Mountains, about 4000 versts from Warsaw.

Even in the depths of the earth, hope abandoned not the exiles. While labouring by Wanda's side, Ladislas would often strike his pickaxe against the metal, and exclaim: 'No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!' Eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the 'year of revolutions,' arrived. The government of France was overturned; Europe trembled; Hungary rose in arms; and Austria, without the timely aid of Russia, would have been annihilated. The czar raised levies in every corner of his vast empire. In order to swell the ranks of his army, he summoned convicts from the Oural Mountains. Once more did Ladislas Pagorski see the sun: he was permitted to follow a detachment of cavalry as their servant. Thus he traversed the barren plains of European Russia, always accompanied by Wanda and his son. When they reached Galicia, he contrived to escape into the forests, followed by a few friends. But the last and hardest trial was reserved for him. One night, worn out by fatigue and misery, his wife died. With his own hands, he dug her grave; and then, having consigned his son to the care of a faithful friend, went on his lonely journey. He reached

Hungary, and fell on the ramparts of Baden, pierced by three bullets. Yet even in his dying hour, he cherished the hope—a fond and fearful one—that his son would yet arise as a valiant defender of his country.

And I said to the old emigrant soldier who told me the mournful history of Ladislas Pagorski: ‘The nation that brings forth such children, with their brave, strong hearts still filled with *hope*, cannot die. “No, Poland! thou shalt never perish!”’

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#### THE RUSSELL FAMILY.

THOUGH this family is of considerable antiquity, it only emerged from the rank of gentry in the reign of Henry VIII. Its first eminent man was John Russell of Kingston-Russel, in Dorsetshire, one of the innumerable squires who then, as now, overspread England, and who, in all probability, would have remained in that condition all his life, if he had not been brought into notice by accident. The Arch-Duke of Austria, on a voyage to Spain, was obliged, by stress of weather, to land at Weymouth, where he was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a neighbouring knight. For the better entertainment of the illustrious stranger, Sir Thomas brought forward his relation and neighbour, Mr Russell, who, being a man of some talent, and acquainted with several foreign countries and their languages, made a very agreeable impression, by his conversation, upon the archduke, who, on proceeding to Windsor to visit the king, invited the Dorsetshire squire to accompany him, and introduced him in the most flattering manner to the notice of his sovereign. Once established at court, Mr Russell made a very rapid advancement. As a gentleman of the privy-chamber, he accompanied the king (Henry VIII.) on his expedition against France in 1513; bore a distinguished part in the military operations of that war; and, in 1522, was knighted by the Earl of Surrey for his services at the taking of

Morlaix. He fought in a disguised habit at the celebrated battle of Pavia (February 24, 1524-25), where he was instrumental in the taking of Francis I. He afterwards was made comptroller of the household, and a privy-councillor; and in 1539 was raised to the peerage, under the title of Lord Russell, the king granting him at the same time a part of the forfeited property of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, for the support of his dignity.

The grand foundation, however, of the greatness of this family, was in the large share which it obtained of the spoils of the Reformation. Lord Russell was presented by Henry with the rich abbey of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and a vast quantity of other church-lands, scattered throughout various counties in the south of England. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of honours—was made Lord High Admiral, a Knight of the Garter, and President of the counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset; and in 1550, in reward for his services in putting down a rebellion of the Cornish Catholics, was created Earl of Bedford. He was one of the sixteen councillors intrusted with public affairs during the minority of Edward VI., and having had the good-fortune to weather safely through all the tumults of that and the succeeding reign, died, March 14, 1555, at an advanced age. In an attack upon the late Duke of Bedford, in the House of Commons, Mr Burke assailed his ancestor with keen sarcasm, as having risen to fortune by being a minion of Henry VIII., and as probably resembling his master in character. Mr Lodge, however, observes in his elegant biographical work, that the detail of the services of the first Earl of Bedford is sufficient to assure us that he possessed no mean abilities; ‘and if the public conduct of such a man escaped detraction, it necessarily demands our good opinion.’

The earl was succeeded by his only son Francis, who was a nobleman in high employment during the reign of Elizabeth. He acted as representative of that sovereign at the baptism of the son of Mary of Scotland



(Dec. 15, 1566), on which occasion he presented a baptismal font of pure gold, which a Scottish chronicler has somewhere described as being 'twa stane wecht.' He was so magnificent in his hospitalities, that Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of him, that *he made all the beggars*. Dying in 1585, he was succeeded by his grandson Edward; his son having been accidentally killed, the day before his own death, in a fray on the Borders. Earl Edward was a quiet nobleman, of no taste for public affairs. But the historical eminence of the family was supported, during his lifetime, by his uncle Sir William Russell, who acted a conspicuous part in Elizabeth's wars in Ireland and Flanders, and was created Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, by King James I., at whose baptism his father had officiated.

Earl Edward was succeeded, in 1627, by his cousin, the son of Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, who, as fourth Earl of Bedford, was distinguished at the commencement of the troubles of the kingdom by a moderate adherence to the popular cause. Clarendon speaks of the Earl of Bedford as a nobleman who, if he had lived, might have been expected to do much towards the preservation of the country from civil war. He died, however, of small-pox, May 9, 1641, the day when the bill was signed for the death of the Earl of Strafford, whom he had undertaken to save from parliamentary vengeance. His son and successor, Edward, fifth Earl of Bedford, continued in the same line of politics, and took a leading part in the civil war on the Parliamentary side. He had married Anne Carr, the only child of the infamous favourite, Somerset, by his more infamous wife, the divorced Countess of Essex; a match of pure affection, and formed in opposition to the will of his relations. It is to be related, however, to the credit of Somerset, that, in order to overcome the scruples of the other father, and gratify an affection which he saw could not be safely disappointed, he sold almost all his remaining property, even to his plate, jewels, and furniture, in order to make up the dowry of £12,000 which Lord Bedford had demanded.

The young lady had not till now been informed of the infamy of her mother, and it is said that she first discovered it from an old pamphlet which she found lying in the bottom of a window. She was so shocked at finding herself the daughter of a convicted murderess, that she fell down in a fit, and was found in that state with the book open before her. The Earl of Bedford was intrusted with a high command under the Earl of Essex, who was the first husband of the Earl of Bedford's wife's mother; but he soon grew weary of the war, and joined the association of peers, who, in August 1643, urged the parliament to an agreement with the king. On finding that the Commons would not accede to this proposal, he went over to his majesty, whose pardon he easily procured, and fought on the royal side at the first battle of Newbury. He soon found, however, that the more consistent adherents of the king regarded him with no favourable feeling, and he once more veered round to the Parliament, by whom he was taken into custody. The Earl of Bedford lived for nearly sixty years after this period, but without taking any great interest in public affairs.

The historical note of the family was supported, however, with more than common lustre, by the son of this nobleman. William, Lord Russell, is one of the favourites of history. As heir to the greatest fortune in the kingdom, and universally respected for the mildness and integrity of his character, he was by far the most formidable person who opposed the tyrannical proceedings of the latter part of the reign of Charles II. What chiefly made him conspicuous, was the leading part he took in the House of Commons—where he represented Bedfordshire—in the affair of the Exclusion Bill; a measure designed, as must be generally known, to disqualify the Duke of York for the succession, on the grounds of his being a Catholic. Lord Russell was a violent adversary of popery, which he deemed a bloody and idolatrous religion; but in every other respect, he was a man of gentle and unassuming character. From a keen desire for the repression of this religion, he placed himself in a position

certainly not natural to him—although it may perhaps be said, that the most gentle men are often the most vigorous in prosecuting a principle, and the most apt to endanger themselves for what they consider the right. Having carried the Exclusion Bill through the House of Commons, he headed a deputation of 200 members, by whom it was presented (Nov. 15, 1680) to the House of Lords; and he even ventured so far to beard the court, as to accuse the Duke of York as a recusant in the court of King's Bench. As another proof of his zeal in this affair, it is said that he declared he would impeach his own father, if he, as a councillor, should advise the king to reject the Exclusion Bill. Hitherto, the conduct of Lord Russell had been strictly lawful; but when the king had blasted the hopes of the opposition, by dissolving the Oxford parliament, and resolving to call no more such assemblies, his lordship was induced to venture upon certain measures for bringing about a change of government by means of an insurrection. Of his accession to such a scheme, in company with the Duke of Monmouth, and other heads of the liberal Protestant party in England and Scotland, there can be no doubt, for he acknowledged it himself; but at his trial (July 13, 1683), he was condemned for what he had never been guilty of—the compassing of the king's death. On this solemn occasion, when a tyrannical court was contemplating the destruction of a political antagonist, the wife of Lord Russell—Rachel Wriothesley, daughter of the good Earl of Southampton—attended in court, and assisted her husband in conducting the business of his defence: a more touching picture hardly occurs in British history. The Earl of Bedford is said to have offered a hundred thousand pounds to the king's mistress, on the condition that she should procure his son's pardon; and Lady Russell threw herself at the king's feet, and supplicated mercy. But all was in vain; the existence of Lord Russell was deemed inconsistent with the security of the government and the dynasty. Burnet says, there was no difference between the behaviour of the two

royal brothers, except that the duke suffered some to argue the point of mercy with him, while the king could not endure to have the subject mentioned in his presence. The unfortunate nobleman spent the last week of his life with perfect cheerfulness; his whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. He wrote a speech for the scaffold, in which he explained his political views, and disclaimed having ever entertained the idea of assassinating the king. He also wrote a letter to Charles, asking forgiveness for everything he might have said or done contrary to his duty, as he forgave all, from the highest to the lowest, who had been concerned in his death; and hoping that his majesty's displeasure against him would not extend to his children. The day before his execution, his nose beginning to bleed, he said: 'I shall not now let blood to divert this; that will be done to-morrow.' At night it rained hard, and he lightly remarked, that, if it continued thus on the ensuing day, it would spoil a great show. His wife and the younger of his children came in the evening to bid him an everlasting farewell. Though a fond father and husband, he maintained his serenity; and his lady, though devotedly attached to him, was equally firm. When they had left him, 'Now,' said he, 'the bitterness of death is past.' Lord Russell was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 21, 1683, maintaining the same undaunted firmness and cheerfulness to the last.

Less than six years after this tragedy, the Duke of York, then become James II., was threatened with the loss of his empire by the Prince of Orange, and the discontented people of England. In the extremity of his distress, when hourly witnessing the defection of the old supporters of the throne, he turned to the Earl of Bedford, and asked if he could do anything to avert the coming storm. 'Alas!' answered the venerable earl, more in sorrow than sarcasm, 'I had once a son, who might have been of service in such a crisis.' As a powerful Whig leader, the Earl of Bedford received a large accession of honours under the government of

William and Mary. He was, in 1694, created Duke of Bedford; one of the reasons assigned in the preamble of his patent being, that he was the father of William, Lord Russell, 'whose name could never be forgot, so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love of their country, constant even unto death. Therefore,' continues the patent, with sentiment unusual in such documents, 'to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, this high dignity is entailed upon the earl and his posterity.' The Duke of Bedford died, September 7, 1700, in the sixtieth year of his enjoyment of the family honours.

Wriothesley, second Duke of Bedford, son of Lord Russell, died at an early age in 1711, and was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name. On the death of the third duke in 1732, without issue, the next brother John succeeded, and became a nobleman of considerable political eminence. He was lord-lieutenant of Ireland at the time of the landing of Commodore Thurot in February 1760, and it is this duke who figures in the letters of Junius. On his death in 1771, he was succeeded by his eldest grandson, Francis, on whose death, in 1802, without issue, the titles fell to the next grandson, John, who died in 1839, and was succeeded by Francis, the seventh and present duke. John, the predecessor of the last mentioned, had a numerous family. His third son, Lord John Russell, born in 1792, is distinguished by various historical, political, and dramatic works; by the conspicuous share which he had, as a member of the Grey administration, in carrying through the English bill for parliamentary reform; and by his subsequent conduct as prime minister till the early part of the present year. The whole family has adhered with unswerving constancy, for a century and a half, to those principles for which their illustrious ancestor bled on the scaffold. It

is one of the richest houses in England, being still in possession of those immense tracts of ecclesiastical land property, which were granted to the first earl by Henry VIII. Of these lands, not the least valuable are those which have in recent times been covered with Russell Square, Tavistock Street, and other streets in the metropolis. The houses erected on those grounds have been lately falling into the family, on the expiry of the ground-leases, and have proved, of course, an important addition to its more than princely wealth.

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#### ALARIC: A ROMAN STORY.

THE autumn of the year 410 will ever be memorable in the annals of mankind, as an epoch in which was transacted a revolution in the affairs of the Roman government, the effects of which have been felt down even till the nineteenth century. In the Illyrian provinces, the summer had just passed away in all the beauty of a climate nearly unrivalled in countries north of the Bosphorus, and the wide-spreading forests of Dacia were imperceptibly exchanging the green hues of July for the brown and variegated tints of August, when an event occurred which for awhile distracted the attention of the Thracian husbandman from gathering the fruits of his fields, and disturbed the tranquillity of nature.

At this period, the blue waters of the Danube—which, before terminating its long winding course from the north, and ere it loses itself in the broad expanse of the Euxine, breaks away into a variety of embouchures—formed the visible boundary of the Roman power. To strengthen their frontiers more effectually against the predatory incursions of barbarians, Constantine and other emperors had erected along the Danube a line of forts, or turreted strengths, with other attributes of fortification,

at convenient distances from, and within sight of, each other, in which bodies of infantry were stationed. A vast number of small vessels were also latterly kept cruising on the broad stream, burdened with warlike crews, ready to inflict death on those who had the temerity to attempt a passage.

The noontide repast of the Roman soldiers who were left to guard the western banks of the Danube, was already some time over, and the sun was slowly bending in his career towards the distant mountains of Transylvania, whose woody summits were soon to hide the luminary of day from the visible hemisphere. His declining rays fell upon the broad expanse of the stream; the air was mild and balmy; and nothing disturbed the quietness of the closing day, save the occasional shrill blast of the trumpets of the soldiers placed on the battlements of the border towers.

It is in the upper apartment of one of these keeps, that the first scene of our story opens. In this small and confined place, two individuals sat, or rather reclined, on elongated chairs or settles, beside a table in the midst of the floor. The strongly-marked and care-worn features of one of these personages, his military garb, and other peculiarities, indicated that he was commander of the little fort. The refined garments, the polished air, and lofty tones of his companion, were as significant that he was a young Roman patrician, and an officer in one of the legions. 'And so you say,' said the elder of these individuals, 'that you caught this savage lurking as a spy last night in your camp?'

'Ay, truly,' answered he who was thus addressed: 'call him spy, or anything it pleaseth thee. He was secured by the guards while evidently about no good; and but for my interference, he would have been put to death on the instant. Having saved his life, I endeavoured to extort from him his intentions, but he declared that he would alone communicate to you the burden of his conscience; and so, with the view of getting some information relative to the barbarians, I brought him

hither, to allow my good friend Licinius to deal with him as seems meet.'

'Tut! tut! why have you brought the wandering knave hither, in the midst of our troubles?' remonstrated the guardian of the keep. 'We can but hang a stone about his neck, and toss him into the Danube. I'll warrant me, he but deceived thee, and only wanted an opportunity to make his escape back to his savage crew. But that we shall soon discover.'

Licinius was on the eve of making good his determination, when the apartment was entered by a subordinate officer of the cohort under his trust. 'Well, Julius, what is it now? Any new intelligence?'

'My lord,' answered the soldier, 'I come to say, that unless some strong and effective measure be adopted to prevent the landing of the barbarians, we shall speedily be hemmed in by their hordes. In spite of the vigilance of the river guard, the Goths and other wild men are pouring down in torrents on the further side of the river. I but came to take thine orders on the occasion. See, my noble master; approach this loophole, and observe how speedily matters have been altered.'

The governor of the fort, as well as his guest, immediately rose, and, with the soldier, cast a look from the small opening. The sight was alarming. The further banks of the Danube were observed to be covered with dense clusters of barbarians, preparing to ford the stream; many rude rafts and boats, freighted with portions of this portentous host, were already contending with the deep-blue waters; others were reaching the nearer shore, and, on their arrival, flying in clouds towards the woody thickets. To the watchful eye of the Roman governor, there seemed no end to this dreadful and sudden irruption. In the early part of the day, a few stragglers had only been observed, and little heeded; but now, on the horizon, there appeared a moving mass of human beings. Every band was pushed forward by that immediately behind it, and it seemed impossible to say from whence this extraordinary impulse was derived.



‘The God of the Christians protect us!’ exclaimed the terrified Licinius, ‘or we are lost! Hath no account been taken of these savage wretches, according to our orders?’

‘Account!’ replied the other—‘no. We were compelled to abandon our tablets in despair. Some few boatfuls have been sunk: some small note of the number of others who landed hath been taken; but, with our present force, it is hopeless to keep reckoning, or even to capture prisoners. The task of stemming the current of these barbarian tribes is alike endless and impracticable.’

The keeper of the fort now ordered the more distant sentinels to be called in, the guard to be strengthened, and every preparation made to act on the defensive, until he should communicate the nature of the irruption to the senate; an irruption, alas! which had been expected daily to break forth. The young Roman officer whom we have noticed was, without any difficulty, prevailed upon to lose no time in setting out with a few followers to Rome, to quicken the raising of defences, if such were intended to be made. As for the unknown and daring barbarian whom he had captured, he was at once forgotten in the midst of the bustle; and as he contrived to escape from his place of confinement during the ensuing night, he was no more heeded by the already too much vexed and dismayed Licinius.

The flood of Gothic forces which now rushed into the empire, carrying everything before them, and pursuing a hasty march towards the capital, could be compared to nothing but those clouds of destroying locusts which at times cover the fertile lands of Egypt. Leaving them, however, to pursue their onward march, we turn our attention to Rome. This proud and splendid city, long the wonder of the world, was now reduced to despair. What a change would the stranger, who had seen it in its grandeur and power, now perceive in its aspect! At this dire epoch, he would find the half-deserted streets *resounding* with the piercing cries of lamentation—he would find the baths and other public places of resort

empty, and their doors shut up—he would here and there meet with an affrighted citizen running to and fro, not knowing whither he went or what he sought. Here and there, too, he would meet pale-faced crowds, speaking together in low and subdued tones, and putting questions to each other with a manner which betrayed the most agonising feelings of fear, anxiety, and suspense—he would hear, amidst the deeper and graver tones of sorrowing men, the loud shrieks and cries of distracted women; here clinging to the knees of their husbands, lovers, and brothers, calling upon them for protection from violence; there pressing their unconscious babes to their bosoms, and supplicating Heaven to shield them from impending danger. Let him next step to the senate, the senate of Rome, alas! no longer the Roman senate! and see what is passing there. There he would find that the virtues, the courage, the wisdom, which had distinguished that august body in the better days of Rome, had now forsaken the senate-house—he would find that the bold and determined front, the proud bearing and powerful eloquence of her ancient rulers, had passed away, and were now replaced by effeminacy, cowardice, and imbecility. This melancholy change he would perceive, and he would find it especially marked at this precise juncture in the affairs of the city—he would perceive that an air of great alarm and terror at this moment pervaded the national assembly—he would perceive that the lips of the few speakers who were amongst them were pale and trembling, that their language was marked with indecision and timidity. But what was the cause of all this fear and terror in Rome? Whence all this misery—whence all this appalling anticipation? The cry of the distracted citizens as they ran wildly along the streets sufficiently explained it. One fearful monosyllable comprised the whole. This cry was: ‘The Goth! the Goth!’ It was indeed the Goths, a vast army of whom were approaching the city to plunder and despoil it, led on by the fierce Alaric, their king and general.

The panic which we have described as pervading Rome had now continued for several days, each day bringing intelligence of the still nearer and nearer approach of the barbarous hordes. At length, however, the agonies of suspense and dreadful anticipation terminated in the consummation of the calamity which had excited them. Early in the morning of the 24th of August 410, the scouts and others who had been stationed on the high places in and around the city, gave the appalling intelligence that the Gothic army was in sight. Dense dark masses, which ever and anon sent forth huge, broad, bright flashes of light, the reflected rays of the rising sun, flung back from the countless weapons of the barbarian host, were seen slowly but steadily moving towards Rome. The terror and alarm which had pervaded the city was now increased tenfold. There was a wild running to and fro amongst the citizens in distracted and futile attempts, no sooner made than abandoned in despair, to carry off valuables, and to find places of security for the helpless; for Rome thought not of defence: flight or concealment, submission and supplication, and other unmanly expedients, were all that were now contemplated by the enervated and degenerate Romans. In the meantime, Alaric and his Goths approached. The fierce and proud, but not ungenerous barbarian, incased in a rich and glittering coat-of-mail, marched at the head of his warlike host, his eye bent on the devoted city with a look of high exultation and triumph.

On arriving within a short distance of the walls of the city, the Gothic king was met by a deputation from the Roman senate, who had been despatched by that body to endeavour to buy off, as they had done before, the hostility of the barbarians—to endeavour, in place of fighting them, to bribe them—and by offering a sum of money to their leader, to induce him to withdraw his troops. This deputation, however, although perfectly aware of the utterly helpless state of the city, thought proper to make their proposals a matter of alternative to Alaric. ‘If thou refusest us,’ they said, ‘fair and

honourable terms, we have it in command to tell thee, that the Romans know yet how to meet their enemies otherwise than by treaty and overture. The citizens are well exercised in arms, great king,' they added, 'and their array is uncountable.'

'Sayest thou so?' exclaimed Alaric, and he laughed aloud contemptuously; 'so much the better that the number of your soldiers are great, because, dost thou not know, gentle sirs, that the thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed?'—and he again laughed boisterously.

'Then, pray,' said one of the senators, none of whom relished the barbarian's wit, 'what *are* the terms on which thou wilt withdraw from the city? What ransom dost thou demand?'

'Why,' replied Alaric, 'not more than thou canst give, nor less than thou canst afford. I demand *all* the gold and silver, and *all* the rich and precious movables in the city.'

'And what dost thou intend to leave us, O king?' asked the trembling senators, alarmed at the sweeping extent of the barbarian's demand.

'Your lives!' thundered out Alaric, turning away from them contemptuously on his heel.

The scene of our little story or drama now changes to the interior of the city, now in possession of the Goths. Contemning all idea of treating with a people whom they knew to be wholly in their power, and burning with desire for the wild joys of indiscriminate plundering, the barbarians entered the devoted city by the Salarian gate at midnight, and commenced the dreadful work of violence, pillage, and conflagration, in which they were joined by upwards of 40,000 Roman slaves, who seized on this opportunity of revenging the indignities to which their former masters had subjected them, and thus added tenfold to the horrors of the scene, for they even surpassed the Goths in outrage and every species of crime. While the most appalling atrocities were in the course of perpetration in the open streets, still more dreadful and affecting tragedies were enacting in thousands of the

stateliest mansions of the devoted city. In one of these—and one of the proudest and most magnificent in Rome—were passing the events which form the basis of our story. This was the house of the prefect Petronius, one of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens. On the first alarm of the entrance of the Goths into the city, the slaves of Petronius flew to arms—not, however, to defend their master and his household, but to murder him and his family, and to plunder his well-stored mansion. With wild whoops and yells of savage exultation, the infuriated slaves flew from apartment to apartment, seeking their victims, and murdering them as they found them. At length the work of death was all but completed in the hapless house of Petronius—one member only of the ill-fated family was left alive. This was Marcella, the beauteous daughter of the prefect; but it was not compassion either for her youth or her beauty that had saved her from the daggers of the assassins of her kindred. A crowd of the ruffians who were murdering and despoiling within the walls of her father's mansion, headed by a slave of the name of Marco, one of the most athletic and fiercest of their number, rushed into her apartment, with the intention of adding her also to the number of their victims. But at this critical moment, their ferocious leader seemed to be struck with a new and sudden thought; and when his comrades were about to lay their murderous hands on Marcella, he fiercely stepped between them and their intended victim, exclaiming: 'Nay, comrades, touch her not; lay not your hands on the beauteous Marcella. I take her for my share of the booty. Be the silver and the gold yours: Marcella shall be mine. But,' added the ruffian, 'if, after you have made up your own packs, you can spare us some little thing to take up house with, good and well.' A shout of laughter, intermingled with promises of contributions from the spoils of the house, answered the appeal of Marco; but in the face of this understanding, one of the wretches made a snatch at the massive gold bracelets which adorned the arms of *Marcella*.

‘Nay, nay,’ shouted out Marco, collaring the spoiler, and flinging him—for he was a man of extraordinary muscular power—to the other end of the apartment; ‘none of that game, friend. All these things go to the bargain. The fair lady is mine wholly as she stands, with all her goods and chattels. Now, my masters,’ he added, ‘begone to your work, and see and make a clean house of it before the Goth comes to divide it with you; and as for me, I mean to remain here a little while with Marcella, to endeavour to reconcile her to the change of affairs, and to accept me as her lover.’

Little of all this conversation was heard by the unfortunate lady who was the subject of it. Reclining on a couch in one corner of the apartment, in a state of utter insensibility, into which the horrors that were enacting around her had thrown her, she scarcely knew what had taken place, until she was rudely awakened from her lethargy by Marco, who was now alone with her in the apartment; his comrades having, as he had recommended, gone off to complete the work of plunder which they had begun. ‘Fair Marcella,’ said the ruffian, and he spoke no flattery, for she whom he addressed was indeed one of the fairest of Rome’s fair daughters; ‘fair Marcella,’ he said, kneeling beside her with affected humility, and at the same time violently pulling her arm, until he had succeeded in awaking his unhappy victim to a sense at once of his presence, and of all the misery with which she was surrounded—‘see me, though now your master’—here he paused, for a look of proud contempt from Marcella had replied to the insolent, though too well-founded assertion—‘ay, your master, proud dame,’ he went on; ‘see me, I say, though now your master, still kneeling at your feet as your slave.’

During this insolent speech, the Roman spirit was mantling high in the bosom of the noble maiden; and though encompassed with horrors which might well have been expected to subdue every prouder feeling in the breast of an unfortunate female, she yet instantly became alive to the indignity offered her, and to the still greater

indignities threatened her by her slave. Spurning the fellow from her, and starting to her feet, she assumed an attitude worthy of the proudest days of Roman virtue. 'Wretch, slave that thou art!' she exclaimed; 'slave in thy passions and in thy soul, as thou must ever be, however free in thy person, dost imagine that the daughter of Petronius can listen to the unhallowed addresses of such a base-born helot as thou art, or that the power thou fanciest thou hast over her can ever make her thine!—no, not while she has this resource left to her;' and she drew a small stiletto, or dagger, from the folds of her garment, and held the glittering weapon up to the sight of her persecutor. 'Approach me not, ruffian,' she added, seeing the latter advancing towards her, as if to wrest the weapon from her; 'approach me not, else I will lay thee weltering in thy blood at my feet; and if thou darest to call for aid of thy miscreant fellows, then I shall lay myself in my heart's blood at thine, and leave the guilt of the unholy deed on thy devoted head: these are the terms on which we stand.' Having said this, she retreated proudly towards the door, and endeavoured to open it, but it was secured.

'Ha! ha! where is now thy boasted defiance of my power? How canst thou now escape me, proud maiden!'

'Detested and cowardly villain!' exclaimed the heroic and undaunted lady, 'I will yet escape thee. Hearest thou not the din of the Goth in the streets, burning and sacking the city? Hearest thou not their shouts of triumph and wild joy? Ruthless and remorseless as they are, I will call upon them to protect me from thy violence; merciless as they are, I will rather trust to their clemency than to thine.' Saying this, she flew to a window of the apartment which overlooked the street, and ere Marco could prevent her, called out loudly for aid.

'Idiot that thou art!' said the latter, with a fiendish laugh, and at the same time dragging her rudely from the window, 'dost not know that the aid thou hast sought, if it come, which I much doubt, will be much more ready

to take my side than thine? Dost not know, fool, that the cause of the Goth and the Roman slave is one in the sack and ruin of this detested city? How, then, dost imagine that the Goth will rescue Marcella, the daughter of a Roman patrician, from one of themselves? Come hither,' he added, now seizing his victim rudely by one of her arms; 'come hither, till I teach thee wisdom, and prudence, and'——

At this instant, the door of the apartment was suddenly burst open with great violence, and a stout athletic man of middle stature entered and walked into the middle of the apartment. His presence was majestic and commanding, and his countenance, though evidently calculated better for the expression of the nobler and more generous feelings of humanity, than for those of a baser kind, was at this particular moment deeply shaded with a scowl of displeasure, intermingled with indications of an angry curiosity. He was a Goth. This was at once made evident by his dress, which also indicated that he was an officer of the army which now occupied Rome. 'How is this?' he said, fixing his eyes sternly and gravely on Marco; 'who called for aid from this house? Was it you, fair lady?' he added, advancing towards Marcella.

'It was, sir; it was, it was!' exclaimed the latter, flying towards him, and flinging herself at his feet, grasping his knees, and earnestly imploring his protection.

'Why, by my good sword, fair maiden, and that thou shalt have, come of it what may. Sirrah,' he continued, and now addressing Marco, 'thy presence, I can perceive, is no longer wanted here; so pray thee begone, else worse may befall thee.'

'Nay, that I will not,' said Marco, at the same time drawing his sword, 'although thou wert Alaric himself. That lady is my lawful prize, master; and certainly I shall know first at whose bidding it is ere I part with her.' Saying this, he also advanced towards Marcella; and while he held his naked sword in one hand, he rudely grasped her by the arm with the other, as if at once to claim and defend his right.



'Take *that* to loosen your ruffianly hold!' said the stranger, suddenly stepping up to him, and passing his sword through the body of the wretched slave, who instantly fell prostrate, a lifeless corpse, on the floor. 'Pardon this violence in thy presence, fair maiden,' continued the stranger, now coolly returning his weapon to its scabbard; 'but the knave could not be taught manners by any other means.'

The violence for which the Goth apologised, was of a kind with which Marcella could not reasonably be much offended, and she did not affect those sentiments regarding it, which she neither did nor could feel. On the contrary, she a thousand times thanked her deliverer with the most earnest and affecting expressions of gratitude. The tears stood in her large soft blue eyes as she raised them up in fervent prayer for blessings on the hand that had saved her. But, alas! for the weakness of human nature, and the power of suffering, supplicating beauty. The deliverer of Marcella, in his turn, became her lover, though a respectful and an honourable one. Struck with the surpassing loveliness of the agitated maiden before him, and unable to resist the strong impulses which it inspired, he dropped on one knee before her, and in a tone of impassioned eloquence, besought her permission to become a candidate for her affections. Astonished and distressed beyond measure by this new and unforeseen turn in the day's calamities—for Marcella was already the betrothed bride of Sempronius, a young Roman noble—she earnestly but kindly besought her deliverer to rise from the humble position he had assumed. 'Noble stranger,' she said, and here her voice became tremulous with emotion, 'rather pity than love me, I beseech thee. Oh! do not urge a suit which must make me ungrateful and you ungenerous. I am the betrothed of another, and can be bride to none but Sempronius. Here, my kind deliverer,' she added, 'take these;' and she began to divest herself of the precious jewels with which her person was adorned; 'take these, as tokens of my eternal gratitude; and if there be any

gold yet left me, thou art welcome to it all; but, oh! do not press a love-suit on her whom thou hast saved from more than death, else thou wilt make her thankless for the boon.'

'Sweet maiden,' said the soldier, rising to his feet and smiling benevolently on the generous-hearted but distracted girl—'I desist; but gold is not the god that Alaric the Goth worships.' At that tremendous name, which she had never been accustomed to hear but associated with the most terrible achievements, the terror-stricken maiden fell senseless to the ground. But she did injustice, though faultlessly on her part, to the character of the noble-minded and magnanimous Alaric, for it was, indeed, the Gothic king himself who had been the deliverer, and latterly the wooer, of Marcella. He gently raised her up, and by kind words endeavoured to recall the affrighted maiden to her senses; and when he had succeeded in this, to soothe her agitation, and to assure her of safety under his protection. While the generous Goth was thus humanely employed, a third person unexpectedly rushed into the apartment. This was a tall young man, fashionably attired, but bearing the appearance of having come from a fatiguing journey. 'Marcella! Marcella!' he exclaimed; and regardless of the presence of the stranger, he frantically flung himself at the feet of the fair being he had named, seized her hand, and covered it with kisses, muttering fervent thanks the while to Heaven for her safety. 'Sempronius!' murmured Marcella, and her head sank on the shoulder of her lover. Alaric was not an unmoved spectator of this joyful meeting. In Sempronius he beheld the Roman soldier who had spared his life; and in turn Sempronius beheld in the Gothic leader him whom his followers had captured while lurking in the vicinity of his tent. A mutual debt of gratitude was instantly acknowledged; but there was left no time for ceremonious greeting. Giving the Roman maiden to her lover, and promising the happy pair the most ample protection, he speedily departed, and was in a moment

afterwards at the head of his victorious army. Neither Marcella nor Sempronius saw this extraordinary man again; but they found the house surrounded by a strong guard of Goths, which, on inquiry, they learned had been placed there for its and their protection by the orders of Alaric. The same powerful and generous friend, in a few days thereafter, caused to be returned to Marcella all the valuables of which her father's house had been despoiled. And on the sixth day after the occurrence of the events just related, which was that on which the barbarians evacuated Rome, the Gothic king, just before commencing his march, sent a magnificent ring to Marcella, as a notice at once of his departure and a token of his esteem and regard, adding to the message which accompanied it, that it would also protect her at any time from rude treatment, in the event of her ever again falling into the power of any of his people.

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### STORY OF HENRY BLACK.

COMPARATIVELY few individuals ever attain a knowledge of their own capabilities. The desire of whiling away the passing moments with the greatest possible amount of ease, and the least possible expenditure of exertion, is seemingly so inherent in human nature, that we are convinced ninety-nine individuals in a hundred go out of the world for the most part ignorant of the full range of their faculties. Man is essentially Epicurean in his dispositions. *Carpe diem* [seize the passing enjoyment of the hour], as far as animal enjoyment goes, is the guiding maxim of his life; and it is, generally speaking, only by the occurrence of some compulsive crisis, that he is startled into the knowledge and use of the abilities with which nature has endowed him. To hear people talk, one would be led to conclude that the Almighty is *excessively* partial in the distribution of mental gifts;

while instances are every day occurring around us, to prove that the imagined discrepancy rests almost entirely with ourselves. How often have we smiled at such and such a one being pointed out as a remarkably clever man; while we were aware that, had circumstances permitted him, he would never have been in the slightest degree distinguished above his fellows.

It is a melancholy truth, that the motives which stimulate most men to exertion, and lead them to a discovery of their own talents, are either such as are condemned by the principles of correct morals, or originate in circumstances which they most unwillingly submit to. Vanity, ambition, avarice, necessity—all are powerful agents in the good work; but how few proceed upon the only truly commendable principle—the duty incumbent on them to make the fullest and best use of the powers with which they are gifted! How few voluntarily apply themselves to the disciplining and improving of their own minds, as if they imagined the process was merely one of trouble and inconvenience, without any immediate equivalent benefit or enjoyment accruing therefrom! For example, we know many men whose necessary occupations—requiring little or no mental exertion, be it observed—do not engage more of their time than from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon; that is to say, seven hours out of the twenty-four; the other seventeen are consumed in eating, drinking, sleeping, and desultory amusements. Yet these individuals regard themselves, and are indeed regarded by the world, as fulfilling respectably all the purposes of life. They are moral in their behaviour, punctual and attentive to business, and maintain themselves in independence—some of them in affluence—and what more can be demanded of them? How have we regretted to think, that there are amongst them more than one who, did they but dedicate one-fifteenth part of their leisure time to study and self-improvement, are qualified by nature to become the brightest ornaments of society, and attain distinction in any department of literature, art, or science, to which they might direct their attention;

but who will go down to the grave perfectly undistinguished, and ignorant in themselves of the fine gifts which they have suffered to remain uncultivated and unemployed! It was a beautiful and animating theory of the philosopher, and one which, however visionary it may be reckoned, it were well if it was acted on as if true; namely, that there are gradations of happiness in futurity, to which the souls of men will be raised, according to the state of moral and intellectual excellence they have attained in the body: meaning, thereby, that those who have made the greatest progress in self-improvement on earth, will experience—as they will be capable of appreciating—a more refined and exalted species of bliss hereafter, than others who have neglected the same opportunities.

Why so large a portion of the human race should come to regard the cultivation of their faculties, and improvement of their minds, as an irksome task, and the intervals of escape from these as the only periods of enjoyment, would lead us into an investigation far too lengthy and metaphysical for our pages. But unquestionably, independent of the natural predisposition of the human mind to idleness, much, very much, is to be attributed to errors in early training. That system is yet too much in practice which naturally leads a boy to infer that his hours of study and instruction are periods of harsh penance and unnatural restraint. The boy who is taught to consider the hours of play as the only season of delight, and to look upon a prolongation of it as a reward, inevitably carries forward with him the same feelings into the more advanced and perilous stages of life. Necessity, indeed, may compel him to exert himself for a subsistence; but he who works from a sense of compulsion, seldom works to permanent advantage. He performs his duties with reluctance and disgust, and flies from them whenever he can; and unless he happily acquires more correct views of life, it is odds that he either altogether sinks, or drags out his existence a discontented, unsettled, and poverty-stricken man, painfully drudging through one hour, that he may have the

means of idling away the next. But even should fortune prove favourable to him, there still remains the great moral evil which we have been endeavouring to point out. He considers his exertions in the necessary occupations of life as the only call imperative upon him; he neglects all the finer qualities of his nature, and remains totally unacquainted with the extent of his own faculties, the sacred duty and advantage of cultivating them, and the refined enjoyment that flows from doing so.

In illustration of these remarks, we will here give an instance where a young man of talent and principle was happily rescued from the consequences of indolence and bad early training, and awakened to the knowledge and exertion of his faculties. Many years have now elapsed since the circumstances took place; but the principles of human nature are as invariable as they are unlimited; and we may mention, that the anecdote was told us by one who was personally acquainted with the parties concerned.

It is now upwards of seventy years since a young man, named Henry Black, was attending the classes of the Edinburgh University. His parents were highly respectable, but extremely poor, and the cost of his maintenance and education was defrayed by a rich uncle, to whose wealth, in the absence of all other relatives, it was natural to suppose he would become heir. Knowing this, Henry Black adopted the idea which most young men in his situation are apt to do; namely, that, seeing he had the certainty of an ample fortune before him, it would be but a waste of time and labour to vex himself with hard study, and learning things which he would never have any use for. In this humour, he passed easily through his classical curriculum, for little was exacted from the students then beyond personal appearance in the classroom; but as decency required him to fix upon some profession as an ostensible means of subsistence, at the end of his course he selected that of medicine. At that time, a young physician in Edinburgh had lately begun—a somewhat rare circumstance in those days—to give a

course of private lectures; and so fast had his reputation risen, that it soon was considered by the students an indispensable part of their professional education to attend him for a season. Henry Black, of course, became a pupil; but he soon found reason to regret taking out his ticket. His new instructor was a very different man from the easy-going, indulgent professors. He instituted a system of rigorous and frequent individual examination upon the subjects of his lectures—not by the usual mode of appointing fixed days for that purpose, but calling upon the students indiscriminately, and when least expected, so that they were necessitated always to be in their place and on the alert. The effects of poor Black's indolent habits and indifference to his studies were soon visible; and he speedily became conspicuous in the class for his ignorance and inattention. The teacher was stern and unrelenting, and would not be satisfied with the invariable reply of 'not prepared,' with which his pupil endeavoured to shelter himself from his interrogatories. On the contrary, he redoubled his calls upon him, and his reprimands became more and more severe, until Henry at last thought proper to wait upon him, and state that his attendance at the class was merely by way of pastime—that he had no intention of following out his profession—and, in short, explained his situation and future prospects with no small degree of self-importance. The physician listened to him with a smile of contempt, but said nothing. In the class next day, however, he took occasion to advert to the mean spirit of some young men, who, because born to a competency, reckoned themselves entitled to forego all personal exertion—to sit down in sloth and ignorance, and basely content themselves with feeding upon the earnings of others. He expatiated at great length upon the sinfulness as well as degradation of such conduct, illustrating his remarks by the parable of the slothful servant who hid the talent given him by his master in the earth. The lecturer did not speak of Henry Black by name, but the allusions were too pointed to be misunderstood; and, in fact, the confusion manifested by the pupil

would have betrayed him. The young man retired from the class-room, boiling with shame and indignation ; but the latter feeling soon obtained the mastery of the former, and in his foolish rage, he wrote a violent letter to the physician, demanding an apology. This only made matters worse. Next day, the lecturer took out the epistle from his pocket, and read it aloud to his pupils, commenting upon it as he proceeded in terms of severe and cutting irony. He had scarcely reached home, when a young man waited upon him as Mr Black's friend, with a demand either of a public apology, or of what was then, as now, termed the satisfaction of a gentleman. The physician treated both alternatives with scorn ; adding, that whatever were Mr Black's prospects, the difference between their present respective ranks in life sufficiently entitled him to refuse any meeting of a hostile nature. The young man then requested a few lines, stating the latter view of the matter for the satisfaction of his principal ; which the physician readily gave him, and he returned to Black, expecting a renewed scene of passion and violence. But the result was very different. For some time after reading the physician's note, Henry Black appeared so stunned and overwhelmed, that his friend began to fear for his reason ; but he gradually recovered himself, and seemed to be forming some internal resolution. He at last calmly took the physician's note, wrote something on the back of it, and enclosed it in an envelope, which he sealed and delivered to his friend. 'Keep this, my friend,' said he : 'this affair shall go no further at present, I promise you ; and I beg you will endeavour to forget all the circumstances connected with it, until I again ask this packet from you.' The other stared with surprise, but undertook the charge requested of him, mentioning at the same time another place of depositing it, in case of his own death, or his leaving the country.

From that hour, Henry Black was a changed man. From notorious idleness and vacancy of mind, he became remarkable for studiousness and assiduity. Nothing



could divert him from his studies, which were now principally directed to the science of surgery; and in due time he received his diploma, with the most flattering marks of his instructors' approbation. At this time, his relatives strongly urged him to commence practice in his native district; but he resisted all their solicitations, and proceeded to London, where, after prosecuting his studies for some time further, he obtained an appointment on board a man-of-war, then about to proceed to the concluding scene of the American contest. There the ship was engaged in several actions, and Henry Black discharged his duties with a professional skill and an anxious humanity that endeared him both to officers and crew. Upon the conclusion of the war in 1783, the ship was ordered to a station in one of the West India islands, and thither the young surgeon also proceeded. He had scarcely arrived, when he received a notification of his uncle's death, who had left him sole heir to all his great wealth. The only reply he made to this communication, was a letter appointing certain individuals trustees upon his property; directing the greatest part of his income to be paid over to his parents in the meantime, and the remainder to be invested in the funds. He was determined to remain and practise in the island, and was fortunate enough to be soon afterwards appointed surgeon of the naval hospital at the seaport where his ship was stationed. He acquired, by degrees, great celebrity; but it is needless to detail his career during the ten years he remained on the island. Suffice it to say, that, between the emoluments of his situation, and the produce of his general practice, he acquired in that period a fortune much more ample than what had been bequeathed to him. He then embarked for his native land, and, upon his arrival in London, graduated as a physician.

Meanwhile, his former instructor had increased in fame and opulence, and at the period at which we have now arrived, had held a professor's chair in the university for several years—which, by the way, he occupied to the extreme limits of a very long life. He was seated in his

study one evening, when a gentleman on urgent business was announced, and the stranger, without ceremony, followed the servant into the apartment.

'You are Dr —, sir, I believe!' said the stranger.

'I am.'

'Then, sir, I am *Dr Black*,' observed his visitor emphatically.

'Pray, sir,' asked the professor, after a considerable pause of surprise at his tone and manner, 'is this a professional visit!—for—excuse me—I am sure—that is, I do not recollect of our having met before, Dr Black.'

'We *have* met, sir; but it was when we were differently situate towards each other. Do you not remember a Mr Henry Black, a pupil of yours some fourteen years ago, whom you wantonly exposed to shame, and treated with insult before your whole class, and afterwards refused the slightest satisfaction to his wounded feelings?'

'Really, sir, such a circumstance has altogether escaped me.'

'Perhaps, sir,' observed Black, handing him a slip of paper, 'this document may recall it to your recollection.'

The other took and read the contents, and then replied, musingly: 'I think I do recollect some of the circumstances connected with this writing, and that the individual who wished to provoke me to fight was an idle young man, who, because he had the prospect of succeeding to the fortune of some rich relation, thought it unnecessary to apply himself to his studies. But may I ask your purpose in recurring to an affair of this nature after such a length of time?'

'Because it is only now that he could speak to you upon an equal footing. I am the individual, sir. I have been prosecuting my professions abroad almost ever since the date of that paper, until within the last few months—I have earned a fortune by my own exertions—the difference of our rank is now removed. There, sir, are the certificates of my degrees. And now, sir, I am come

to claim that satisfaction as a physician which you refused to grant me as a student.'

'This is most singular!' said the professor, in astonishment. 'Is it possible, sir, that you have brooded over this matter for the space of fourteen years? Excuse me if I say, sir, that such a disposition is but little consistent with the principles of a Christian.'

'That is nothing to the purpose now, sir. To obtain my present privilege has been the grand aim of my life; and but for that, I would not have been the independent and professional man I now am.'

'In that case,' replied the professor, kindling with a pleased emotion, 'it would ill become me to refuse such a boon to a man whom I have caused to labour so hard for it. Let me hope, however, that you will agree to pacific terms. I must certainly have been guilty of something unduly and undeservedly severe towards a man capable of exerting such remarkable determination of purpose. Dr Black, I beg you will accept of my apology, and along with it—if it seems worth your while—my friendship.'

'I accept of both,' returned his visitor, 'with pleasure and gratitude. And now, allow me to say, that from the bottom of my heart, I thank you for the lessons you read me. I knew not myself till then. It is you I have to thank for awakening me to a sense of the sacred duties of existence; and let me add, should you ever again find a pupil surrendering himself, as I did, to habits of idleness and indolence, I hope you will administer a dose that will operate as salutarily as that which has proved my own salvation. In the meantime, however, be pleased to look at the back of that paper, and observe what were the first violent effects of your prescription. That a resolution formed in the spirit of revenge should have been blessed with such happy results, is more than I deserve.'

The professor turned over the slip of paper, and there read, in words too solemn to be here set down, a vow, *that the writer would toil without intermission until he had made an independence by his own exertions, and*

attained a rank and reputation to entitle him to demand satisfaction for the injury he had received.

Such is a veritable account of the remarkable history of Henry Black. Of the early part of his character, there are at all times but too many prototypes to be found—of his subsequent career, unfortunately too few. But it is not so much of the young and thoughtless that we are at present speaking, as of the great mass of individuals, who, without the necessity of labouring hard for their daily bread, dissipate their leisure time in the most frivolous, and too often in the most pernicious amusements. It is upon these that we would wish to impress not only the sinfulness, but the positive amount of pure, rational, and satisfactory enjoyment they deny themselves, by suffering their faculties to lie dormant. They neither fulfil the intentions of their Creator, nor do justice to themselves or their fellow-creatures; and it is feared that in this and other respects, the sins of omission, so seldom and so lightly thought of by mankind, would, upon strict investigation, be found even to outweigh those of palpable transgression.

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#### A LEGEND OF GLAMMIS CASTLE.

IN the course of a rambling excursion which I made not long since, I traversed, with no other companion than my pointer Clara, the beautiful and picturesque district of Strathmore—literally, the great strath or valley which extends from Strathaven, in the Mearns, to Cowal, in Argyle. As I wandered on through the lovely and fertile plain, every step presenting some new beauty, I at length found myself in the centre of a park of almost boundless extent, and close to the princely and splendid Castle of Glamis, whose clustering towers rose proudly over wood and dell. While I stood gazing on the magnificent scene, Clara, with the restlessness incident to her sex, had made her way into the castle, from whence she quickly

issued, pursued by a weather-beaten old woman, who twirled a broomstick with alarming activity, while half a dozen yelling dogs brought up the rear. Clara, finding the odds against her, fled to me for protection: I presented my gun, and the whole *posse* halted at a respectful distance. I then sounded a parley, and desired the old woman to call back the dogs.

'Troth,' she replied, 'that's mair than I'll promise. Your beast deserves to hae itsel' weel thrashed, for coming snoking where it has sae little business.'

'You must forgive her, good woman,' I replied, 'and take us with you into the castle, which we have come many, many miles to see.'

'And ye want to see the castle, do ye?' she answered with a sourish kind of smile. 'Come awa in, then, and dinna be affronted about your dog, for ye maun ken there's no mony beside mysel' at hame the day; for a wheen o' the servants are awa to Forfar on some ploy or other, and sae I'm left to keep the house; but I'll do my best to let you see a' the ferlies in it.'

By this I perceived that my conductress was one of those garrulous, though somewhat snappish housekeepers, who, while serving their master, have no manner of objection to make a by-penny by exhibiting the premises under their charge to strangers.

On entering the castle, this antiquated domestic dismissed her four-footed auxiliaries, and saying: 'Now, sir, ye maun let me shut up your dog,' she opened the door of a small room, and thrust Clara into durance vile, who sent forth the most hideous outcries. 'Ne'er mind her yaffin', sir,' said she; 'she'll just think the mair o' ye when sho sees you again.'

'You are probably in the right,' I replied, as I followed her into one of the ancient well-kept apartments.

'Saw ye ever the like o' that?' asked she, opening a large trunk containing the court-dresses of the lords and ladies of this ancient family. 'Look at that coat a' *passamented* with goold lace; it might amaist stand its lane. There are nae such coats to be seen now-a-days,

the mair the pity. It's a wonder to me how lords and yerls can bide to wear the same kind o' coats as the flunkies that stand behind their chairs. I dinna think the world has ever gane right since our great lords flung awa their grand claes, and dressed themselves like Kirriemuir weavers.'

'Why, truly,' replied I, lifting up a rich vestment, 'I think our ancestors lavished so much gold and silver on their dresses, as to leave but a scanty supply to their descendants. But what is this?' I asked, taking up a party-coloured coat and tasselled cap: 'who wore these habiliments, my good dame?'

'Dear sirs, do ye no ken they belonged to the last Fool of Glammis! It's little mair than forty years since he died. I mind weel, when I was a bairn, there was naething I liked better than playing with the bells of his cap; but they are no there now. I often wonder to mysel' what has become o' them.'

'I cannot imagine, for my part,' said I, taking up a high-heeled shoe, 'how the ladies managed to walk when they were shod in this ridiculous manner. It must have been a ticklish affair.'

'Deed, I'll no say but it might,' she answered. 'But look at this suit of clothes; they were worn by our Earl Charles when he was stabbed at Forfar by the Laird of Finhaven.'

'And pray,' said I, 'how did that come about? Was there a feud between them?'

'Na, na; that was not the reason,' she answered. 'Ye maun ken that our earl, and Finhaven, and mony mair nobles and gentles, had been at some grand burial at Forfar; and after the burial, sat drinking thegither never sae lang; and at last, as they were getting to horse, some ane o' them pushed Finhaven into the mire. He thought it was Earl Charles who had done him this ill turn; sae he got on his horse, and rade after the earl, and out wi' his sword, and stabbed him sae sairly that he died soon after.'

'An unfortunate affair, indeed. Pray, are there any witches in the family now?'

'Na, na; we never hear tell o' ony witches now.'

Wishing to try if she had the honour of the family at heart, I said carelessly: 'It was really very wicked of the beautiful Lady Glammis to endeavour to destroy King James V. by witchcraft: she well deserved to be burned; the king knew his life was in daily jeopardy through her diabolical arts;' but I had better have refrained from touching on this subject. In a moment, the expression of her countenance underwent a violent change; her eyes gloamed with fire, her cheek became pale with passion, which broke forth in a torrent of invective.

'And who are ye that dare say such words in Glammis Castle? Are ye no feared that the very roof may fa', and crush ye wi' the base lie in your mouth! Out o' my sight, ye black-hearted fause loon! Naething hinders me frae dinging out your brains, but the hope that you'll meet wi' a waur death, and that I may live to see the hooded crow picking out your een, and the eagle riving at the fause tongue that could basely slander the bonniest and the best lady that the sun ever shone on. Awa wi' ye—awa wi' ye! The wa's o' this castle are fifteen feet thick, but I trow the words that ye hae spoken hae made them dirl. Awa wi' ye, before they come clattering doon and grind ye to powder!'

The sight of violent emotion is always interesting, and under its influence, the old woman deeply engaged my attention; and respecting her feelings, and regretting having wounded them, I hastened to declare my real sentiments, and to assure her of my sympathy in the unmerited fate of the unfortunate Lady Glammis. It was not, however, without much difficulty that I pacified her, and obtained her forgiveness.

'Weel, weel,' she said in reply to my excuses, 'I'll say nae mair about it. You're young and silly, and nae doubt think it grand diversion to geck at and make game o' an auld wife like me; but mind ye, laddie, that the heart is the part langest o' deceing in our mortal frames, and that it whiles may happen that the body may be dry and withered as the leaves that the wind is dinging doon

frae the trees before us, and yet the heart be fu' o' the sap o' life, and may haud to human kind wi' as firm a grip as the hundred-year-auld oak takes o' the earth.'

'My good dame,' I replied, 'I honour your feelings, and assure you that the tragical end of Lady Glammis has often moved my pity and indignation. Lady Glammis's real crime, was in being the sister of the great Earl of Angus, against whom the king nourished an implacable hatred; but it was unworthy of a true knight and a Christian king, to wreak his vengeance on a defenceless and innocent woman: in truth, I consider it as the greatest blot in the character of James.'

'Ye may say that indeed. Mony's the time I grat mysel' blind when I was a young thing, when my mither would sit ower the fire in a winter night, and tell me a' about it; and I would listen and listen, till I thought that everything was bodily before me, and that I saw the Castle Hill o' Edinburgh covered wi' a multitude o' folks, as silent as the dead in the kirk-yard, and wi' their een fastened on the winsome lady, the leal wife, and the waefu' mother, who was sae soon to die a shameful death; and I thought I saw her walk on wi' a stately step, her brent brow turned up to heaven, and her long hair hanging ower her saft cheek, and on she went proudly to the place of her punishment; and when she came there, she stood up firmly, and looked round wi' a sweet and calm glance; but when she looted doon to whisper to the faithfu' friend who never left her side, and to beseech him to be a father to her young son, then lying in prison, a' the mother welled up in her heart, and the tears gushed ower her cheeks, but she dried them wi' her bonny brown hair; and then they brought fire, and set it to the pile, and I saw the flames rising up round her; and aye as the wind blew them past wi' a swirl, she was seen standing wi' her white hands crossed ower her bosom. Then my young heart would swell like to burst, and I would start up and cry to my mither to bring water to put out the fire, and save the bonny lady, and my mither would haud me in her arms till I had sobbed myself to sleep.



But you'll be wearied o' this lang tale; so come awa wi' me, and I'll let you see what your kind like muckle better; and that's routh o' guns and pistols, and a' sort o' things for helping folks out o' this weary warld.'

I accordingly followed to the armoury, which contained a great variety of ancient armour, such as helmets, coats-of-mail, shields, &c., and numberless swords, guns, bows and arrows, rapiers and spears; as also saddles, buff-gloves, boots, and spurs. 'Ay, ay,' said my conductress, 'look weel about ye: there's mony a ferlie here. That sword before ye belanged to Macbeth, and there's the shirt o' rings that he never put off by night nor by day; and look at these brass things, that were taken out o' the Loch o' Forfar mair than fifty years ago, where they had lain for eight hundred years. This is a part of the spulzie that was carried awa frae the castle when Malcolm II. was murdered. And now, if ye hae looked lang enough at these dags and guns, I'll take and let ye see the room that he died in: the blood is on the floor to this blessed day; and what makes this a real wonder is, that the floor has been renewed four or five times since that, but the blood aye seeps out in the new floor, in the very same place that it did in the auld ane.'

As I did not choose to risk the favour of my guide by expressing any doubts on this subject, I agreed heartily in thinking it a very great wonder that Malcolm's blood should be transferable.

We then proceeded to view the portraits, which chiefly refer to the time of Charles II.; amongst which I recognised those of Lauderdale, Dundee, Ormond, and many others. 'And whose portrait is this?' I asked, pointing to one which much attracted my attention.

'That,' replied my guide, 'is Patrick Yerl of Strathmore: he married a daughter o' the Yerl o' Middleton; and how, think ye, did he bring his bride to Glamis? He made her mount behind him on horseback, and the whole of their retinue was one man, that ran by the side of the horse. I doubt the brides in our times would boggle a wee at travelling in this way.'

‘And pray, who may these be?’ said I, pointing to two portraits, the one representing a lovely female, habited as a gipsy, the other a handsome youth, also in the gipsy dress.

‘Dear me, sir, that’s the Lady Cassilis and Johnnie Faa. You’ll surely hae heard the auld ballad that tells the story? Some folks say, that Johnnie Faa was not a gipsy, but some great lord that was in love wi’ the countess, and dressed himsel’ like a gipsy, that he might get into the castle; but I trow such gentry are little worth speaking about; so we’ll noo gang and take a look at the chapel.’

We accordingly proceeded to the chapel, which is justly considered a great curiosity, as it is preserved in every respect in the same state in which it was when used as a Roman Catholic place of worship; the walls and ceiling are still covered with appropriate pictures, and even the chaplain’s rochet was still in the pulpit. ‘How I wish,’ said I, in my enthusiasm, ‘that the former inmates of this stately edifice could rise up at my bidding, and’——

‘Rash callant!’ ejaculated the old woman with fervour, ‘ye would maybe like ill to be taken at your word, if ye kent a’: ye might find yoursel’ in geyan queer company, if a’ tales be true. What would ye say if Yerl Beardie were to step in amang us?’

‘Earl Beardie!’ said I, bursting into a loud laugh; ‘what an absurd name! I never heard of the gentleman before. Perhaps you meant to say Bluebeard?’

‘I meant nae sic thing,’ retorted the old woman. ‘Where hae ye come frae, that ye hae never heard o’ Yerl Beardie? But let us say nae mair about him, for wha kens but he and his companions may hear every word we are saying? It’s a fearsome story, and that’s a’ I’ll tell ye about the matter.’

My curiosity being now excited, I assailed the old woman with such earnest entreaties to hear the adventures of Earl Beardie, that she was fairly obliged to yield.

'Weel, weel,' she answered, 'I see ye maun hae your ain way; so I'll tell ye the tale when we gang up on the leads o' the castle; so please to come this way.'

'But are you sure that I have seen everything in the castle?'

'Ye hae seen everything, and ye hav'na seen everything,' she replied in a mysterious tone. 'Ye hae seen everything that is open to mortal een; but there is a part in this castle, and a sight within it, that would turn your young bluid as cauld as the waters i' the loch—gude keep us a' frae seeing it!'

In this manner, the old woman continued to talk, till we reached the leads of the castle, when an exclamation of delight escaped me on viewing the varied beauties of the surrounding scenery. I looked with rapture on the towering Grampians, down whose sides rushed innumerable mountain torrents, watering the valley below; on the lofty Catterthun, on whose summit blazed in former times the warning bale-fire; while, far stretching to the west, rose the regal towers of Stirling and the blue hills of Atholl. This enchanting picture of mountain and castle, wood and glade, so absorbed my attention as to render me forgetful of the presence of my guide, till she pointed out to me the Hunter's Hill, where Malcolm II. was attacked by assassins, and so grievously hurt, that he died of his wounds, three days after, in the castle. The mention of this bloody deed immediately brought Earl Beardie to my recollection, and I reminded the old woman of her promise to relate the tale of mystery.

'I would hae been better pleased if ye wouldna hae asked me to waste my auld breath in speaking o' the wicked o' the earth; but I canna say no to ye, and the mair maybe that there's a glance in your hawk's eye, that puts me in mind o' my Jamie, my winsome laddie, that's sleeping in the moulds; and mony's the day I've wearied sair to be lying beside him; but we maun a' dree our time.' She wiped away a tear, and then added: '*But I needna be fashing ye wi' a mother's moans—long may they be keepit frae your lady-mother's heart—so*

I'll tell ye now about Yerl Beardie, who was a Yerl o' Crawford, and lived in the time o' our second James. This earl was a very wicked man, delighting in nought but cruelty and blood; and I hae heard tell, that at his Castle o' Finhaven there are still to be seen, sticking out frae the walls, the iron spikes on which he used to hang his prisoners. Besides this, he worked muckle dool and wo in Angus, dinging down houses, and burning and slaying like a fiend. Weel, at the lang and the length, he set himsel' up against the king, and banded wi' the Yerl o' Douglas and the Yerl o' Ross; and those evil-doers gave battle at Brechin to the Yerl o' Huntly, who commanded the king's men; but in the middle o' the tulzie, the Laird o' Balnamoon, wi' a' his followers, gaed ower to Huntly, who gained the battle; and the wicked Yerl Beardie, as folks called him, fled awa, crying out that he would willingly live seven years in the bottomless pit to do what Huntly had mastered that day. For a' this, he was soon friends wi' the king again; and they grew sae great thegither, that the king came to a grand feast that the yerl made for him. Weel, sir, for a' his fair fashions, it was soon seen that he was just the auld thing; and the tale gangs, that he was one day playing at the cards, in this very castle, wi' some o' his wicked companions, and the langer he played, the mair his goold pieces melted awa; and some o' his company cried to him to gie ower, for he was in ill-luck; but the yerl gied a stamp wi' his foot, and swore wi' a deep oath that he would play till the day o' judgment. The words were hardly weel out o' his mouth, when the Great Enemy stood in the middle o' the wicked crew: and wi' a laugh, he clutched hold o' Yerl Beardie; and he and his companions, and the very chamber in which they sat playing wi' the de'il's pented bewks, a' disappeared for ever frae mortal een. And now, sir, this is the story o' Yerl Beardie.'

'And a most wonderful tale it is,' I replied. 'Has the room, then, never been discovered? Can no one tell where it has been transported to?'

'It's no thought,' she answered, 'that it was ever taken out o' the castle, but only hid frae our een, and lang may it be sae, for it is said that, when it is discovered, Yerl Beardie and his wicked companions will be found playing out the game. I hae heard my grandmother say, that she could maist take her oath that the room is hidden in the east corner; for on gousty nights, when the winter wind whistled round the castle, she has heard them stamping wi' their feet, and howling louder than the wind. I'm no a'thegither sure that this is true: it's maybe only an auld warld tale; and I hope it may be sae, for there are no mony that would like to hae such next-door neighbours.'

'Why, truly,' I answered, 'one would scarcely be willing to take part in their game, for they have had such experience in card-playing, that a common mortal would have no chance with them.'

'Whisht, whisht, young sir, and speak nae sae lightly o' the doomed gamesters, but rather be thankfu' that you are mercifully keepit frae their sins and wickedness. And now I'll leave you to lay this to heart, till I'll gang doon and see if there's nae word o' the servants coming back, for it's getting late; and if ye hae far to gang the night, ye had better soon be thinkin' o' steppin'.'

The sun had long since set, and his last rays were rapidly disappearing behind the hills, as I sat gazing on the dark masses of clouds which rolled from the east; and reflecting on the wild superstition to which I had just been listening, a pleasing torpor, superinduced by the fatigue which I had undergone, and the heat of the day, stole over my senses, which was deepened by the influence of the soft twilight and the fitful breeze. My fancy, however, was quite awake, and transported me into the unhallowed chamber of the doomed gamesters. There sat the livid crew round a table, on which were piled several heaps of gold. I gazed upon the silent company, who were too deeply intent on their occupations to waste time on words. I examined their countenances: all wore the traces of violent passions; the fire of avarice gleamed

in their sunken eyes, and their brows were furrowed with care. My attention was irresistibly attracted by one of the gamesters, whose commanding form towered far above the others, and who cast threatening glances on his antagonists, as the fortune of the game transferred to them the yellow gold, from which he parted so unwillingly. Another game succeeded: he lost; fire flashed from his eyes; he bit his lip till the blood sprang, and stained the gold; then hastily thrust his hand into his bosom, as if to seek for some concealed weapon; his antagonist coolly drew his rapier, and laid it beside him on the table. Another game was played: he lost again, and again did his antagonist acquire another portion of the glittering heap. I then knew that I looked upon the wicked earl, who, upon the disappearance of his gold, burst forth into a torrent of horrid imprecations. Struck with terror, I fervently wished to escape; but my limbs were powerless, and I remained immovable, watching with intense interest the motions of this vile crew.

Another game commenced: a profound silence reigned. In a short time, fortune once more inclined to the earl's opponents; a half-suppressed laugh, which froze my blood, ran through the room; it came not from the gamesters. 'Who laughed?' exclaimed the earl, starting from the table, and unsheathing his weapon.

'My lord,' said his antagonist with malicious composure, 'I pray you, play no more this night; the luck is against you.'

A loud laugh rang through the chamber.

'Again!' shouted the earl. 'Know, villain, that I will play the game out, although it should be finished in the bottomless pit!'

At this moment, horrid cries, mingled with shouts of merriment, filled the air. I felt the chamber sinking with the rapidity of lightning: an instant still seemed left to me; it might not yet be too late. I ran to the casement, out of which I strove to precipitate myself; something withheld me; I struggled, as those only struggle when the prize is life; I cried out, as I dealt my blows

around. A loud yell rang in my ears. I awakened, and found myself in the grasp of the old woman, while Clara was limping away with a most rueful aspect. 'Gude guide us a'!' exclaimed the old dame, 'what for do ye want to fling yoursel' ower the leads?'

'Why, my good woman, I dreamed that I was making my escape from the window of Earl Beardie's chamber.'

'Weel,' she replied, 'that's as queer a conceit as ever I heard; but it had amaist been your death. You may be thankfu' that I came back in time to hinder ye frae breaking your neck.'

'I assure you I am fully sensible of the obligation; so pray accept of this mark of my gratitude.'

Placing a piece of money in her hand, and whistling on Clara, I pursued my way, and soon left the castle far in the distance.

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### AFRICAN TRAVELLING.

THE obstacles which interpose themselves to travellers in Africa, and the dreadful privations endured in that land of hunger and thirst, are nowhere detailed in a more unaffecting manner than in the *Travels in Southern Africa* by Mr Thompson, who with difficulty procured the attendance of Hottentots in his exploratory journey. The following is a condensation of part of this traveller's interesting details:—

About an hour after we started, we fell in with a Bushman and his wife, returning from a hunting-excursion. He had been successful, and was carrying on his back half of the carcass of a young gemsbok, which he had slain with his poisoned arrows. His wife was laden with the remainder, together with a little child which sat upon her shoulders, with its legs hanging over her bosom, and holding itself on by her matted hair. On questioning them about the probability of finding water on our route, the hunter, pointing to a certain part of the heavens, told

us that, if we rode hard, we should find water by the time the moon stood there. This indicated a distance of not less than fifty miles. Yet it was a consolation to know, that we should find water even within that distance. Rewarding our informant with a bit of tobacco, we pushed on with redoubled speed.

Hour after hour succeeded till midnight was passed, and still the moon had not reached the situation pointed out by the Bushman, while our horses were ready to sink under us at the rate we travelled. As we drew near the spot where we expected to find water, my guides, who usually kept a little ahead of me, requested me to ride in close file with them, because lions usually lay in ambush in such places, and were more apt to spring upon men when riding singly than in a clump together. We had scarcely adopted this precaution, when we passed within thirty paces of one of those formidable animals. He gazed at us for a moment, and then lay down, couchant, while we passed on as fast as possible, not without looking frequently behind, with feelings of awe and apprehension. We soon after reached the bed of the Gamka (or Lion's) River, but found it at this place, to our sorrow, entirely dry. We were all ready to sink under the exertions we had this day made, and the thirst we had endured. Jacob, in particular, who was unwell, and had suffered much from the hard riding, repeatedly told us that he could hold out no longer, but wished to lie down and die. The dread, however, of being devoured by the lions, now acted on him as a spur to exertion; and Witteboy and myself, knowing that our fate depended upon our getting water, continued to urge on our horses along the course of the river, most anxiously looking out for the pool the Bushman had told us of. In this way we proceeded until two o'clock in the morning, and were almost despairing of success, when we at length discovered the promised pool, which, though thick with mud, and defiled by the dung and urine of the wild beasts, was nevertheless a most grateful relief to us and our horses. We had been up since two o'clock on the preceding morning, had been on



horseback above sixteen hours, and had travelled in that time a distance of fully eighty miles, the last stage of about sixty entirely without stopping.

About sunset, we crossed the channel of the Gamka, for the last time, our course now being almost due north towards the Hartebeest River, where we hoped to find water, and probably game. We proceeded at a very lagging pace, for some of our horses were lamed by the sharp flinty road, and the old one got fairly fagged; so that we were reluctantly obliged to leave him. About nine o'clock, after a tedious ride of nine hours, during which we had scarcely travelled thirty-five miles, we reached the bed of the Hartebeest River, at a place called Camel's Mouth; but, to our extreme chagrin, found it perfectly dry. We had no resource but to tie our horses to a tree; and having made a fire, we stretched ourselves beside it, and sought consolation in sleep. During the night, we were disturbed by the hyænas, which came within a few yards, but did not venture to attack us. Our first care was to search for water, and we had the greatest satisfaction at discovering it at no great distance, in a pit about ten feet deep, recently dug by the natives. It was very brack, indeed, but proved nevertheless a most grateful relief to us. To assuage the cravings of hunger, our Hottentots gathered and ate a little gum from the mimosa-tree. I also attempted to eat a small quantity, but could not swallow it.

Witteboy then went out with his gun in search of game; Jacob followed to look after the horses, which had strayed to some distance in quest of pasture; and I stayed behind to guard the baggage. While I sat here, musing in no very comfortable mood, two Korannas suddenly made their appearance, and without hesitation came and seated themselves beside me; they were miserable-looking beings, emaciated and lank, with the withered skin hanging in folds from their sides, while a belt, bound tight round each of their bodies, indicated that they were suffering, like myself, from long privation of food. I attempted to make them understand by signs that I was

In want of provisions, and would gladly purchase some; but they only replied by shaking their heads, and pointing to the 'girdles of famine' tied round their bellies; and I afterwards learned that they had been subsisting for many days entirely on gum.

In this situation, we sat together for upwards of two hours, until at length Witteboy made his appearance, leading the old horse that we had left some miles behind the preceding night, but without any game. He immediately entered into conversation with the Korannas, but could learn from them only the details of their own miserable situation. On account of the long-continued drought, the wild game had almost entirely deserted this quarter of the country; the bulbs also had disappeared, and they were reduced to famine. Jacob soon after returning with the horses, we saddled up about nine o'clock, and left these poor Korannas and the Camel's Mouth, filing away in a melancholy train down the dry channel of the river. After about an hour's ride, we came to a spot marked with the recent footsteps of the natives, and looking around us, we saw two human beings seated at a little distance under a mimosa. On approaching them, a picture of misery presented itself, such as my eyes had never before witnessed. Two Koranna women were sitting on the ground entirely naked; their eyes were fixed upon the earth, and when we addressed them, one of them muttered some words in reply, but looked not up at us. Their bodies were wasted by famine to mere skin and bone. One of them was far advanced in years; the other was rather a young woman, but a cripple. An infant lay in her arms, wasted like herself to a skeleton, which every now and then applied its little mouth alternately to the shrivelled breasts of its dying mother. Before them stood a wooden vessel, containing merely a few spoonfuls of muddy water. By degrees, the Hottentots obtained for me an explanation of this melancholy scene. These three unfortunate beings had been thus left to perish by their relatives when famine pressed sore upon the horde, because they were helpless, and

unable to provide for themselves. A pot of water had been left with them; and on this, and a little gum, they had been for a number of days eking out a miserable existence. It seemed wonderful that they had so long escaped falling a prey to the wild beasts; but it was evident that one or two days more of famine would be sufficient to release them from all their earthly sufferings.

From the long want of food, I now began to feel myself so weak, that I could with difficulty maintain an upright posture on horseback. The jolting of the horse seemed as if it would shake me to pieces. It struck me that I would try the method adopted by the famishing Korannas, and my own Hottentots, of tying a band tightly round the body. I unloosed my cravat, and employed it for this purpose, and had no sooner done so, than I found great and immediate relief. At eight o'clock, finding ourselves quite exhausted, though we had not travelled to-day above twenty-five miles, we unsaddled at the bed of the river, tied our horses to a tree, and stretched ourselves on a bank of sand. Our rest, however, was but indifferent—disturbed by cold, hunger, thirst, and the howling of wild beasts, and by frightful dreams, produced by all these afflictions combined.

At dawn of day, we awoke again to the full sense of our distressed condition. Witteboy and I immediately proceeded to an adjoining height, to look out for game. We could see none, but observed a party of Korannas at no great distance, to whom we immediately proceeded. There were about a dozen of them, young and old, and all in the same state of destitution as those we had last seen: they were subsisting principally upon gum, and had not a morsel of any food to give us. My poor Hottentots looked like moving ghosts. Their gaunt, hollow cheeks, and eyes sunk in the sockets, gave them a frightful aspect. I now proposed to kill one of the horses, to supply our urgent wants, since the prospect of shooting game had become almost hopeless, and our fruitless search for it had almost worn us out. Witteboy, however, begged that I would permit him to make another attempt with

his gun. I agreed: he then set off, accompanied by three or four of the Korannas, who were scarcely less anxious for his success than ourselves—hoping to come in for a share of what he might kill. Evening approached, and still the hunting-party appeared not. At length, just as the sun was sinking under the horizon, we descried Witteboy and his Koranna followers returning, laden with flesh. A zebra had been shot, and each was carrying a piece of it for immediate consumption. Without questioning Witteboy how or where he killed the zebra, we all commenced roasting and eating. In a short time, I had picked several of his ribs. As for the Hottentots, I do not exaggerate when I say, that each of them had devoured eight pounds of meat within an hour, and an additional allowance of three or four pounds more before they slept. The Korannas marched off in a body to the place where the zebra was shot, to feast on the offals, and certain parts of the carcass which we had allotted them, on the condition of their keeping careful watch over the remainder, until we joined them in the morning. The sudden change in my Hottentots this evening, after their hunger was assuaged, was remarkable. Hope and happiness again reanimated them, and that haggard and horrid appearance which had invested their visages began to disappear. So voracious was their appetite, that I really became apprehensive they would kill themselves by repletion; and in the middle of the night, when I awoke, I again found them eating and smoking by turns.

We saddled at an early hour, and made the best of our way towards the Gariep, which we reached, to our great satisfaction, in about a couple of hours. After suffering so severely as we had done from the want of water, what a glorious object did this river appear, flowing in a majestic stream, deep and rapid, and 500 yards in breadth! We hurried down to the channel, and plunged our hands and faces into the cooling waters, and at length assuaged a thirst, which the briny wells of the Korannas seemed at every draught to increase. After all our privations, it was no slight satisfaction to me to have so far accomplished one

of the objects of my journey. I had reached the banks of the Gariep by a route never taken before by any traveller, and had been enabled to add to the map of South Africa, the distinctive features of the intermediate region, which, dreary and desolate though it be, is not without a strong interest in the eyes both of the naturalist and the philanthropist. The main and middle branch of the Gariep, which forms the cataract, traverses a sort of island of large extent, covered with rocks and thickets, and environed on all sides by streams of water. Having crossed the southern branch, which at this season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas for several miles through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. We reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount and follow our guides on foot. It seemed as if we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's sublime temples; and the untutored savages who guided us, evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. At length we halted, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river being previously confined to a bed of scarcely 100 feet in breadth, descends at once into a magnificent cascade of fully 400 feet in height. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehension of danger; and after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood, to gain a nearer view from a cliff that more immediately impended over the foaming gulf. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself grasped all at once by four Korannas, who simultaneously seized hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. They are themselves a timid race; and they were alarmed lest my temerity should lead me into danger. They hurried

me back from the brink, and then explained their motive, and asked my forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.

The character of the whole of the surrounding scenery, full of rocks, caverns, and pathless woods, and the desolate aspect of the Gariepine Mountains beyond, accorded well with the wild grandeur of the waterfall, and impressed me with feelings never to be effaced.

## NARRATIVE OF THE JEWS OF YORK.

ALMOST every one has heard or read of the sufferings to which various classes of people in this country were at one period subjected, not on account of their misdemeanours, but their peculiar opinions on abstract subjects. In the melancholy enumeration of these dismal passages in our history, none presents us with such a dreadful example of what human nature is capable of enduring when forced to sink under the last efforts of despair, as the destruction of the Jews of York. No narrative that we are acquainted with is so able to make us appreciate the blessings of modern civilisation, and the improved state of feeling betwixt one class of thinkers and another, as that to which we refer, and which is thus given by D'Israeli, in his interesting work, *The Curiosities of Literature* :—

‘When Richard I. ascended the throne [in 1159], the Jews, to conciliate the royal protection, brought their tributes. Many had hastened from remote parts of England, and appearing at Westminster, the court and the mob imagined that they had leagued to bewitch his majesty. An edict was issued to forbid their presence at the coronation; but several, whose curiosity was greater than their prudence, conceived that they might pass unobserved among the crowd, and venture to innuenate themselves into the abbey. Probably their voices and

their visage alike betrayed them, for they were soon discovered; they flew diversely in great consternation, while many were dragged out with little remains of life.

‘A rumour spread rapidly through the city, that, in honour of the festival, the Jews were to be massacred. The populace, at once eager of royalty and riot, pillaged and burnt their houses, and murdered the devoted Jews. Benedict, a Jew of York, to save his life, received baptism; and returning to that city, with his friend Jocenus, the most opulent of the Jews, died of his wounds. Jocenus and his servants narrated the late tragic circumstances to their neighbours, but where they hoped to move sympathy, they excited rage. The people at York soon gathered to imitate the people at London; and their first assault was on the house of the late Benedict, which, having some strength and magnitude, contained his family and friends, who found their graves in its ruins. The alarmed Jews hastened to Jocenus, who conducted them to the governor of York Castle, and prevailed on him to afford them an asylum for their persons and effects. In the meanwhile, their habitations were levelled, and the owners murdered, except a few unresisting beings, who, unmanly in sustaining honour, were adapted to receive baptism.

‘The castle had sufficient strength for their defence; but a suspicion arising that the governor, who often went out, intended to betray them, they one day refused him entrance. He complained to the sheriff of the county; and the chiefs of the violent party, who stood deeply indebted to the Jews, uniting with him, orders were issued to attack the castle. The cruel multitude, united with the soldiery, felt such a desire of slaughtering those they intended to despoil, that the sheriff, repenting of the order, revoked it, but in vain: fanaticism and robbery once set loose, will satiate their appetite for blood and plunder. They solicited the aid of the superior citizens, who humanely refused it; but having addressed the clergy, were by them animated and conducted.

‘The leader of this rabble was a canon regular, whose

zeal was so fervent, that he stood by them in his surplice, which he considered as a coat-of-mail. Their attacks continued, till at length the Jews perceived they could hold out no longer, and a council was called to consider what remained to be done in the extremity of danger.

‘Among the Jews, their elder Rabbin was most respected. It has been customary with this people to invite for this place some foreigner, renowned among them for the depth of his learning and the sanctity of his manners. At this time the *Haham*, or elder Rabbin, was a foreigner, who had been sent over to instruct them in their laws, and was a person, as we shall observe, of no ordinary qualifications. When the Jewish council was assembled, the *Haham* arose, and addressed them in this manner: “Men of Israel! the God of our ancestors is omniscient, and there is no one who can say, why doest thou this? This day He commands us to die for his law; for that law which we have cherished from the first hour it was given, which we have preserved pure throughout our captivity in all nations, and which, for the many consolations it has given us, and the eternal hope it communicates, can we do less than die? Posterity shall behold this book of truth sealed with our blood; and our death, while it displays our sincerity, shall impart confidence to the wanderer of Israel. Death is before our eyes, and we have only to choose an honourable and easy one. If we fall into the hands of our enemies, which you know we cannot escape, our death will be ignominious and cruel; for these Christians, who picture the spirit of God in a dove, and confide in the meek Jesus, are athirst for our blood, and prowl around the castle like wolves. It is, therefore, my advice, that we elude their tortures; that we ourselves should be our own executioners; and that we voluntarily surrender our lives to our Creator. We trace the invisible Jehovah in his acts: God seems to call for us; but let us not be unworthy of that call.” Having said this, the old man sat down and wept.

‘The assembly was divided in their opinions. Men of



fortitude applauded its wisdom, but the pusillanimous murmured that it was a dreadful council.

‘Again the Rabbin rose, and spoke these few words in a firm and decisive tone—“My children! since we are not unanimous in our opinions, let those who do not approve of my advice depart from this assembly.” Some departed, but the greater number attached themselves to their venerable priest. They now employed themselves in consuming their valuables by fire; and every man, fearful of trusting to the timid and irresolute hand of the women, first destroyed his wife and children, and then himself. Jocenus and the Rabbin alone remained. Their life was protracted to the last, that they might see everything performed according to their orders. Jocenus, being the chief Jew, was distinguished by the last mark of human respect, in receiving his death from the consecrated hand of the aged Rabbin, who immediately after performed the melancholy duty on himself.

‘All this was transacted in the depth of the night. In the morning, the walls of the castle were seen wrapped in flames, and only a few miserable and pusillanimous beings, unworthy of the sword, were viewed on the battlements, pointing to their extinct brethren. When they opened the gates of the castle, these men verified the prediction of their late Rabbin; for the multitude, bursting through the solitary courts, found themselves defrauded of their hopes, and in a moment avenged themselves on the feeble wretches who remained.’

Such is the dreadful narrative of the Jews of York, of whom 500 thus destroyed themselves. It is impossible, on any right principle, to vindicate their act of self-immolation; but who can withhold their sympathy from men who were forced, by the brutality of their oppressors, to such a fearful extremity? If history teach by examples, let this lesson which it affords, at least sink deeply in the heart; and may we thence learn to cultivate the blessings of peace and good-will among all classes of men, without respect of party, or any abstract distinction whatsoever!

## OPENING OF THE COFFIN OF CHARLES I.

It is stated by Clarendon, in his *History of the Rebellion*, or great civil war in England, that the body of Charles I., though known to have been interred in St George's Chapel at Windsor, could not be found when searched for there some years afterwards. Charles I. was beheaded in the year 1648-9; and from that period till a recent time, the place of sepulture of his body remained a mystery, although conjecture continued to point to some spot in or about St George's Chapel at Windsor. An accident at last elucidated a point in history which had thus been involved in obscurity. In the course of making some repairs and alterations at the place of royal sepulture at Windsor, in 1813, it was necessary to form a passage to what is called the tomb-house from under the choir of the chapel. In constructing this passage, an aperture was made accidentally in one of the walls of the vault of Henry VIII., through which the workmen were enabled to see, not only the two coffins which were supposed to contain the bodies of Henry and Queen Jane Seymour, but a third also, covered with a black velvet pall, which was presumed to hold the remains of Charles I. On representing the circumstance to the prince-regent, he perceived at once that a doubtful point in history might be cleared up by opening this long-concealed vault; and, accordingly, an examination was ordered. This was done on the 1st of April 1813, the day after the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, in the presence of his royal highness himself, and other distinguished personages.

The vault being opened, the first thing done was the removal of the pall, whereupon there was disclosed a plain leaden coffin, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing the inscription 'KING CHARLES, 1648,' in large legible characters on a scrol<sup>d</sup>

## OPENING OF THE COFFIN OF CHARLES I.

encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit clear insight into its contents. These were—an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous or greasy matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and when it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied was observed in the unctuous substance. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discoloured; the forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone, but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

It was difficult at this moment to withhold a declaration that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the pictures of King Charles I., by Vandyck, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; and it will not be denied, that the shape of the face, the forehead, an eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from its attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose and without any difficulty, was taken up, and held

view. It was quite wet, and gave a greenish-red tinge to paper and to linen which touched it. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark-brown colour. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even—an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.

After this examination of the head, which served every purpose in view, and without examining the body below the neck, it was immediately restored to its situation, the coffin was soldered up again, and the vault closed.

Neither of the other coffins had any inscription upon it. The larger one, supposed, on good grounds, to contain the remains of King Henry VIII., measured six feet ten inches in length, and had been enclosed in an elm one of two inches in thickness; but this was decayed, and lay in small fragments near it. The leaden coffin appeared to have been beaten in by violence about the middle; and a considerable opening in that part of it exposed a mere skeleton of the king. Some beard remained upon the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

The smaller coffin, understood to be that of Queen Jane Seymour, was not touched; mere curiosity not being considered by the prince-regent as a sufficient motive for disturbing these remains.

On examining the vault with some attention, it was found that the wall at the west end had at some period or other been partly pulled down and repaired again, not by regular masonry, but by fragments of stones and bricks, put rudely and hastily together without cement. From this, it was inferred that the ceremony of interment was a very hasty one—a circumstance warranted by the history of the troublesome times in which Charles was brought to the scaffold. It may be added, that an authentic account of the above discovery and circumstances attending it, was substantiated by the signature of the prince-regent, and deposited in the British Museum.

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### SCHILLER'S PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

The following translation of Schiller's poem, entitled *The Partition of the Earth*, appeared in a provincial periodical some years ago:—

'HERE! take this world,' cried Jove, from his high throne,

Addressing man: 'the earthly sphere be thine;

I grant it thee, a free perennial loan;

Divide it—brother-feeling mark the line.'

All hastened to establish each his claim,

Busy both young and old assiduous strove;

The farmer tried to seize the fields of grain,

The noble's son in forest chase to rove.

Whate'er his warehouse holds, the merchant sweeps;

The abbot chooses rare and costly wine;

Kings\* barricade the bridges; and the streets,

With voice potential, cry: 'The tenth is mine.'

\* This idea is probably taken from the circumstance of the barriers to most towns in Germany being the places where the tolls are levied.

- The spoil all meted out—alas! too late  
 Arrives the poet from some distant place :  
 ‘ Ah! nothing left : how luckless is my fate!  
 Each worldly chattel could its master trace.
- ‘ Wo’s me! shall I alone of all be sent  
 Unportioned from thee? I, thy truest son!’  
 Thus ventured he his loud complaint to vent,  
 And prostrate fell before the heavenly throne.
- ‘ If in the land of dreams thou didst delay,  
 Pursued the god, ‘ bold mortal, blame not me :  
 Where wert thou on the world-division day?’  
 The poet answered: ‘ Lord, I was with thee!
- ‘ Mine eye was doting on thy godly sight,  
 Mine ear on thy celestial harmony;  
 Pardon that spirit, which, with thy rich light  
 Inebriate, forfeits all its chance, through thee.’
- ‘ What remedy is left? The world is given;  
 Nor harvest, chase, nor commerce flows from me.  
 If thou dost wish to breathe the air of heaven,  
 As oft thou com’st, so oft shalt welcome be.’
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## ACCOUNT OF A VERY OLD MAN.

OBITUARY notices of men and women who have survived 130 years are not uncommon, but it is rarely that they are authenticated in such a manner as to satisfy the doubts with which we are naturally disposed to regard such a phenomenon. The account, however, of the aged individual about to be introduced to the notice of the reader, rests on perfectly valid grounds. His name was John Taylor, and the age at which he arrived was not less than 132 years.

John Taylor was the son of a miner in the parish of

Aldstone, county of Cumberland, and seems to have been born about the year 1638. Having lost his father in his fourth year, he was set early to work at the same profession, gaining twopence a day for some years by dressing lead-ore. He had been a kibble-boy in the mine for three or four years, and was about fourteen years of age at the celebrated popular era of Mirk-Monday, which happened in 1652. The darkness of this celebrated Monday is well known to have been occasioned by a great eclipse of the sun. At the moment when the phenomenon was commencing, John was at the bottom of a pit called Winlock-shaft, and was called on by the man at the shaft-head, one Thomas Millbank, to tell those below to come out, because a great cloud had darkened the sun, so that the birds were falling to the earth. This event, which the old man invariably described with the same circumstances, was the single but satisfactory *datum* for reckoning his age.

John removed, in his twenty-sixth year, to the lead-mines at Blackhills, in the county of Durham, where he was employed in watching an engine that drew water from the works; after nine years, he was despatched by his masters, the Quaker Company, to inspect and make a report of some lead-mines in the island of Islay, on the west coast of Scotland. Here he acted for some time as overseer, working at the same time, and then returned to the north of England, from which he once more migrated into Scotland, being employed by Scott of Harden to make trials for lead-ore in the Vale of Ettrick. This latter work being dropped a year and a half after, in consequence of the death of Harden, and the accession of a minor heir, John had the good-fortune, when on his way to Edinburgh, to become acquainted with some gentlemen of the Mint—of London—who were on their way to Edinburgh to coin the Scottish money into British, the union of the two countries having rendered that measure necessary. Being taken into their employment, he wrought in the Edinburgh Mint for two years, when, the work being entirely finished, he was re-engaged to work at the Islay lead-mines; and

there, in 1709, when above seventy years of age, married his only wife, by whom he had nine children. John wrought in Islay till the mines were relinquished in 1730, when he found employment for two years in the mines of Strontian, in Argyleshire, till, being attacked by the black scurvy, he found it expedient to remove to Glasgow. Here he had no resource but to become a day-labourer—a kind of employment which he did not relish; and he therefore went soon after to Hilderstone, near Bathgate, where the York Buildings Company was at that time exploring a silver vein. This work also misgiving, John finally removed, in the year 1733, to Leadhills, where he wrought regularly as a miner, till 1752, having thus spent upwards of a century in unceasing labour! His great age and increasing infirmities then obliged him to desist from work, and submit to be supported by his descendants.

Besides the small-pox in infancy, John enjoyed uninterrupted health till the year 1724, when he had an attack of dysentery. The scurvy at Strontian, and a fever at Glasgow, were the only other ailments he had till above his hundredth year. In 1741 and 1742, he had the scurvy; and in 1758, when his wife died, he was brought very low by a recurrence of his first complaint. Till the year 1764, his teeth remained firm and good: having then given up the chewing of tobacco from motives of economy, he lost the best of them in a few months. During his latter years, the seasons had a visible effect upon his frame; he weakened in the course of latter winter and spring, and strengthened again during summer. In cold weather, he found it necessary to keep his bed, and take a glass of brandy once or twice a day to warm his stomach; but in mild weather he walked about with a stick, and in his gait appeared wonderfully little declined from the perpendicular. In October 1766, when 128 years old, he walked from his own house to the village of Leadhills—a large computed mile—and having entertained his children and grandchildren in a public-house, returned the same day on foot. At no period of his life had he been accustomed to much

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sleep, and he had never known what it was to be idle. Even after having given up regular labour, he would always have his hand in some work or other, occasionally diverting himself with fly-fishing. He was always a thin, spare man, about 5 feet 8 inches high, black haired, ruddy faced, and long visaged; had always a good appetite; and when he was obliged to go to work—as miners are at all hours—found no difficulty of making as hearty a meal at midnight as at mid-day. His breakfast was usually of oatmeal porridge; his dinner, meat and broth; and his chief drink, malt liquor. At no period of his life was he addicted to indulgence in intoxicating liquors; and if his daily labour produced as much as supplied the wants of his family, and kept him out of debt, no man in the world enjoyed life with a happier relish.

At length, after having been for some time cradled in a second childhood, with hardly any remains of either bodily or mental faculties, this veteran expired in the month of May 1770, at the age, as already mentioned, of 132 years.

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